

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.



August



"You should be flogged for theft; the gods do not
let those flowers bloom for such as you!"

"What?"

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
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WHITE IRIS

A ROMANCE OF THE NEW JAPAN

by

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"THE BREATH OF THE GODS" etc

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

AMONG the nobles of the Shogun's Court at Yedo, just before the demolition of that exotic dynasty in the year 1868, there was none more proud, conservative, or self-satisfied than Goji Suyemon Nota no Kami, *Daimyo* of the Province of Nota. Besides his castle with its fortified town and agricultural villages, he owned a city residence surrounded by military barracks called *yashiki*. Also, in the outskirts of the capital, at the edge of the broad Sumida River, stood his *besso* or country villa, and this, with its beautiful gardens where the white iris grew, was the favorite spot of earth to Goji Suyemon.

Now about these particular white blossoms a delicate fancy hung. Other flower-loving noblemen might possess varieties of the rare and valuable *ayamè*, but none of them could be brought to equal the kind that clustered about the edges of the long, pear-shaped pond of the Goji garden. From father to son, through seven generations they had come; and it was current belief that they could not flourish except in this one spot and under the care of a blood descendant of the Goji clan. So intimate, indeed, was the family relationship to the blossoms that a daughter of the house had always borne



the name "*Ayamè*," transmitting, in human form, the beauty and delicacy of a floral sisterhood. At the present time there was but one child in the big *besso*, a daughter with the family name and the traditional loveliness for sweet inheritance.

But Goji himself was of sterner stuff. He desired ardently a son, and was not always at pains to conceal his disappointment. The interests of the court, rather than of home, engrossed him. His loyalty to the Shogun was remarkable even in a race of idealists, and blinded him to coming dangers, which others had begun to discern. Rumors of national dissatisfaction with the Shogunate did not reach his haughty eminence; plots to restore the boy-emperor Mutsuhito to his throne had no whisper keen enough to find the *daimyo's* averted ear.

The Revolution, when indeed it came, was to Goji an unheralded lightning stroke of ruin. He fought blindly, throwing men and wealth into the service of his master. When the struggle was ended and the *daimyoates* were abolished, Goji, like many others of his class, soon lost through ignorant speculation the national bonds given as compensation for his lands. He found his retainers scattered, his castle

and *yashiki* taken, and his income practically gone. Dazed and astounded by these successive blows of fate, he emerged, broken in mind and body, from a contest not yet clearly realized. Only a single home, his country *besso*, was left to him. To this he and the Lady Goji, with the child *Ayamè* and a ragged little train of servitors, now retired.

Meanwhile, to the despised *heimin*, the laborers, merchants, and artisans of Japan, the political turmoil brought great opportunities. A quick wit, agile adaptation to new conditions, intelligent apprehension of what this "foreign" influence was to mean, opened highroads to swift material advance. And just as poor Goji was one of those most surely predestined to ruin by the downfall of the feudal caste, so, from his lower stratum of life, was Mori Jingoro one of those most inevitably to rise. The two had known each other in boyhood—that is, Mori had known the young *daimyo* by sight, and had gazed enviously upon him at those times when the shoemaker to whom he was bound sent him to the *Goji-yashiki* with clogs for the common soldiers. The injustice of inequalities of birth had stung the apprentice even then.

On one occasion he had gone, tingling with excitement at the privilege, to the beautiful *Ayamè-besso* itself. It was at the time of iris flowering. He had never forgotten the wonder of that fringe of bloom. Returning through the garden to the servants' quarters, he had found lying in his pathway a single, long-stemmed flower; plucked, doubtless, by some high-born hand, fondled a moment, and then cast aside. The plebeian boy lifted it reverently, gloating over it with all the inherent beauty-love of his race. A rude awakening had come with a blow from a flat sword, and a loud, indignant voice commanding, "Put down the *ayamè*, lout! You should be flogged for theft; the gods do not let those flowers bloom for such as you!" Even now, years after, as Mori sat writing a letter to the unfortunate Goji, the old scar glowed across his heart, and the memory of young flashing eyes (now, indeed, dull and sad enough) roused in him a bitterness that sought to soothe itself with insult. Mr. J. Mori had become a man of business, a money-lender and a banker. He approved of the foreign method, and aped its externals. This letter he now wrote was the last act of a long revenge, the triumph of an implacable

hatred. It was addressed to "Mr. Goji Suyèmon, ex-*daimyo* of Nota," and went as follows:

Having ascertained from your creditors that the *Ayamè-besso*, where, through their clemency, you are still allowed to live, is soon to be put up at public sale, I wish to inform you that I have secured, in my own person, sole right to be your purchaser. I now write to offer you the sum of 5,000 yen. This will cover your present mortgages and various financial obligations (with which I am minutely acquainted), and will leave a few hundred yen between you and beggary. This liberal offer is made, however, strictly under the following conditions: I am to receive the place exactly as it is at this moment of writing. No article of furniture, rug, mat, screen, *shoji*, or *jusuma* is to be removed, and from the garden nothing taken, no stone, tree, slip of plant, root, bulb, or blade of grass. Especially the roots of the white iris must not be touched. For further particulars communicate with my lawyer, S. Uno, No. 16 Kobayashi-machi, Tokio.

As if this epistle, with its hideous foreign twang and lack of honorifics, were not insulting enough, he signed himself, "Your creditor-in-chief, J. Mori." It was on foreign paper, in a square envelope crested in gold with the name of his bank. He folded, sealed, and stamped the missive in slow enjoyment, and then sent it to the post-office, well knowing that, before the Restoration, he might have been imprisoned for a lesser offense.

Goji, alone in the great cool guest-room of his villa, sat with folded arms and lowered chin, brooding, as had become his habit, upon the evil of the days around him. The foreign-looking letter, presented by a servant, gave him a premonitory thrill of antipathy, even before a glimpse of the vulgar, unknown handwriting brought a deeper disgust. He tossed it aside, and would have resumed his mournful reverie, but the square thing on the mats troubled him. With an exclamation of impatience he tore it open. Twice he read—thrice—a slow, dull rage mounting upward to his brain. Sudden passion seized him. He rent the insulting pages, thrust them into his mouth, chewed and spat them forth. He tried to clap his hands to summon an attendant, but his twitching muscles refused obedience. He called aloud, "Wife! *Ayamè*!" At the sound of the strained, thickened voice the two came like light, but, even then, were too late. Goji Suyèmon no Nota had fallen, face down, to the mats, and lay there a purpled, convulsed mass. Before midnight of that day, still speechless, and apparently without recognition of the two agonized faces

leaning above him, the last male of the race of Goji passed from earth.

J. Mori had long since fortified himself with an attorney, the "S. Uno" referred to in his letter. This young man was indeed a valuable assistant, having set himself to acquire all methods of sharp practise in law known to our Western courts. The delicate business of negotiating with the bereaved Goji ladies now fell to his lot. He soon ascertained that they knew nothing of Mori's letter to the dead master. He found too, much to his gratification, that though the ladies were connected more or less distantly with half the noble families of Japan, they wished to keep their present straitened and humiliating circumstances as secret as possible.

All this was pleasant hearing to the rich J. Mori. In his new capacity of generous purchaser of an encumbered piece of property, he even ventured the familiarity of a personal call. He drove to the *Ayamè-besso* in his carriage, newly arrived from France, and bore with him as a gift of condolence a huge box of highly colored sweetmeats.

The ladies received him simply, bowing to him as they might to any plebeian to whom their misfortune had given approach. Strangely enough, in their presence his self-satisfaction began to diminish. In spite of effort, there was

something in the lady's cool, level gaze, in the young girl's slightly uplifted chin, that made him feel as he used to feel, years be-

fore, when cringing at the roadside to let the *daimyo's* train pass by. There was no help for it! Bow and squirm he must—and this he did, the tail of his eye licking the while rare screens and lacquered surfaces. So, like an assassin, rather than a conqueror, he delivered his last blow. The chief motive for his call, he now informed them, was pure generosity. Since it would be impossible for any cash payment to be made until the late owner's liabilities were known, he wished to offer the afflicted ladies the shelter of a certain little cottage just in the rear of the *Ayamè-besso* — somewhat damp as a residence, to be sure, since the large iris pond emptied just there, but, at least, a place of retirement and seclusion until more favorable arrangements could be made.

Something in the oily voice made *Ayamè* look at him with keener scrutiny. Sorrow was beginning to teach her a little of this new world into which they were driven. Could it be that the parvenu wished to have them near that he might more conveniently gloat upon

the family ruin? When it came to her that he was offering them a little darkened hut under the north bank of the garden, where



A SLOW, DULL RAGE MOUNTING UPWARD
TO HIS BRAIN.

formerly only stable boys had been allowed to live, her suspicions of his personal enmity were confirmed. She met his eyes with scorn, and would have refused at once the hypocritical boon, but that the Lady Goji, with a gesture, restrained her.

"Mother, do you honorably understand what place it is that the person offers us?" she asked in a low voice.

The elder lady bowed. Her whisper did not reach Mori's ear; but Ayamè heard—"Even so, dear child, rather would I be a little longer near the home your father loved."

Again the girl flashed scorn upon her visitor. "For the present we accept your most noble offer, Mr. J. Mori," said she, with curling lip.

Mori bowed far over. His own mouth twitched. The scar was red on his heart.

"We cannot leave too soon, now that you say the place is yours!"

"To-day!" faltered the Lady Goji. The sudden pallor of her face was balm to J. Mori.

"Oh, such very great haste is not necessary! To-morrow—or even the day after—" He waved a fat and condescending hand.

The Lady Goji shivered. "Ayamè is right. We go to-day!"

A few hours later, in the wretched hut at the northern end of their former estate, the two high-born ladies, just arrived, gazed about them with eyes that, at first, seemed incapable of realizing the squalor. The one old servant, Su, whom they had allowed to share their poverty and exile, burst into tears and then, aghast at her own indelicacy, re-



"How like she is to her father when he struck me on that day so many years ago," the successful man was thinking.

Mumbling some commonplace remark, he gained his feet. Immediately the ladies rose, and one of them clapped for a servant who should escort him to the door. He knew well enough that, with a visitor of their own class, they would have followed to the threshold of the entrance, bowing, smiling, and calling out "*Sayonara!*" until the carriage or jinrikisha rolled from sight. He hated himself that such an omission could sting him, and, in the hurt of it, asked rudely, "When can you get out?"

"At once! To-day!" flashed Ayamè.

tired in haste to a blackened closet that eventually turned out to be the kitchen.

"Mother, mother!" cried the girl aloud; then, despairing of giving voice to so huge a woe, she fell into sobbing silence, and hid her face against her mother's sleeve.

Not a tremor came to the slender, upright figure of the elder woman. When she spoke, her words had the same slow, measured sweetness, the same overtones of nobility and high breeding that her speech had always held. "Look up, my flower. These are not things to suffer for. What surrounds us, what we wear and what eat, so that it serve to nourish life, has no reality. Even in such a place as this I am content to live

and be not too far away from memory."

"I could endure it—and old Su San—" the girl broke out again passionately. "But for you!"

Lady Goji patted the shining head. "Yet it would appear that I am less rebellious than either my daughter or our good Su."

"Yes—I am not worthy of you—I *will* be!" said the girl, clenching her hands, and making a long, defiant survey of the wretched house. "When the place is clean, with flowers and a poem in the *tokonoma*— But, mother, that open grave of a garden!" She flung a hand outward, and an hysterical

relinquishment," assented the other. "The young lawyer assured me that the iris-blooms were the chief attraction to that person. And, my child, though an unhappy fact for us, the motive is not incomprehensible. You have often heard how, in the old days, many noble friends desired in vain a growth of those same flowers. Why not, then, this churl, who, with his great wealth, hopes to imitate a class he can never enter?"

"Well, they are his now, and I pray heartily that they may all die for him as they did for that proud Shogun a hundred years



laugh met the sob in her throat. . . . "Is *that* to be our garden?"

It was a depressing view indeed; a shapeless pocket of soggy earth shelving upward to an oozing bank; with a few tumbled stones and spires of rank weeds for all its planting. "We will summon our old *kago*-bearer, Shika, to delve for us," said the mother soothingly. "We will fashion for ourselves a fairy pond, set the stones aright, and have him bring us tufts of fern and wild grasses from the hills beyond the city. Even a poor place like this may grow fair, if one believe in it and love it."

"Yet it must always be without *ayamè* blooms, without the flower for which I am named," said the girl sadly. "*Ma-a!* but it was the nudge of a demon that made the parvenu Mori so strictly claim all roots and seedlings of our family flower!"

"It was truly the keenest pang of all

ago when he forced my great grandfather to send him half the roots!"

"My daughter!" admonished the Lady Goji in a voice meant to be severe; but there was an answering flash in her dark eyes. She hesitated a moment, and then said slowly: "In truth the flowers may never bloom for their new master unless his gardeners know the secret of their care. Most kinds of iris demand a flood of water to open their buds; these alone reach perfection through a decrease of moisture. On the day before full opening, we always drained the water quite away from the roots, and strewed a thick snow of white pebbles. I did not think to mention this to the advocate Uno, nor to his master. Perhaps it is still my duty—"

"Oh, no! dearest Okusama, it is not your duty. I assure you it is not in the least your duty!" cried out the girl. "Oh, it is something saved to us. The blessed flowers may



not open; and think of his frog-like face when they refuse. It will be one thing that his usurer wealth cannot buy. Oh, O-kusan, O-kusan, they are my sisters; they belong to me. You must not give away our secret!" In the reaction from her late despair, this poor triumph mounted like wine through the girl's young veins. "Promise, promise!" she insisted, seizing her mother's hands and shaking them impetuously. "It is all you can do now for Ayamè of the Gojis. Say you will not betray us!" And the mother, reluctant to give sanction to a thing unworthy, yet half glad that the strong young soul before her forced the pledge, nodded a shamed assent. Then Ayamè, laughing aloud, leaped to the very center of the mud plot of a garden, dancing the iris dance, and giving the beautiful words of the classic song:

The iris flower is set with swords—
Let him who fears, stand far—

II

NOT to be outdone by any such swiftness of decision as had been shown by the Goji ladies, J. Mori, assisted by the invaluable S. Uno, at once had hired and turned into the precincts of the *Ayamè-besso* a small army of house-cleaners, carpenters, and gardeners. His usual explanation of the indelicate haste was that he had set his heart on having the property in perfect order before displaying it to his heir, the boy Hiro, now at school.

As yet no blade of iris leaf had pricked the leaden borders of the pond. J. Mori was anxious to be there at the beginning of growth, to gloat, at his leisure, over each successive stage of acquirement. And, apparently, just because he had willed it, upon that very day on which he and his retinue took possession, the buried iris-roots sent up their first green rapier point of challenge to the sun. Overhead, ancient cherry-trees were out to welcome his coming. They sent down a benediction of rosy petals impartially alike upon the new master, and upon the familiar flagstones of the walk. The hillocks at the farther side of the pond, banked high with fantastic stones, were dotted thickly with dwarfed maple-trees that were pruned into round shapes of cloud, or into pointed tongues of flame. They were now in the first wonder of crimson foliage. Later they would pass slowly into green, only to burn again, through golden autumn days, with an intenser fire. Across one end of the pond a bamboo trellis stretched far, leading thick ropes of wistaria vines already tufted with silvery-green leaves, and touched with the hazy amethyst of buds.

The busy and important days went by. Mrs. Mori, a timid, deprecating woman of much better birth than her husband, but terribly afraid of him, gained new

THE MOTHER
HAD CAUGHT
ONE GLIMPSE
OF A YOUNG
GIRL ON A
TINY VERAN-
DA.

approval from her lord by her excellent management. In truth her one thought was her tall boy, Hiro, now soon to return. His home-coming was the next occurrence. This, too, eventuated just as it should. Everything was in readiness, the day proved fair, and Hiro arrived, glowing with health and excitement, bringing prizes and special commendation with him. He was received in state, in the large corner guest-room where the broken-hearted Goji had so often brooded alone. A fringe of respectful, wondering servants sat listening against the walls. This, after all, was the center of J. Mori's pride, of his hope, and of a future race—this tall, graceful boy who was, happily, so much more like his mother's family than his father.

About four in the afternoon an important business summons drew the master from the house. As he went, the servants following in a train to bow a ceremonious *sayonara* from the door-step, Mrs. Mori sent a glance toward her boy, and made a slight outward gesture. He responded with a nod and a smile. Before the jinrikisha wheels had ceased to fret the pebbles of the entrance court, the two were out under the blue sky together.

Already the sun was close to the great cone of Fujiyama, on the western rim of the world. Shadows lay blue and thin upon the pear-shaped lakelet as they stood beside its brim. A little, humped, stone bridge spanning it at its narrowest point and reflected in the water without blemish, made to the eye a great, continuous, granite "O." All about the pond grew a thicket of iris swords, with buds gleaming white among the stems.

"Yes," answered the mother to a question, "these are the augustly famous *ayamè* of the Goji clan. It is said that they will flourish only in this place."

Hiro looked thoughtfully around the pond. "My schoolmate, the young Marquis Hachida, who is a relative of the family, says they will grow nowhere unless tended by one of the Goji blood."

"Yet you see for yourself how they are growing. The buds are as flakes of snow for thickness."

"The buds are not opened yet," said Hiro.

"I know your thought; but your august father desires them to open and so they will open," said the mother, with a queer little laugh. "What he wishes, comes to be. And did you know, he is to give a great festival of flowers within the next two weeks, in your honor and in honor of the iris blossoms. You are to compose the invitations in poetry!"

"Ara!" cried the young man in consternation. "My father commanded me to study practical things—now he wishes me to be a poet!"

"And you will write as he wishes," stated the mother with conviction.

The two moved slowly along the bank toward the southern extremity of the pond, where, like the stem to a pear, a tiny drainage ditch carried off the excess of water. The garden here ended abruptly in a thick hedge of growing bamboo, bound with long, horizontal strips of the same wood. In the silence they could hear the feeble trickle of water among the hedge roots.

"Does it empty directly into the street, or pass through another garden?" asked Hiro.

"I do not know. Being contented with what is here, I have never thought of looking beyond the hedge."

"That is the chief use of hedges, the looking through, for those bold enough to dare it," laughed the boy in a masterful way that reminded her, for the first time, of his father. Already he was plunging ruthlessly through iris stalks, and with strong hands he now parted the bamboo stems. The mother watched him eagerly. His back was turned, and he stood so long, with down-bent head, that she called out to him. He showed



dazed eyes an instant, and resumed his attitude. A little frightened, she called again, and, gaining no response, hurried to his side. Suddenly he allowed the hedge to close, and, crimson of face, turned back into the garden. The mother had caught one glimpse of a young girl on a tiny veranda, and, for some reason, shared her son's embarrassment.

Not until they reached the humped stone bridge did either speak, and then the mother said, as if to herself: "They must be people of very great nobility, recently impoverished." After another long interval she continued: "I wonder who they can be. I have never seen such beauty!" Still Hiro San said nothing, but his companion, venturing a look into the irradiated face, knew that he would write his father's poetical invitations.

Next day Mrs. Mori questioned one servant, then another, concerning the occupants of the little cottage under the north bank. Apparently no one had heard of such a place. Even after giving orders that they should inquire, Mrs. Mori learned only the bare facts that two women lived there in poverty with a single servant, and that they were, unfortunately, social outcasts of a sort that permitted no familiarity from members of the Mori family.

Preparations for the great *Ayamè*-Viewing-Party now claimed the interest and the energies of the establishment. Hiro's verses of invitation, each different from all others, yet each with some delicate allusion to the flower involved, surprised even the writer with their beauty. The youth now spent much of his time at the far end of the garden; and was seldom without his lacquered writing-box, containing strips of stiff paper for the proper making of verse, pliant pen-brushes, and a cake of hard ink easily prepared by rubbing with a few drops of lake water on a flat stone.

Before sunrise of the important day, Mr. J. Mori arose in the dawn to superintend personally the proper unfolding of his iris-flowers. Of course they would open. Had not this special day been set aside for them? And, besides, had not the most famous gardeners of Tokio assured him that they would open? To make it all the more certain, they had brimmed the pond

a few inches higher, so that all plants now stood knee-deep in liquid light.

J. Mori had thrown around his bulky form one of those thin summer robes called *yukata*. He parted his *shoji* stealthily, wishing to enjoy, alone, this initial triumph. The morning air struck chill against his throat so that with one hand he gathered the folds of the robe closer, while with the other he lifted his skirts high from the early dews. As he emerged, a huge, blowsy red sun was just clearing the maple hill. This Lord of a New Day J. Mori saluted affably, as equal to equal. . . . For a moment his eye regarded approvingly the rosy light among the maple-trees where thin, spreading cobwebs twinkled with gems. With a deepening smile his full gaze lowered and began to sweep the edges of the pond.

The smile vanished. He dropped his hand from his throat, and gave an incredulous start, straining his vision through the shimmering morning mist. In all the ring of green leaves not a white iris banner waved. Hurrying nearer, he took a seat on one of the round stones at the edge of the pond. All about him was lush, vigorous foliage, with fluffy buds that should be now expanding, but were not. Impatiently he broke one, tearing at the tissue and the strips of gold. He spread out an unwilling petal on his palm. Nothing was wrong with the formation of the flower; why, then, in the name of Em-ma, Lord of hell, did the thing refuse to open! With an angry exclamation he tore a plant from the soil. It came up with a shiver and a little sob. The knotted rhizome had snapped, showing a yellow scar. He slit the stem, full length. No blight or insect appeared in the clean, juicy cells. Why, then, should the flowers shrink and cringe, as if not daring to display their beauty?

For once in his life the successful man was baffled. Even anger was denied him, for there was no human victim on whom it could fall. If he destroyed the flowers it was his own loss. And yet the anger was mounting! He struck his knee, gave a low, fierce cry, and would have risen but that the sound of wooden clogs on gravel told of an approaching presence. It was



Hiro, his young face bright with the new day. Mori would not meet his eyes, and the boy, gazing with interest on the phenomenon before him, remarked innocently, "They will not open!"

"No, they will not. May the insect *gaki* feed on them in hell!"

"I had been told that they would not bloom except for one of the Goji race. It seems to be true," said Hiro.

"Medieval stuff and superstition!" roared the other, glad of this opportunity for vehemence. "Is that

what they teach you at college in return for the money I give? Old women's chatter, servants' gossip! This is the age of enlightenment, not of witchcraft! Yet, what explanation can there be? The buds were perfect at the twilight hour of yesterday. Witchcraft, black magic—" His anger went as suddenly as it had come. He huddled himself together on the round stone, muttering, staring now with a new, almost fearful wonder at the multitude of helpless buds.

"Father!" cried the boy, "why do you look so strange? I spoke merely in thoughtless jest."

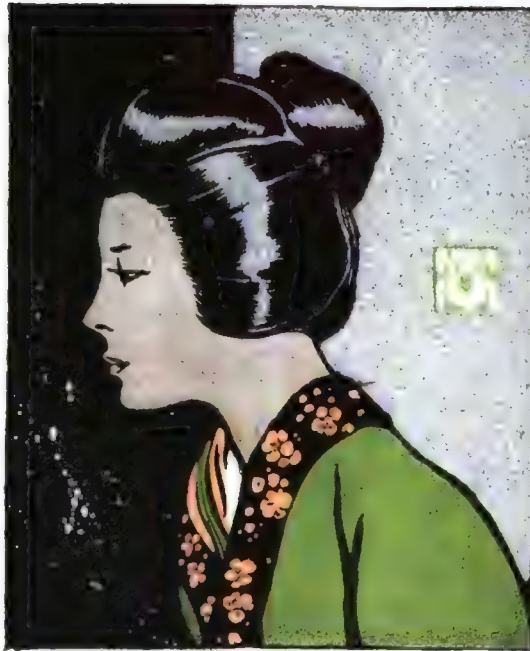
"No," said Mori in his thick, dull voice. "You may have found the truth. It is black magic, or water poisoning, a vengeance from those haughty beggars under the north bank; but I'll show them; I'll show them. We'll call it water poisoning!" Springing to his feet he almost ran in the direction of his house, crying, "Uno, Uno!" as he went.

Hiro, believing his father to be mad, followed closely.

Mrs. Mori's frightened face showed at a parting of the *shoji*. "What has gone wrong, master?"

"Rout Uno for me. I don't pay him to sleep like a sot all day."

Uno appeared, exuding rills of apology,



AYAMÈ.

and tying his *obi* as he came.

"Uno," said his master in his most arrogant and domineering tone, "go at once to the Widow Goji and her daughter in that hovel under the north bank. Accuse them of poisoning the water of my pond so that my flowers will not open."

Uno gasped, and for a moment was silent.

The eyes of Hiro and his mother met for a flashing instant, and fell apart. "The Widow Goji and her daughter—the hovel under the

north bank." Everything was clear to them. Mori, intent on his one grievance, noticed nothing.

"I am to accuse those ladies of—water poisoning. Why, sir—" stuttered the embarrassed Uno.

"Yes," bellowed his master. "Do as I say. It is surely through them that the flowers will not open."

"But, sir—" began the advocate again.

"If you can't, I can!" roared Mori, and began pitching about the walk. "What! Am I to lose face before the entire community? Half Tokio is to be here to-day, I say. The flowers shall open! I——"

"Father," said Hiro's quiet voice, "I will accompany Mr. Uno, and see what can be done."

J. Mori hesitated; his bloodshot eyes wavered upon the face of his son, his only son. The pauper, Ayamè, was fair.

Uno actually gasped with eager commendation. "Ah! If the young master will accompany me, giving me the sanction of his illustrious presence——"

"Go, then," said Mori to his son. "First threaten, then bribe. They are beggars; perhaps they have not even food. It is not yet too late to have the flowers open, and they must—I say—they *shall* unfold, each one of

them. Half Tokio is to come—" Muttering curses, the angry man strode into the house, into the wide guest-chamber, and slammed the *shoji* behind him with a force that made the very gargoyles of the roof-ends shiver.

The two young men went out in silence, side by side, from under the portals of the big, red gate, turning at a sharp angle to the left, and proceeding along the tiled and plastered wall that bounded the front of the estate. Not until they had turned again, also to the left, and had entered a narrow street enclosed in hedges, did Hiro speak.

"How is it that these ladies, having recently sold a splendid home, should be in possible need of—food?" The thought hurt him like a briar.

"Your Excellency, my dear young master, you could not understand——"

"How do you know what I can understand and what not?" interrupted Hiro with a look that frightened the sycophant.

"There were mortgages, preliminaries—er, what our foreign friends would call the red tape——"

"But common decency, after the death of Lord Goji, would demand an instant payment in cash. Why, my friend, young Marquis Hachida has been searching everywhere for his kinswomen. I wrote my father of it and you answered, saying that they had taken the money and gone to some distant province. Has there been no payment of cash at all?"

"I believe not. You see, young sir, the preliminaries—Ah, here is the gate!" Uno wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow, thanking the fates that this cross-questioning must cease.

"This the gate of the Goji's widow!" thought Hiro, burning with shame and indignation as he viewed the single panel of rotting and worm-eaten wood. A garden coolie in the employ of his father would scarcely have been allowed to live in such a spot.

Uno knocked briskly, supplementing the summons by the usual call, "*O Tanomi Moshimasho!*"

Old Su San opened, and, although much surprised by the coming of visitors so early in the day, led them at once to the tiny reception-room. She disappeared, only to re-

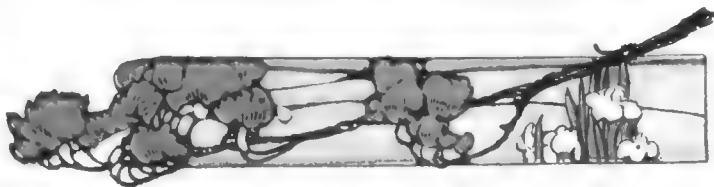
turn bearing a tray with tea service, and fresh tea, and a few cheap cakes. "My mistress, the Lady Goji, will receive you instantly," she murmured, and withdrew.

The tiny space about them was immaculate. The matting, if not new, had been scrubbed and sunned until it was pale-green satin. New paper was spread on all the *shoji*. In the pygmy *tokonoma* or recess, indispensable to the guest-room of any home, however poor, hung a scroll on which was written, in beautiful calligraphy, a Chinese classic poem. Under this, in a vase of plain ware, beautiful in shape, stood a cluster of newly gathered iris flowers.

"The Goji iris," said Uno's low voice with a sneer. "And it was set down in strictest terms, and sworn to, that no bulb, slip, root, or seed of them should be taken from the *besso*."

"If so, that word has been kept. There will be found other explanation—" Hiro was beginning angrily, when a shadow across the threshold announced the Lady Goji.

Both men bowed very low. Before seating herself, the lady, fixing her eyes on Hiro's prostrate form, said slowly: "Young sir, your words are true. There is another explana-



tion. As for you, Mr. S. Uno!" she continued, with a change of voice and pose, "it is your right to know. We did agree, indeed, under the hard terms of your master's sale, to take no plant or root of this, our own clan flower. That was our promise, and it has been kept; but look—" Here, with a dramatic gesture she pulled to one side the paper *shoji* that had shut them from the garden. "The flowers, more true than human friends, have followed us!" She pointed, and then letting her hand fall heavily, stood, with uplifted chin and quivering lids, regarding the wonder of her guests.

Where the drainage from the great pond had formerly seeped and trickled through bamboo roots embedded in gray mud, shelving stones were now set, and tufts of fern, and beautiful wild grasses, making a harmony of filmy green, with the glint of slow water through cool stems. The overflow, carried

off by underground bamboo tubes, left dry and clean the small flat garden space, and this was covered by a flooring of white pebbles gathered by night from the river bed beyond. But the chief wonder and beauty of the space centered in a blossoming cluster of white iris, springing outward from an almost perpendicular bank. Like a little band of cirrus clouds they rose, the three central petals of each flower curved into a diaphanous balloon—a tissue bubble blown full of phosphorescent moonlight. The three lower petals curved outward and then down. These



"THE FLOWERS, MORE TRUE THAN HUMAN FRIENDS,
HAVE FOLLOWED US."

were tipped and veined with a pale-green ichor, and along the center of each petal was a luminous yellow mark, like the stroke of a finger first dipped into the bowl of the sun.

Uno found voice. "They are beyond all saying of their beauty, but—but—my noble patron's buds will not open—no, not a single one!"

The Lady Goji seemed not to hear.

"Since you gentlemen have now beheld unmistakably how they are growing, I shall summon my daughter to gather them, that they may be sent as a fête gift to our neighbor, Mr. J. Mori."

Hiro winced at the scorn of her voice. He himself was pale, and had begun to tremble. He strove to speak; but before he could do

so, his hostess had called aloud, "Ayamè! Come to me!"

A young girl entered the room. It was as if one of the flowers had taken human shape. Her eyes met the look of Hiro, and she flushed, drooping her face.

"Gather the iris-flowers, child, and present them to our guests."

"O mother, the flowers? Our only flowers. Shall I gather all?"

"All!" repeated the other almost fiercely. "Each blossom, each bud; and if it were possible, each green leaf. Burrow the roots of them from out the dark bank where they creep, and these thoughts of bitterness from out my heart. Alas, gentlemen, I forget myself. I am quite an old woman, as you see. Permit me to retire." She swept past them and would have vanished, but that Hiro, literally throwing himself at her feet, detained her with the passion of his pleading.

"Madam, listen. It is but right that you should listen, for a moment, to what I have to say. I am the son of J. Mori, and as such I owe him duty. But the name he gives me must be clean. Madam, oh, believe that I did not know you were here. Each hour, each moment that you and your daughter have spent in such a place is a degradation to the son of J. Mori. This very day the great wrong done you shall be righted. Your kinsman, the young Marquis Hachida, is my friend. He has been seeking you. I wrote to my father asking where the ladies of the Goji house had gone, and received an answer from this rascal, saying you were in retirement in a distant province."

"You—you are kind," said the lady slowly. "And are you indeed J. Mori's son?" He felt the implied sting, and flushed under it; but his eyes met hers squarely.

"Each name and family, however great, had some time a beginning."

"True," she said, with her rare, beautiful smile. "And I like you the better for the saying."

Ayamè had gone from the room and now reentered at a mournful pace, bearing the flower-shears and a flat wicker basket. Hiro started and caught his lip between his teeth; then again he boldly met the Lady Goji's eyes. "I cannot take the iris-flowers. Will you humiliate me by having the Lady Ayamè ruthlessly destroy their beauty?"

The two gazed silently each into the eyes of the other. It was a battle of old and new; a conflict between patrician and plebeian

claims. Uno, still seated, stared up, breathless. Even to his emmet-like intelligence this soundless struggle above him had a meaning.

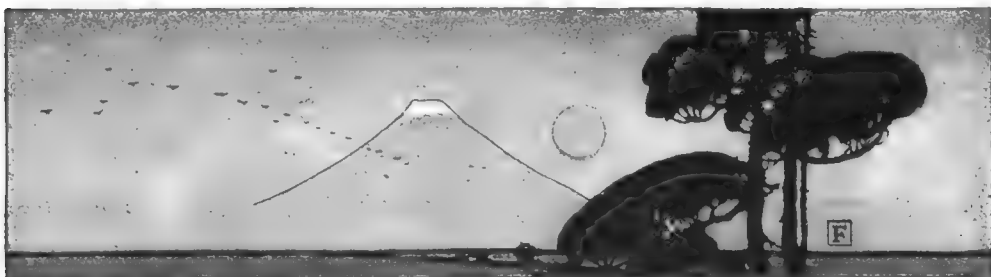
And Ayamè, too, gazed, gazed with all her untutored, childish heart at the face she had seen so often smiling down upon her from a parting of the bamboo hedge. At first she had resented the intrusion, but soon had begun to watch for it. Her infrequent, fleeting, upraised look had often seemed to say: "I have no weapons against your boldness. I wish you would go away so that etiquette and conscience would cease to trouble me; but, oh, it is good to see another face that is young, that is not already stamped with suffering!"

Suddenly the lady's dark eyes turned upon her daughter. Again she looked at Hiro. There had been no time for concealment. Both souls lay bare before her. Shame, sweetness, prejudice, the phantom barriers of caste, the stirrings of emotions far below,

"Never mind what you told my noble father. Fall back a few paces. I want to forget you till we reach the house!"

Uno fell back; and Hiro, forgetting him instantly, paced once more the bridge of heaven. "How beautiful she is! How more than beautiful when one is near her," he mused. "The mother, too, is fair and of noble judgment. She would not hold back her daughter from happiness solely because of lack of noble birth. Japan is topsy-turvy in the matter of nobility and titles. Young Marquis Hachida is my friend. I can continue visiting his home. *Ara!* Perhaps next year the iris-buds by the garden pond will open!"

Whether through overbrimming of the lake, or whether, indeed, as old Su was afterward fond of telling, the indignant family spirit of the Goji clan, not yet weaned from its ancient haunts, had warned the flowers, it is certain that not one single bud opened for



far deeper than, all social reservations, trembled together in that moment. To steady herself the Lady Goji leaned forward and caught Ayamè's arm.

"She need not pluck the flowers," came the strained whisper. "And now good-by!"

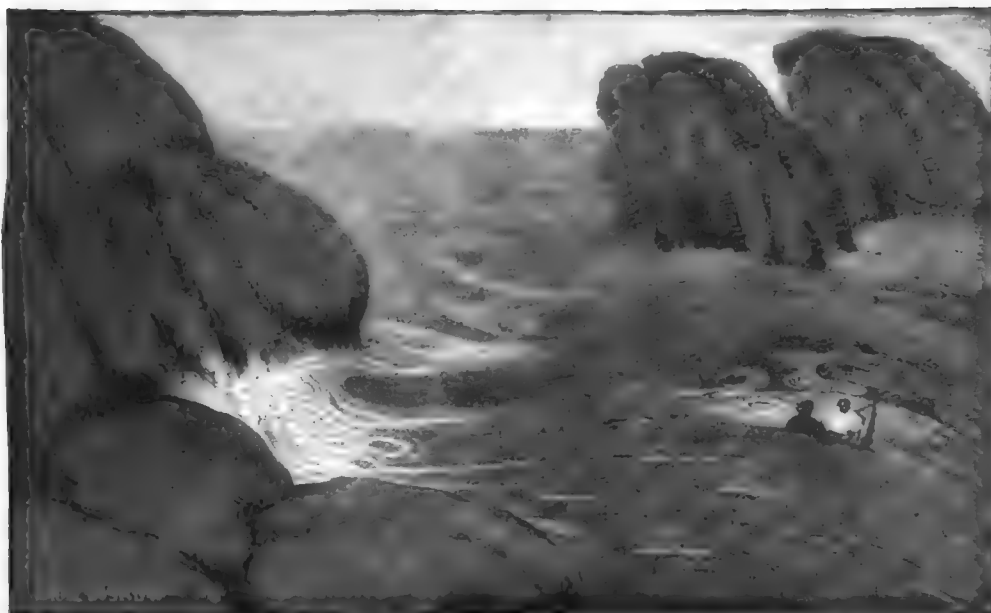
Outside in the narrow street once more, Hiro seemed walking on the bridge of heaven. When Uno's voice tugged at his senses he felt as one who touches a leper-beggar on a bridge.

"We did not even make the accusation we were commanded by your father."

"Leave that to me!" cried Hiro. "And, you cringing dog," he added, "if you wish any tolerance from me at all, use your mean wits to cancel this wrong you have helped to make."

"I will, young sir. I have always told your noble father——"

J. Mori's fête. The guests came in numbers, partaking of the costly foreign food and champagne, but every curious or amused glance of the eye toward his pond shot through J. Mori like an arrow tipped with acid. With a grinning, greenish mask of a face fastened over his furious disappointment, J. Mori moved among his noble friends, received their congratulations on the acquisition of so beautiful a home, and, as his one compensation, presented to them his son and heir, the tall youth, Hiro. Hiro's pleasant smile was painted on no mask. Modest, tactful, self-assured, he returned the greetings, winning for himself commendation everywhere, and friendship in more than one important quarter. Young Marquis Hachida kept close to him. Hiro could well afford to smile, for all the day his heart was singing, "I think the blossoms will open wide next year!"



The Sunken Admiral

By **HERMAN SCHEFFAUER**

Author of "Of Both Worlds," etc.

Illustrations by **Denman Fink**

COSTELLO? Costello?"

"Aye, Costello," said the old man, the Barber of Tobermory.

"But that is an Irish and not a Scotch name."

"Aye, Irish I am," replied the barber, "but the name is not Irish. It has been trimmed Irish, aye, but it is Spanish of old. By my forefathers I am Spanish—a Castillo."

"Costello? Castillo?" I echoed; "how comes it a Spanish name is now an Irish one?"

Thus I began speech with old Costello, the village barber in obscure Tobermory on the Isle of Mull off the west coast of Scotland. Barber and village were ancient

both. Costello was a small man; his hair was white and long, his eyes were black and bright; they were like the eyes of a young man. But his face was aged, true, full of wry wrinkles, his step was slow, his back a little bent; he carried seventy-two years upon it. His voice was strained, its volume spent and broken, and his hand trembled so that the covert blood came when he shaved me. For full fifty-two years had he been barber in Tobermory. Tobermory was the name given to threescore flint houses in angular disarray perched in a hollow of the stony cove that fronted the entrance to the Sound of Mull. There was a weary rain without and a storm that troubled the sea. The roads were forlorn with mud, and so my onward quest in search of sketches suffered interruption in Tobermory here. From the next room, low-ceiled and dark, came spicy smells of cookery. The barber's wife, a dame becaped and stout, of some sixty-eight years, was there preparing supper.

In an angle of wall and ceiling hung an osier cage in which a lively starling hopped to and fro. Now and again the bird cried with a wild crescendo on the second line that ended almost in a shriek and subsided suddenly in the third:

Into the sea, out of the sea,
All that is mine, all that is mine, all that is mine,
Comes back to me.

"The goodwife is Scotch," said Costello, "from Tobermory here. I married her when I was twenty-six. I came hither when I was but a score years old, a green lad."

"But how came it that Castillo, Spanish, became Costello, Irish?" I asked, my mind busy with that mystery.

The barber was a man well read. Some rows of books lined a corner of his shop and the books were of great and good names. His speech, though partly burr and partly brogue, was in fair and seemly English with a trace of the olden forms.

"In your far land of America you have often heard of Armada the Invincible?"

"Yes, 'the winds blew out of Heaven and it was scattered!'"

"The winds scattered it and Drake and Howard shattered it. The English are fond to say it was by Heaven's right arm. Some of the ships sank, some burned, some went broken on the Flemish coast, some were driven on the shore rocks of Ireland and Scotland. Of a hundred and thirty vessels, but fifty-three, galleons and galleasses, crept back to Spain and to Philip, all heart-broken. From the ships of battle stranded in Ireland many sailors were saved. Some were slaughtered by the ferocious peasants; some escaped, remained in the land, and married peasant women. Many called themselves Castillo as coming from Castile. From Castillo came Costello and there are many Costellos now. So were my forefathers Castillos and so am I a Costello."

Truly this was all simple, yet strange and wonderful. The voice of the past fell from the old man's lips. The eyes in the wrinkled face shone brilliantly with something that was magical, eyes like the night that had gazed from under freebooter's brows centuries ago. A bardic and prophetic strain lay in the voice of the hoary-headed barber; he seemed a link between two peoples and two epochs far asunder. He was like a high priest grown old in the strict service of Time, an oracle vocal before the altar of great deeds and the

valiant dead embalmed in history. Not rendered Irish by birth nor made Scotch by environment, Costello or Castillo stood there, Spaniard of Spain as though he had emerged from some canvas by Velasquez or Murillo. The genius of the man as it suddenly shone forth was all Iberian, and Hibernian not at all. A haunting like the obsession of the ancient mariner was upon him. An impulse from within bade the tale be told, the message be delivered. So, phrase by phrase, the old descendant of the Armada's men heaped confidence upon me. I had earned it by my interest in him and by my rapid pencil sketch of his picturesque head as he stood and shaved the villagers. The last yokel, trimmed and tonsured, was gone. Still the storm held wild and grim. So, as he bade me, I resolved to stay the night with the barber of Tobermory. When the sound, delicious supper was done, we three sat about the snapping fire whose light overwhelmed that of the brass hanging-lamp. The starling muttered drowsily in its cage.

"The great ship of an admiral, the *almiranta* San Martin, was storm-driven out of the wreck of the fleet. She came flying north, blown blindly about the Irish Sea. She was a mighty galleon, built high, a great sea-castle with upper works musket-proof, and she had been baptized by the archbishop of Cordova. She struck and went down, went down at Tobermory not a mile and a half from here. Some of her sister ships went to pieces along the north Irish coast. But the *almiranta* San Martin was the biggest of them all. She flew the flag of Diego Florez, one of Sidonia's admirals. She was the treasure-ship of the fleet. Her hold was fast with ingots and doubloons and ducats of Spain. And she it was that went down at Tobermory in the night. No one knew it; only three men escaped and one of them came to Ireland to find his mates, those saved from the broken ships. Of these one was my ancestor. So the secret of the lost admiral has rested with us for more than three hundred years. But none of my people ever left Ireland. I was first to leave and came swift to Tobermory when I was young. I came to find the wreck of the *almiranta* in the shallows off Tobermory—and perhaps the treasure—mine and my people's—in the belly of the ship. Gold never rots, Spanish oak never rots—and the *almiranta* was built of the stoutest. My search was secret, for were it known the treasure was found, then the crown would

claim it as trove of the king, even from the sea."

Into the sea, out of the sea,
All that is mine, all that is mine, all that is mine,
Comes back to me,

screamed the starling, suddenly alert.

"Yon bird always cries when he hears speech end with the word 'sea,'" said Costello. "So, day by day, year by year, mile by mile, as the tides were low, I plumbed the shoals and shallows along the coast. Every foot I fathomed, I studied the course of the currents, I scanned the bottoms with a water-telescope. So for twenty-five years I worked and found

came upon the scabbards of swords, barrels of harquebuses and copper nails in their nets. I bought of these—see, here they are."

The canister was incrustured with a thick coat of verdigris; the cipher of the Spanish king stood embossed upon it. The scabbards and harquebus-barrels were bars of solid rust with here and there a glint of bright metal. The nails were misshapen, writhen, and green. I seemed to touch the hands that had touched them once.

"All this," said the barber, "came from the *almiranta*, but where was she?"

"A wrecking company with divers and dredgers might have found her," I suggested.



"SO THE SECRET OF THE LOST ADMIRAL HAS RESTED WITH US FOR MORE THAN
THREE HUNDRED YEARS."

no sign of ship. Money and hope were quite gone. Then at last—you see many things were cast up on the shore. One day a light-house man found a copper canister with the cipher of Philip, then some of the fishermen

"Aye, and gained all the gold and the glory, too—after sharing with the crown. Nay, if the Costellos could not find and keep the treasure, then should it stay in the sea and the sea should keep it till doomsday."

The wind clamored about the house and charged the casements, and the rain beat in muffled volleys against the panes bright with the hearth-light. Dully out of the distance came a rumbling, a hollow and intermittent reverberation.

"Hearken the sea," said Costello, his white hair ruddy and his young eyes sparkling in the fire-shine.

Instantly the wakeful bird began, as if bewitched:

Into the sea, out of the sea,
All that is mine, all that is mine, all that is mine,
Comes back to me.

"Those are the waves of the Sound. They are beating upon the shore and eating it away. They are eating away the land here and piling it up there. It takes and gives—does the water. It will give us back the gold of our people, the gold that was theirs. The big admiral is still there and holds her treasure in her hulk and the deeps will give it up."

Impressively spoke the barber of Tobermory; the voice of all his swarthy ancestors rang in his own. The starling stirred in its cage, fretful because of the unusual sound of evening talk and the noisy tempest. Again the present parted like the halved curtain of a theatre and the past broke brilliantly on the imagination. Visions came crowding up the years: the storm-harried magnificent ships, the proud enormous sea-castles with pennants and glorious oriflammes and emblazoned sails going down in despair on unknown coasts, bearing with them in their descent the hope, the glory, and the wealth of imperious Castile. A faith and hope indestructible and enduring as the warm, yellow gold and the salt sea lay in the words of Costello, Barber of Tobermory and heir of the admiral.

"On the east coast of England," he resumed, "so I have read, the German Ocean is biting away miles of land. At Lereness, two miles from the shore, all crumbling down, far out in the tide you can see a rock and on that rock a post, a hitching-post that once stood before an inn. They are building granite bulwarks along the shores, but the waves grow never weary and men do. In some places the sea tears down land, in some it builds up land from the bottom. Ever here in Tobermory with its swirling tides it tears down and it builds up."

"But the *almiranta*," I said, "and the treasure—what of them?"

Costello, Barber of Tobermory, heir to the

sea-treasure of the flagship San Martin of the Invincible Armada, was silent then. The sea made answer for him. Its hoarse, thunderous trumpets sounding in the rock-caves along Tobermory's shores proclaimed its watch and dominion over the ship in its depths and the gold in the ship. No more the old Costello spoke that night of ship or treasure. His confidence in me went so far, but seemed to go no farther. He longed to hear of America.

"Aye," said he, "in that land they say gold is almost found in the streets, and the hills and fields are full of it. But here there is none of it—only the sea has it—only the sea."

Once again the bird repeated its eternal rhyme, but thickly and mechanically as though in sleep. Then the goodwife with her lace cap and head of silver read from a ponderous Bible. Her quavering, monotonous voice was uplifted in the ancient room, and the cry of the sea was like a far-off echo to that voice. The sonorous Scripture phrases added solemnity to the hour. Then gravely we said good night and the Barber of Tobermory led me to the tiny bedchamber wherein I was to sleep.

In the bright and sunny morning the gray-head was full of sprightliness like the chattering starling itself.

"Oh, a fair day," he said, "and the sea is glad of it and I'm glad of the sea."

The bird pealed forth with an early vigor:

Into the sea, out of the sea,
All that is mine, all that is mine, all that is mine,
Comes back to me.

Very fatherly in manner the old man grew. He seemed to overflow with an irrepressible desire to communicate something to me. I knew it fretted him from within and called for utterance. He looked out toward the sea where it shone like silver mail between the houses, and many times he glanced at the clock. At length when the few morning customers had gone he said:

"Come. Ere ever you go, I'll show you a wonderful thing—the most wonderful thing you ever saw. Soon you'll be off to the States. I pledge you to secrecy—give me your hand upon it. No man knows, nobody saving the goodwife and me."

Costello took up a long conical trumpet-shaped thing of black tin and clapped a frieze tam-o'-shanter upon his snow-white poll. Down the crooked village street to the tiny pier where the fishermen tied their craft,



"SOME OF THE FISHERMEN CAME UPON THE SCABBARDS OF SWORDS IN THEIR NETS."

where the lazy seas lapped against granite centuries old, green as jade in its coats of sea-moss and crimped weed, we went side by side. Costello slipped into a slight boat and took up the oars. Of these I relieved him since I was the younger.

Strongly I pulled and we ran over the unbroken sea that heaved with its low sluggish swells. The sun smote the waves with unusual power. Was this the same sea that had played so mighty and solemn an organ threnody upon the stops and vents of the shore-caves the night before? Then it was a black sullen monster wrestling with gigantic winds amidst the bellowing thunder and the flare of heavenly swords; this morning it was a wanton, luxurious creature outstretched to the amorous rapture of the sun. The sea-gulls swung and shot about us, the wind was but a breath. A mile we rowed and came to a great curve in the bluff of the coast. One of the horns of the cove was of a slaty rock and mixture of shale and the undulating swells licked up against its base. As we rowed by, not a dozen feet away, a rustling mass of disintegrating earth and pebbles fell from its crest and splashed into the sea, dashing us with spray and rocking the boat.

"Yon falls more of Scotland into the sea," said Costello; "day by day the sea is eating away the land. Look! the face of the cliff is a new one—new since last week when I saw it. The storm of yesternight tore down tons of it. Four ells shorter than a month ago is that bluff now. But it is a good work. What old Britain loses I gain. Here the sea is tearing it down and yonder it is piling it up. That is where we are going."

He pointed toward two black bull-headed rocks that thrust their blunt domes above the sinuous sea not far offshore. He steered the boat directly between the two stone caps that rose for thirty feet above the water. Together we threw out a heavy block of granite which, fastened to a rope, served for an anchor.

"The sun is right, the sun is just right," said the old man mysteriously, upturning his wrinkled face and sloe-black eyes to the day-star.

Now he grasped the tin water-telescope, plunged it into the sea, and bent over the rocking bow. The young eyes in the old face were actively alive. I sat in a fisher's dory off the Scottish coast with a freebooter of old Spain.

"What do you see?" was my query after a long wait. Original from

The white-haired man was silent. His eyes remained fast to the double eyepiece of the water-telescope. A violent curiosity consumed me. For many minutes he was silent; then he raised his face illumined with a strange rapture in the sparkling eyes.

"You shall see—the sun will be in perfect position in a few minutes."

I seized the water-telescope with eager straining hands and bent above the glistening swells. The sun beat warm upon my back.

The green blur of the sun-shot waters mounted quivering to my eyes. The glazed depths palpitated with the restless uncertain light and I saw naught clearly. But soon out of the bright liquid haze emerged a shadowy thing, outstretched beneath the boat prone along the bottom of the sea that glimmered up with its yellow sands. How great, how small, how deep, how shallow it was, what might be substance and what shadow, I could not say. Then, as my eyes were adjusted to the shifting medium and pierced the currents crossing in the deeps, detail after shadowy detail stood vaguely forth, shaded and relieved by the transmitted sunbeams. Uncertain, nebulous, phantasmal like some mystic monster in a green fog or a sulphurous smoke the spectral bulk declared itself. In my ears, close and clear, rang the voice of the aged Costello. The outer world vanished and the present time; all senses fled save sight and hearing.

"Do you see her," spoke that voice out of the grayest past, "do you see her, the great *almiranta* under us? Those flat yellow spaces that look like shelves of the sea-bottom are her decks, loaded with drift-sand. Do you see her three masts, broken off sharp and short? One of them lies slant athwart her decks at an angle. Mark its fighting-top leaning against the face of the rock. That mass of weed is a tangle of cordage, all slimy green it is. Mark you the steps that go to the admiral's deck, all carven they and gilt. When the sun is right—and it is right now—you can see the gilt so well. Do you spy those green things lying about the decks where the sand is low near the broken balustrade? Brass cannon those, deck cannon of brass torn loose and rolling about her decks when she went down. I have read the old Spanish chronicles and Calderon's account of the armament, and I know! Do you see the high poop, fretted and decked like a booth at Michaelmas fair—all colors and coats of arms? You can spy the windows and the

little galleries that run around her stern, deck on deck. Do you see the big bronze lantern where the thick kelp hangs heavy down, and the cannon with black heads stuck forth from the bows? Iron cannon are they for fighting ahead. Now turn the tube to the right. Look how her broadside leans upward, slanting on her beams. See you the big ports, big as a house's windows, and the muzzles of cannon—some score and a half out of forty, the rest sunk in the sand or her hold? Forty guns on the larboard and forty on the starboard and ten on deck and stern—ninety guns the *almiranta* bore. Those long green things you mark streaming from the broken mast in the flow are kelp and sea-tangle. I call them the battle-flags of my *almiranta*, red and green, yellow and purple, flapping in the thick of the tides. Ever, ever I think of the large San Martin, golden galleon and mighty sea-fortress, going down, as I would have it, all sails set, all flags flying, all guns flaming, with red battle-lanterns all litten, fighting to the last, fighting the English sea-hounds, fighting the storm. Down in the dark storm-night she went with all her brave blest souls, all those undaunted men of Spain, and only three were left—only three! There they are all lying now, down in the cold, Diego Florez and all his men and officers, duke and marquess, admiral, sailor, and fighting man, all sons of sunny mother Spain, on the floor of these cold Scotch seas right under us, under those decks you see, holding guard of the treasure."

The wonder-wrought voice of the descendant of the Castillos ceased, while still with aching eyes and bent back I lay across the hot seats and sent my vision through the emerald sun-lighted deeps.

"Look close, look hard under the admiral's deck. Two openings there all broken out. Farther forward mark you a great hatch where now and then the fish and crabs pass out. There the treasure lies. From the old Castillos I have the tale and tally of all her treasure. Ingots a-many—ingots of African gold and Peruvian silver, and pearls from the Antilles. Gems, too, she carried in oaken chests bound with brass, and a store of the crown jewels. In specie there were thousands and thousands, ducats and pistoles and Spanish double pistoles called doubloons. All these lie there under the decks safe and sound in the belly of the galleon, safe in her hull of black oak.

"Now look quickly while I tell, for the sun is bringing the shadow of the rock. See



OUT OF THE BRIGHT LIQUID HAZE EMERGED A SHADOWY THING PRONE ALONG
THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

you how the *almiranta* lies between the two rocks like a wagon between two hayricks? Down she went and caught in the jaws of these rocks. And there she hung wedged tight. There I saw her first when by chance I came upon her seven-and-twenty years ago. Then she hung free and rested not on any sand-bank as now. Then her deck was sixteen fathoms down from the face of the bay. And now it is but six. By wash of the changing currents and the drift of the cliffs crumbling into the sea, the sand-bank piles higher year by year. Year by year the hulk of the *almiranta* San Martin, all water-logged, with her gold, her armature, and bony frames of men, is lifted higher and higher as the sand rises under her bulging hull by urge of the currents. So she keeps to her rising, hour by hour, day by day, year by year, up to the day and the sky and to me! So it is that I wait all patient for her coming. The sea took her and the sea gives her back. From the old hidalgos to me, a Castillo to take what is our own. For seven-and-twenty years since I first found her have I waited and watched. And seven years more will it be ere her decks take the air. She is safe here; no boats come hither now—only mine—mad Costello's who is fishing for a ship! Every year she rises more than the year before, but it will be at least seven years. Perhaps ten, but not

longer—it must not be longer, for it must come to me—for never a bairn have I. In seven years, some seven years more. I shall be but nine-and-seventy then, and I shall not leave the earth till my *almiranta* comes. Every day I come and gaze and every week I sound her with a plummet. When it storms I sit at home and say:

Into the sea, out of the sea,
All that is mine, all that is mine, all that is mine,
Comes back to me.

Now the shadow comes."

Slowly, as the beams of the sun were withdrawn, the magic spectacle revealed beneath the fathoms of water grew obscure. The shadow flung from one of the enormous tusks of stone erased the vision in the sea. The dull sand-burdened decks of the sunken galleon seemed slowly to fall back into the dusky profound and the dark floods embraced the great black bulk until it was seen no more. The shape of a great fish passed over the wreck. Then I lifted my throbbing eyes from the water-tube and looked blinking upon the old man smiling at my side in the stark sunlight. The face and form were the face and form of the white-haired Costello, Barber of Tobermory, but the young eyes with their light from the past were the eyes of Castillo, fighter and freebooter of Hispania.



A Llyric of the Llama

By BURGESS JOHNSON



BEHOLD how from her lair the youthful llama
Lopes forth and llightly scans the llandscape o'er.
With llusty heart she llooks upon llife's drama,
Relying on her llate-ll learnt worldly ll ore.

But llo! Some llad, armed with a yoke *injama*
Soon llures her into llowly llabor's cause;
Her wool is llopped to weave into pajama,
And llanguidly she ll earns her Gees and Haws.

My children, heed this llesson from all llanguishing young llamas,
If you would llive with llatitude, avoid each lluring llay;
And do not llightly llleave, I beg, your llonesome, llloving mammas,
And ll last of all, don't spell ll your name in such a sill llly way.



Relief-found in front of custom house,Naples. Attributed to Andrea del Toucherino. 1800 after photo. Napoli. 1906.

Some Americans Abroad

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON**

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Conquest of Canaan," etc.

Illustrations by **Lawrence Mazzanovich**



He stood on the pier in front of the custom-house at Naples, waiting for the Deutschland to send her passengers ashore. She lay inside the distant breakwater, panting and relaxed after her long once-a-winter scoot from America to the Mediterranean; her passengers, detained on board by the health officers, crowding the landward rails like flies on a thin slice of cake. There was a long wait, but the February sky was clear, the air warm, the sun jovial; Vesuvius smoked his friendly pipe overhead; Sorrento smiled across the way; Capri lay, a leviathan of carved amethyst, on the horizon. That is to say, all round and about was the Bay of Naples, where it is sweet to do nothing, and we on the pier did our waiting unimpatiently. And yet there sounded at my elbow a note of sorrow and complaint:

"I suppose the Dagoes are keepin' them pore Americans out there"—it was a voice of weary querulousness—"to see if they've got enough money left after their trip to make it worth while to let 'em come ashore."

He was an elderly man in dusty black; his hat, overlarge, was of black felt; he wore a black "string" tie, half-curtained by a straggling gray beard, and his expression indicated that for an indefinite period—perhaps for months—he had been without a hope of any kind. His melancholy eyes were bent upon the steamer and he spoke apparently to the air, not directly addressing anybody, but there was no doubt that he had approached us because we were so evidently Americans; therefore it seemed incumbent on us to reply.

"I think they're delayed because of some difficulty about giving them a clean bill of health," I said.

"Well, sir, you may be right," he sighed. "If it's so, you can bet that's the *only* bill they'll have any trouble gittin'! Still, I wish they'd hurry and let the pore things off."

"You have friends aboard?"

"Oh, no. I always come down when a steamer lands. I don't have much else to do, and I kind of like to see folks that are sort of fresh from home and be'n in God's country within a week or so. And then, besides"—his dull eyes showed a glimmer of something not unlike vindictive anticipation—"some-

times a good many of 'em have be'n seasick on the way over, and they look like it." He paused. A slight change came over his face, and he added: "I always feel mighty sorry for *them!*"

If I had known him better I might have hurled the lie in his face. Instead, however, I asked:

"You suffered, yourself, when you crossed?"

His gaze shifted slowly and piteously to meet mine. "Did I *suffer?*" he faltered. "Did I *sur*—" The word choked him. "Young man," he went on, when he had regained his self-control, "I'm from central Iowa; I've crossed the Mississippi River plenty of times—on a railway bridge—and that's the nearest to bein' on the water I ever come till She persuaded me to take this trip. Did I *suffer?* I wouldn't of stayed a week in the Old Country if it hadn't be'n fer that. I'm only waitin' till my homesickness gits so much worse than my fear of seasickness that I jest can't *stand* it! Then, I reckon there'll be another old fool go back to Iowa with sense enough never to leave it again!"

"You don't like it over here?"

"*Like* it?" Almost he laughed, albeit from heart-bitterness. "We landed at a place called Bremen, 'way *up* yonder, and come all the way down here, stoppin' off every little while, and the countries and towns gittin' more heathenish and tumble-down and dirtier and smellin' worse every step of the way. And *nowhere* a single thing I ever want to see again! We'd come to a town; I'd hire a hack and ask the hotel people to tell the driver to take me around the residence section first and the business section afterward. Usually they thought I was crazy, and sometimes, what with the lonesomeness and everybody hollerin' in all these *languages*, they come near being right. O Lord, I want to git back to a country where I can read the *signs!*"

"You mean the street-signs?"

"Yes, sir! The signs over the stores; and where an empty house has got jest a good, plain, old '*For Rent*' on it and where they don't call a hotel office a '*Bureau*'! All that don't bother *Her* the way it does me, but She and I never did like things so *much* the same way. She's puttin' in a great morning right now. You heard about that big Catholic that's dead here lately?"

"A little. He was a Monsignore——"

"Bishop, or something. She heard last night they was goin' to bury him to-day, with

all kinds of doin's and ceremonies in that cathedral up-town a ways, yonder. I fergit *how* much the feller said they was goin' to spend on it; but *She* knows and She'll write it all out fer Her literary club at home. I took Her up there and left Her, before I come down here, this morning. She tried to keep me, but I broke out as soon as She wasn't lookin'. She'd landed me before, in a place called Milan, where they was layin' away one of these Dago generals, and once again in Rome She got me—a child, *that* was. There's too much about all kinds of dead people in this country, especially *old* dead people that of be'n dead ever sence Scripture times, or worse. I don't see why they can't let 'em alone and quit talkin' about 'em. And look at their public buildings; they don't take any pride in 'em as long as they're any livin' *use* in the world! Soon as there's nothin' left but a few chunks, they try to drag you around to *admire* 'em! 'No, ma'am,' I told Her, 'no more funerals for me!' I don't say that this funeral ain't goin' to be an expensive one, but *I* druther go down and see a ship-load of live folks from the United States!"

The tender from the Deutschland had at last been allowed to leave the steamer, and, crowded with passengers, it now sidled along the broad steps that lead up from the water, and the voyagers began to spring ashore. The voice of the friend we had come to meet called our names from the tender; we waved a greeting and turned to descend the steps. A hand on my shoulder detained me for a moment.

"*There!*" said my melancholy acquaintance, with a note of cheer in his voice, pointing to the bow of the boat. "Up there in front, settin' on a trunk—see that pore, white-faced, limp-like feller? He looks to *me*"—he distantly approached a chuckle—"like he's had a pretty mean time of it on the way over. I feel mighty sorry fer him, but I can't say it don't pretty near serve him right. Wasn't there enough sights in his own country fer him to look at?"

After dinner, that evening, we were going over the Iowan's complaint, repeating and dwelling upon it, so that we should not forget it, when one said:

"Wasn't he the typical American abroad though!"

But another disclaimed this. "No, he was so far from being typical that you knew him at once for a 'character'. If he had been typical, you wouldn't have noticed him."

While that, of course, was true, our friend of the morning was far from unique. He has hundreds of fellow-sufferers every year upon the Continent; like him in their loneliness, dazedness, and comprehensive protest, though few are so articulate, most of them bearing their woe in silence, and only turning the eyes of a sick dog upon the women-folk who have dragged them down to the sea in ships.

England is painful enough for them, but the Continent is a revelation of cruel and unusual punishment. The Continent holds no charm for them; they plaintively hate it, seeing "nothing in it"; yet they form a pleasing contrast to those Americans who see too much in it. To the cursory eye the latter class appears to be increasing very rapidly; the class of the alienated, of those who say: "Shawly you never intend returning to the States to live! It's all very well to run back for a few weeks now and then to see one's friends—but *living* there? Oh, quite impossible!"

Perhaps this seems exaggerated. Perhaps it may be thought founded not on reality but upon a comic weekly. On the contrary, talk of the kind is exceedingly common in the "American colonies" on the Continent, and

tence lacks construction because it is the writer's wish to present only the essentials of what he is trying to report.

Such people see not only too much but too little in "the life over here," which life means to them a really interesting and thrilling struggle for what they believe to be "position" and "social recognition." However, their "climbing" upward through the Continental "foreign colonies" and out into native Continental society is more picturesque than most climbing at home, because upon the Continent it is more visible and conspicuous. The rungs of the ladder are sharply defined. And, of course, a climbing American finds his task much easier in a European city than he would find it in his own home town, since (so far as origin goes) all Americans look alike to most of the worldly people of Europe and are "taken up" for what they are worth—and not seldom taken in for all they are worth.

It may work little real harm that the climbers have taught most of the people toward whom they climb to believe that all Americans are snobs. But it is a fact unpleasant to contemplate. In some European



the people who say such things are those who usually manage to mention, in the course of any conversation you may have with them, that "dear Countess Blank was saying" to them, "only yesterday," and also that "Lord Feathersonhaugh—" The foregoing sen-

cities it is notorious that philanthropists of title have learned to count upon our snobishness to help them with their charities. Perhaps they believe anything is justified that is done for the poor. One day last winter, in one of the larger Italian cities, I had gone to



see an American friend who was staying at the most expensive hotel, and as we sat talking in the lobby, a boy brought him a note, the envelope of which bore a crest.

"A messenger from the Marchesa B—— bring this for you, sir. The messenger wait answer."

"I don't know the Marchesa B——," said my friend, opening the envelope, "but I know what her note is. Yes, I thought so." He handed the enclosure to me. The message was in French, and to this effect:

The Marchesa B—— has the pleasure of enclosing eight tickets for the approaching Kermess, for the benefit of the Blank Society in the Blankese Gardens. The Marchesa B—— has not had the pleasure of meeting Monsieur A—— but is assured that his well-known benevolence will be attracted by so worthy a charity. The tickets are twenty-five lire each.

Mr. A—— placed the tickets upon the boy's tray. "Return these to the messenger with my regrets," he said, and then to me, "That is perhaps the tenth time the thing has happened in the last week or so. You see we have a large suite in the hotel and a big touring-car—and we are Americans. That's enough for these people to hear—and so the Marchesas and Principes begin sending in their requests for contributions to their pet charities. The point of it is that not one of these requests has come from an untitled person: you see they count on impressing us with their nobility, count on our being silly and cheap enough to subscribe to a charity, not for its own sake, but on account of these titles and names. I suppose they think, too, that they give us our money's worth, and that

my wife will be glad to take their notes and cards home with her and casually show them to her friends. Now, where did these people get the idea? It must have been from the Americans that they've *known*. That's the thing that outrages me! They've been *taught*!"

To Rome, a few weeks later, came some Americans presenting an electrifying contrast to the "teachers" who enraged my friend. Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" rough-rode under the walls of the Eternal City, and toward the great scout's whooping arena we bent our steps. The dance was on when we arrived, but we found an usher who was shoving and haranguing a confused, seat-seeking crowd of Italians, exhorting them in homelike Nebraskan words. His attitude toward them was that of an irritated drover, but when he accepted the coupons for our box and looked our party over, he showed a certain relief in meeting fellow-countrymen whom he could admit—at least in Italy—to terms of equality.

"Everything's gone all to thunder to-day," he remarked crossly. "That there King and Queen's here." (His manner of alluding to the royal personages suggested that he thought of them as cards in a deck.) "We never got word they was comin' till half an hour before we opened; the boxes were all took and we've had one blank of a time fixin' things up an' gittin' that King and Queen settled right. These coupons call for the next box beyond 'em, and the Dago ushers have gone and stuck some people in there, somebody that belongs to the King and Queen, I reckon, and——"



"Then we'll have to give up our box?" some one asked nervously.

"Naw! You got the tickets, ain't you? You git it! Come on."

He led the way across the enclosure, bestowing, as he passed before the royal box, a brief glance of annoyance upon Victor Emmanuel II. We followed.

A lady and three gentlemen were seated in the box numbered upon our coupons. They were smilingly interested in the performance of Irontail and his friends. "You git out o' there," said our guide informally. "That ain't your box."

The four occupants, not having the faintest idea of what he was saying, paid no attention. Thereupon he tapped one of the gentlemen brusquely upon the shoulder. "Git!" he repeated with a bitter frown. "Git out o' here, all of you!"

The gentleman drew back, offended at the touch, indignant at the tone in which he was addressed, and otherwise entirely at sea.

There was an exclamation of horror from an upper tier and one of the English-speaking Italian ushers came rushing down an aisle with a blanched face; he bent himself double before the occupants of the box, uttering stricken apologies in Italian, which were abruptly checked by our guide.

"Here! I ain't got no more time to waste. These folks got coupons fer the whole box. Tell them people to git out o' there an' tell 'em to hurry."

"Get them out?" repeated the Italian, immeasurably shocked. "Imposs-s-sible! You do not understand! It is the Prince and Princess di——"

Our guide cut him off "in no uncertain terms." He bent upon him a look of withering pity. "That cuts all the ice in Hudson's Bay, don't it?" he replied with venomous distinctness, and then, exasperated to the extent

of his self-control: "YOU GIT 'EM OUT O' THERE!"

We interfered at this point and effected a compromise by squeezing more chairs into the box, to the pained surprise of our usher, who, as he slouched away, manifested his opinion of us as "easy." "It seemed to take me right back to the Courthouse Square," remarked one of our party. "That boy was so homelike, I can't believe I'm in Rome. It's impossible! My willing soul has flitted back to a day, fifteen years ago, when one like him put me out of the grand stand at the trotting-races at the Illinois State Fair, for having the wrong ticket. I went as quietly and quickly as I could, but two thousand people were looking at me before I got to the foot of the steps."

After an hour or so, we heard the voice of our champion again. He was working through the upper tiers of seats, about seventy feet from us, selling tickets for the concert that was to follow.

"Here you are, good people!" he shouted. "Ching-quanty chentessmy. Here's your billettty per grandy conshirto after the show. Grandy conshirto! Ching-quanty chentessmy per grandy conshirto! There you are, old hyena-face! Dewy billettty. Ching-quanty chentessmy, ladies and gents, per grandy conshirto!"

His roving eye fell upon our upturned faces and he saw that we were watching him. "You hear me, boys!" he shouted to us with a grin, perfect in its serenity. "You hear me and this Dago langwidges! Ain't I good?"

An aversion to the tourist is to be found, I suppose, everywhere in the world. No doubt the feeling could be traced to the hatred for a *nouveau* that animated the breast of some primordial mud-turtle as he watched a migrating dragon-fly skimming superficially down the creek and away. Thus, in watering-places, in summer resorts or winter re-

sorts, those who live in houses somewhat disdain those who are lodged in hotels, and those who are lodged in hotels despise the day-excursionists. And so it is with our countrymen abroad: the permanent fixtures of a colony, following a seemingly universal law, show a certain consciousness of superiority (often expressed by graciousness) to those who take villas or apartments for the season; the latter exhibit the same feeling for the people who come to the hotels for a month or so; and here kindness ends, for all unite to execrate the tourist. Exactly what a tourist is, one finds it difficult to ascertain; but it is widely assumed that he is a blot. In England he is sometimes called a "tripper." However, you will more often hear sensitive Americans and English alluding to him as a "Dreadful Pahson." From many sources of information it is to be inferred that the shameful term "tourist" applies to:

1. Traveling Americans or Germans.
2. Persons traveling in charge of a guide or a "lecturer."
3. Persons carrying a Baedeker.
4. Persons who stay less than a week in any one place.
5. Persons interested in "sight-seeing" or the landscape.

In a rough classification of degrees of unpopularity, the German appears to lead; at least you hear more abuse of "Those Terrible Germans" than of the travelers of other nationalities. It is difficult to determine the reason for this unless it is that our honest Teuton is seldom beautiful to alien eyes; and is apt to wear a costume unappreciated out of its own country; also, the hearty guttural sputterings of the good old German language are almost ludicrously painful to un-German ears, especially in Italy. However, if it were not for the American's anxiety to be rid of his money, I believe he might lead even the German in the race for unpopularity. But the German is thrifty; it takes some ingenuity, and more persistence, to overcharge or cheat him.

Certainly the American traveler is not loved for himself alone. "Beneath I think they all really dislike us," is a common enough phrase on the lips of thoughtful Americans, and I believe that most of these agree that

Bishop Potter was entirely correct in his estimation of English sentiment toward us. At its average that sentiment seems to be one of more or less tolerant dislike, perhaps tinged with pained amusement. For one thing, the English do not understand the American's "offhand" ways, his ease of mind in regard to informal acquaintanceship, his lack of suspicion. . . . One day, not long ago, two American travelers were sitting in the buffet of an Italian hotel, when an Englishman came in, an Englishman not remarkably unlike the rare "Pawtucket" type. Some one had happened to introduce the two Americans to him the day before and they were anxious to see more of him; his voice alone was a treat. One of them said:

"Lord H——, won't you join us? Won't you have tea at our table?"



The Englishman looked languidly upon him. "No, thank you," he sang quietly, and then, turning to the steward, "Tommy, are none of the *usual* gentlemen about this afternoon?"

That was the result to have been expected, and the sequel was quite as inevitable in its way. The "usual gentlemen" (a cosmopolitan group), coming in presently, elected to sit with the two Americans. Lord H—— then calmly joined them. One of the Ameri-

cans was from the central West, and before the afternoon was over Lord H—— had accepted his invitation to come to shoot over his big game preserves in the mountains of Ohio. The American told him that the paw-paw shooting was particularly good.

Tourists who do their touring in an automobile escape opprobrium; they are not called "tourists," but "automobilists," or "motorists." (N. B. It is not absolutely necessary to have an automobile for this; often the clothes alone will suffice.) That is the only escape; and the sensitive definition of the tourist is not limited to "Dreadful Pahson"; far from it: for it is only in guide-books and railway posters that he escapes the adjective damnatory. He is called "odious," "horrid," "low," etc. In this connection, one of the strangest things in the world is the inflection with which some of our countrymen speak the word "American," as if it meant something unpleasant or grotesque; and those who so use it are not always expatriates.

Half a dozen Americans stand at one end of an aisle of Notre Dame in Paris, another half dozen at the other end. The two parties exchange glances of hostility at first sight.

Says a lady of the first half dozen: "The place is spoiled. One can never come here without finding a lot of *Americans!*"

Says a lady of the second half dozen, with a shiver: "Let us go. Here come a lot of *Americans!*"

The Englishman, of course, feels that we spoil the great monuments with our intrusions. His mental and emotional process might be conceived as follows: "I wish to look at the monument; I do not wish to look at you, whoever you are, and it is an added annoyance that you are Americans." But it is astonishing to find that this seems to be exactly the feeling of hundreds of travelers and "colonists" who are themselves Americans.

Is it, possibly, because they fear their fellow-countrymen may do or say something absurd and thus discredit themselves? However that may be, it is, as the farm-hand said on the fifth of July, "a mighty pore feeling."

Alas for the tourist! He is unaware of his low estate; he knows nothing of the disdain in which he is held by his fellow-countrymen of the colonies, for he is made welcome by every one with whom he comes in contact—by innkeepers, guides, porters, waiters, cab-drivers, shopkeepers, musicians, chambermaids, beggars, stewards, and ticket-agents. Those who regard him with disdain, keep him in ignorance of his shame by holding aloof from him, and so, having no consciousness of the need of improving his condition, he carries (as a rule, though I do not forget my friend of the Naples pier) a merry and interested face over Europe, and the air resounds pleasantly to the hearty voices and laughter of all his kind.

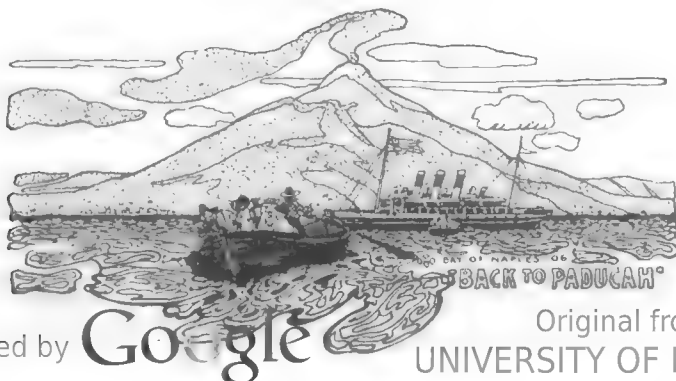
They come by the many thousands; every year their numbers mightily increase; greater and greater grow the enormous ships, built and launched, one directly after another; but they can hardly be built fast enough to carry the multitudes that overspread England and France and Germany and Switzerland in the spring and summer and early autumn. In winter all who have not gone home seem to be crowded into Italy, so that the country is scarcely big enough to hold them. And more coming every day by the Mediterranean route!

One afternoon last February a young member burst into the lounging-room of the Cosmopolis Club in Rome and called to a group of friends in a corner:

"Hi! You'd better come quick if you don't want to miss it!"

"What is it? What is the matter?"

"I just saw two Italians in the Piazza di Spagna. If you don't hurry they'll be gone!"





The Mystery of Bird-Flight

By HAROLD BOLCE

Author of "The New Internationalism," etc.

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and from the American Museum of Natural History.



THE study of the flight of birds is of vast importance to civilization, for it is leading to man's actual navigation of the air. If aerial ships succeed in sailing at will against the wind, that triumph, which now seems possible, will revolutionize the economic and political conditions of the world.

Assuming that the present promises of aerial flight will be fulfilled, this is the probable result: The pioneer craft of the sky now commanded by daring scientists will give way to aerial pleasure-ships cruising at high speed. The next step, if no great wars in the mean time divert attention from the value of aerial navigation in promoting international trade, will be an air-ship traffic in light-weight merchandise, like silks, perhaps, from Yokohama to America and Europe, and diamonds from Antwerp to New York.

Smugglers will almost instantly take advantage of air-ship navigation to evade customs frontiers, and the effect will be to make foolish the nearly two hundred tariff walls that now divide the nations. It will be impossible for any nation to keep out contraband craft, which could cross an ocean or a continent in a night. No country can maintain a sufficient number of aerial revenue cutters to patrol the sky. That would be almost like attempting to control the movements of migratory birds.

As the next step, just as the caravels of Spain and the Yankee packets have given way to trade steamers and turbine passen-

ger ships, so this early form of air-craft, delicately framed, will probably be supplanted by sturdy carriers transporting cargoes of all kinds across the sky.

Aerial piracy will then succeed smuggling. Navigation of the air will swing wide the gate to the most alluring field ever invaded by daring buccaneers.

Imagine the immediate results: If a pirate craft can descend from the sky and turn loose a bandit crew to rob a bank or a railway train in America one day, and, scuttling through the clouds, can reach safety in the Balkans, the Carpathians, or in Darkest Africa the next, the present sense of international security will be destroyed.

Nations will be compelled in self-protection to convene a world congress and to declare common warfare upon aerial brigandage. The conquest of one civilized state by another will be a thing of the past. All countries will realize that the only enemy to be fought is the aerial outlawry that must menace the stability of every civilization.

In consequence, every air-ship will be obliged to have an international license. The world, become an economic unit, will combine against all the ships of the air that know no law. An international system of aerial squadrons will be organized to destroy the highwaymen of the heavens.

There are many skeptics who doubt the coming of the air-ship. It has already flown short distances. Despite this, the unbelievers have their eyes fixed upon the ground. The same men scouted the possibility of horseless vehicles. Their forbears laughed at the telegraph. Samuel Morse told them at Wash-

ington that if he could send a message ten miles, he would ultimately flash one around the world. But when Congress reluctantly voted a few thousand dollars to build an experimental line from the national capital to Baltimore, one of the class of doubters that now laughs loud at the promise of the air-ship, moved as an amendment that part of the appropriation be used for the survey of a railway route to the moon.

The air-ship has vast possibilities. It will bear watching.

Man has been studying the flight of birds for centuries. He has attempted to imitate it, and has gone deep into biology trying to ascertain the principles involved. Yet all but one of these principles has remained undiscovered. Truly, it has seemed that the exclamation of the philosopher in the Book of Proverbs, "The way of an eagle in the air! This is too wonderful for me," was to remain for all time the epigrammatic summing up of man's inability to unravel the mystery of travel across the heavens.

The one fact in regard to the flight of birds that has struggled for recognition throughout all the years of theorizing and discussion is that these creatures are not buoyant. Alive they weigh practically the same as when dead. Shot in mid-air they fall like meteors. A bird is not a balloon. Indeed, the bulk of a bird is nearly one thousand times heavier than air.

This fundamental principle, that all winged creatures are heavier than the bulk of the air they displace, has vast significance for aeronauts, who are now for the first time putting it in operation. It is on this basis that bold experimenters, abandoning balloons, are launching aeroplanes and other aerial craft actually heavier than air. It was the pioneers who, disregarding gas and gossamer bags, went to the condor and the tawny vulture for instruction that paved the way for the current successes of Santos-Dumont in Paris and of the Wright brothers in America.

A new interest has now been awakened throughout the world in the physics of bird-flight. Reasoning from the Nubian vulture, which, weighing from seventeen to twenty-two pounds, moves majestically in its course undisturbed by tempests, advanced students of aerial navigation predict that an aeroplane weighing ten times as much as a vulture will ultimately move through the air with even greater security and steadiness.

Further, they assert that up to at least two thousand pounds, the accidents of flight will diminish as the weight of the air-ship is increased. Recently, Alexander Graham Bell authorized the publication of his prediction that within ten years war-ships will follow birds in the air, and that passengers on aerial liners can eat breakfast as they leave the American continent and dine the same day in Liverpool or Berlin. The great fortune that this inventor has made out of the telephone acquits him of having been a visionary in the past, however staggering his present prophecy.

The most determined leaders of the new school now candidly confess that since the Mongolfier brothers sent up their balloon in France, more than a century has been wasted in aerial experiments totally foreign to the laws of bird-flight. If birds were lighter than air, they would be blown about as balloons are now. Even the dirigible balloon, though provided with a sail-like rudder and propelled by a wheel operated by a motor, can be guided about only in a calm. These craft, lighter than the atmosphere, are not air-ships. They are merely modified balloons.

Last year I witnessed an experiment in navigation of the air by one of these buoyant vehicles. From a window in the East Room of the White House I saw it sail over the Washington Monument and come down to visit President Roosevelt. I saw the President go out and greet the aeronaut and later I saw the daring voyager rise in his craft, which he guided at will over the Treasury Building and down Pennsylvania Avenue to the National Capitol. There his advent created such excitement that it broke up a session of the Senate. So thoroughly stirred was the city that the captain of this aerial vessel was asked by the superintendent of the schools to fly from his country park to Washington again the next day for the delight and edification of the children. This was agreed to, and twenty-four hours later fifty thousand little ones crowded the ellipse, the parks, and the open spaces around Washington Monument and by special permission were allowed to clamber to the balcony around the Capitol's dome.

On the first day there had been a dead calm. On the children's day, there was a slight breeze blowing, just enough to give definite direction to the smoke from chimneys and to make the flags wave, but that breath of wind was too formidable for the fragile

balloon-supported ship. It did not appear, though the thousands of children remained until nightfall, their eager gaze fixed on the heavens.

I understood then what the most progressive ornithologists and students of aeronautics meant by insisting that the balloon has no analogue in nature and that if any bird were lighter than the air, it would be unable to determine the course of its flight whenever a slight wind was stirring.

There have been decades of dispute over the value of the hollow bones and the air-sacs in many species of birds. It has been contended that inasmuch as the temperature of birds is higher than that of any other



creature, this network of air-chambers, becoming filled with air warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, enables the bird to rise. It is true that the gannet, the pigeon, the pelican, the albatross, and other flying birds are equipped with air-chambers, but the Australian emu, which flies, when at all, with the greatest difficulty, as well

as the ostrich and the apteryx, which cannot fly at all, are also provided with these air-cells—and so, too, is the orang-utan! Moreover, notably good flyers—swifts, martins, snipes, the gloss starling, the spotted-flycatcher, the wood-wren, and the black-headed bunting, have bones destitute of air, some of them, in fact, being filled with marrow.

No fallacy in science has been more diffi-



THE BLACK SKIMMER DARTING DOWN FOR PREY.



"ROWERS" PROCEEDING BY RAPID BEATING OF WINGS.

cult to puncture than this air-cell or balloon theory of flight. The great air-pouch of the man-o'-war bird and the gular pouch of the bustard, both strong flyers, have been frequently cited in support of the theory that the inflation of suitable receptacles is an indispensable factor in the most successful flight. It is true that the pouch of the man-o'-war bird when inflated resembles a toy balloon tied to his neck. The curious thing about this is, however, that the pouch is blown up

only during the period of courtship. It then assumes a bright red color or takes on its surface the blue tints of the sky. Then as this bird balloon begins to subside it assumes a translucent orange shade. All this performance, naturalists employed by the United States Government have set forth in a recent report, is merely a theatrical display on the part of the male to attract attention to his charms. After he wins his mate and the eggs are laid, he ceases to inflate his toy balloon.

The explanation of bird-flight that occurs to the casual observer is that these winged creatures fly by flapping their wings. But all birds do not do so. In fact, the birds that fly the best and most fearlessly can proceed for hours and sometimes for a whole day, and not infrequently against the force of a storm, without making the slightest perceptible movement of their wings.

Considerable study has been devoted to the remarkable ability of vultures to fly without beating their wings. Field observations in Northern Africa reveal that some of the larger species of vulture leave their perches in the morning and soar about all day over mountains and valleys, covering a distance of many leagues, and return to their eyries at night, without a single stroke of their wings throughout the whole day's voyaging.

Although the secret of flight on motionless wings is at present beyond the solution of science, the principle involved gives promise of being the one that would be most successfully applied by man in aerial travel. It is true that nearly all insects and most of the small birds proceed by beating their wings, sometimes with almost incredible velocity. Possibly the air-ships of the future, particularly those designed for short trips, may proceed by this method. But the present tendency is toward sailing flight.

The most common theory in explanation of flight on motionless wings is that the birds take advantage of air-currents. It is true that birds like the albatross need an unfailing breeze to enable them to sail, but the man-o'-war bird can rise in the calm, and can sail without movement of its wings.

Another consideration that weakens the air-current idea is that birds of prey will dart instantly in any direction, quite regardless of air-currents, when a victim appears.

The sharp-shinned hawk in pursuit of prey maintains an unerring flight. If the pursued wheels suddenly, so does the pursuer; and Cooper's hawk, in pursuit of small birds, speeds through the undergrowth of a forest, darting in and out like a shadow, and never coming in contact with a limb.

As a further illustration, selected out of numberless instances, take the marsh hawk. In the nesting period, the female, sitting on her eggs, waits for the male, who forages about, seeking what he may bring to his mate. At the instant he appears overhead, the female rises with great power, poises at the proper point, and dexterously seizes the food he drops into her talons. There is no waiting for a favorable air-current.

This theory of necessary air-currents may have been as serious a hindrance to the progress of aeronautics as has been the fallacy that, in order to sail, a ship must be lighter than air. But the fact that there is among the myriad of bird species a number that wing their way without effort in either calm or storm, some of them sailing on motionless pinions, furnishes the hope and possibility that man may also become absolute master of the air. The air-ship may some-

time be as indifferent to wind as is an ocean liner.

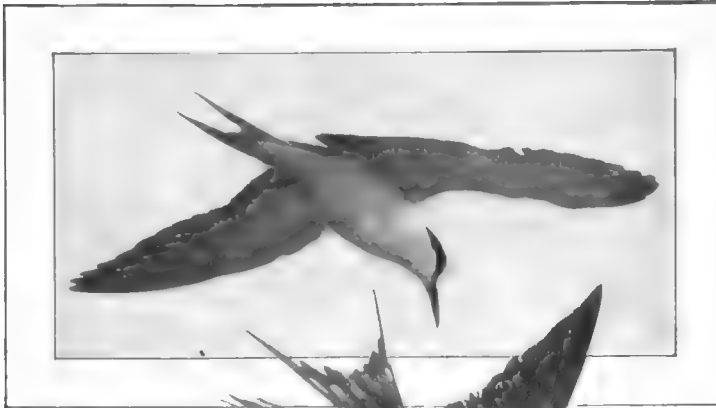
Another theory to which students of

bird-flight have devoted years is that the secret of flight lies in preliminary momentum gained by running or by leaping from a height.

The advocates of this interesting theory claim that the little birds, like the blackbird, the lark, and the tomtit, have to make a prodigious leap before they can get safely a-wing, and that the larger ones, like plovers and tringas, get into action in the air by first running on the ground.



THE COWBIRD.



SOARING.

Far from this law being universally true, there are many species of winged creatures, particularly some of the hawks and the eagles, that can rise at will into the air without preliminary running. This law of initial energy, however, while not a universal one in flight, has been utilized to great advantage in experiments with air-ships. A review, therefore, of some of the experiments and observations of ornithologists in this connection may be profitable.

The tawny vulture has been described as the king of soarers, but he must get initial energy. Let him leap from a crag and he can sail upward on motionless wing until his great bulk seems to dwindle to the dimensions of an insect and finally disappears. Yet this matchless flyer, adopted by progressive experimenters as the model for aerial craft, if put in a roofless cage twenty yards high and twenty yards wide, is unable to escape!

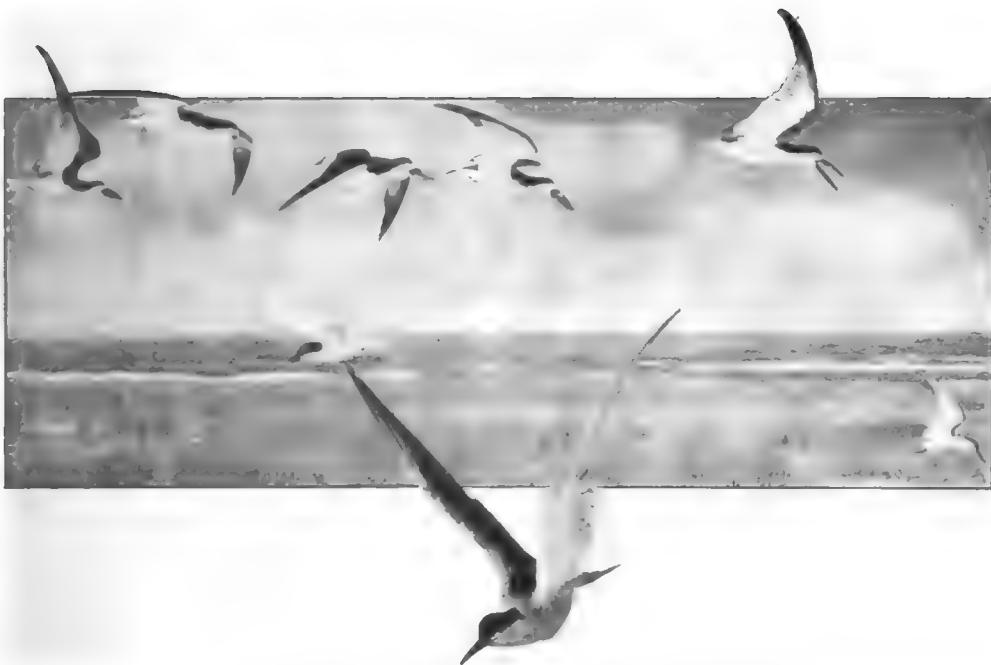
The frigate-bird also supplies conspicuous proof that the wing alone does not contain the whole mechanical principle of flight. Confined in a certain area this bird, whose aerial evolutions have excited the admiration of every naturalist and mariner that has beheld them, is absolutely powerless. It cannot rise vertically. Its pectoral muscles are weaker than

THE BARN SWAL.
LOW IN FULL
FLIGHT.

THE TERN IN VARIOUS STAGES OF FLIGHT.

the pigeon's. Walter K. Fisher, the naturalist who explored the Laysan and the Leeward Islands for the United States Government, reports that these birds when roused from the nest first sprawled awkwardly over bushes in the attempt to get aloft, but that once a-wing they rose with power and grace,

almost disappearing in the profound depths of the sky.



THE TERN LIKE THE GULL BOTH BEATS ITS WINGS AND SAILS.

Take another instance: A naturalist visiting Algeria bought from a sailor four captive stormy petrels. They weighed about 1.65 pounds apiece, their wings were five inches wide and had a spread of four feet. The ability of the petrel to breast the most furious storms has been universally admired. Its name is derived from its power of walking

took the second petrel to an upper story and launched it from a window, but having no initial velocity it too fell like a stone. The third bird he took to the top of an observatory, and pushed it out into space. It flapped its wings desperately but nevertheless lunged downward and broke its wings against a post.

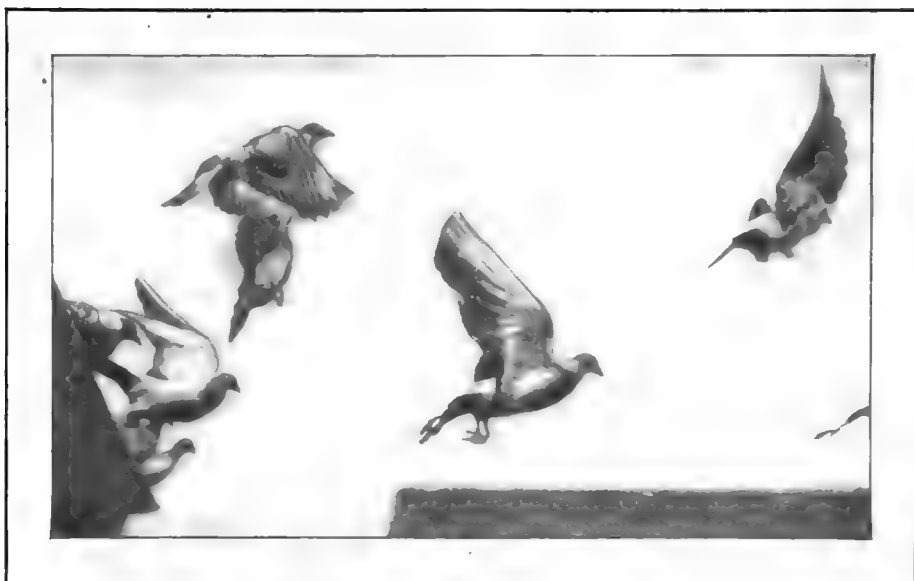
The naturalist was now convinced that the stormy petrel's feats at sea are made possible because it first gets up momentum by running along the top of the water. Wishing to give the remaining bird a chance to demonstrate his theory, he took it out into a desertlike plain bare of grass, smooth as the surface of a calm sea. "Here," the naturalist reports, "I set my fourth petrel down. It squatted at first and then turned with its beak to the wind and its wings outstretched, and started running, beating its wings, not hampered by any herbage. It ran a hundred yards, carrying its weight less and less on its feet, and finally all on its wings, but all the time skimming the ground. At last with a single bound, catching the wind, the petrel rose sixty feet, careened around and flew past me overhead and glanced at me on its way, as if to say: 'Success in flight is all based upon momentum.'"

But the scientists who pin their faith to initial momentum omit explanation as to how sailing-birds can hover in a certain spot on



THE TODAY.

on the waves, like the Apostle Peter, and its courage and strength in planting its footsteps on the crests of the most tempestuous sea, have given a text to many writers. The naturalist, wishing to release his captive petrels, threw one of them into the air. It tried to fly but fell headlong, went crashing against a stone wall and battered out its brains. He



THE PIGEON AT THE MOMENT OF STARTING: SHOWING THAT INITIAL VELOCITY IS NOT AN INVARIABLE LAW OF FLIGHT.

motionless wing, and then proceed, without any need of initial velocity, on their mysterious flight.

Even the little sparrow-hawk can perform this seeming miracle. The naturalist Bendire describes how these handsome, diminutive falcons, even when flying at full speed, have the power to arrest their flight instantly and to suspend themselves in midair over some spot where they have located their prey, and then, if occasion requires, to resume their rapid flight.

The goshawk, too, one of the most sanguinary bandits of the air, whose flight is swift and amazingly strong, does not bother with preliminaries. It sits in a secluded spot, and at the instant a ptarmigan passes, the goshawk rises like a rocket and seizes its quarry. It has, besides, been seen to sail for hours in the Alaskan sky, without the slightest motion of its pinions, and then suddenly to rush across the azure when a bird victim ventured within sight.

I have before me a scientist's report of the striking spectacle of an eagle launching himself from an ash-tree and rising steadily for a hundred yards into the air, "while he also advanced some fifty yards against the wind, without a single beat or impulse of his mighty wing."

Obviously the way of a frigate-bird and a petrel is not the way of an eagle and a hawk.

Initial impulse, therefore, may be necessary

for some birds, but the law is not universal. Air-ships employing some power outside of the craft itself at the start, have already been launched successfully, thus showing that the principle can be made to apply. But that all air-ships of the future must invoke this law and be shot out of aerial harbors on headlong voyages is by no means evident.

In the attempt to discover some universal law of flight scientists have disclosed concerning a number of species a most puzzling paradox, perhaps, the most mysterious of the enigmas of bird-flight. It is that in a number of birds and insects the size of the wings decreases in proportion to the increase in size of the body of the flying creature. The Australian crane, for instance, weighs over three hundred times more than the sparrow, but in proportion has only one-seventh the wing area of the smaller bird.

This curious law is equally striking if we compare birds with insects. If the gnat were increased in size until it was as large as the Australian crane and if the wings of the insect were enlarged to maintain the proportion they now bear to its body, they would be about one hundred and fifty times larger than the crane's.

It requires 3.62 square feet of wing area per pound to float the bank-swallow, but to sustain the tawny vulture, a monstrous bird in comparison, requires only .68 of a square foot

of wing surface per pound of body. The albatross, weighing eighteen pounds, has a spread of wing of eleven feet and six inches, while the trumpeter swan, weighing twenty-eight pounds, has a spread of wing of only eight feet. The stork weighs eight times more than the pigeon but in proportion has only half as much wing surface.

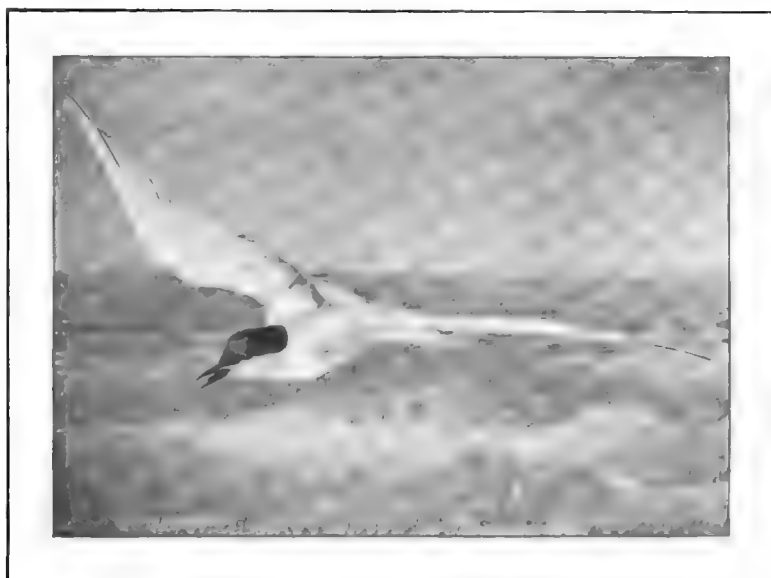
The following table, which has been carefully compiled by a scientist, furnishes further reason for the acceptance of the law of wing surfaces. The table discloses that the screech-owl, the sparrow-hawk, the blackheaded gull, the goshawk, the fish-hawk, and the turkey-buzzard all have greater proportionate wing surface than the condor!

NAME.	Weight in Pounds.	Wing Surface in Square Feet.	Square Feet of Wing Surface per Pound of Weight.
Screech-owl.....	0.33	0.776	2.35
Sparrow-hawk...	.336	.69	2.05
Blackheaded gull.	.619	.92	1.49
Goshawk.....	.641	.84	1.31
Fish-hawk.....	2.80	3.01	1.108
Turkey-buzzard..	5.6	5.33	.95
Flamingo.....	6.34	3.50	.55
Griffin-vulture...	16.52	11.38	.68
Condor.....	16.52	9.80	.59

The value of the data set forth in the above table cannot be overestimated, for if it were

necessary to amplify wings in keeping with the increase in size of the body, a big air-ship would be impossible, as its sailing area would have to be gigantic. The enormous size of the wings of insects, in comparison with their bodies, will appear if the weight of these tiny creatures is multiplied to a pound, and their wing area is proportionately increased. Thus, for example, if the gnat weighed a pound, its wings would have to cover 49 square feet! The dragon-fly would require 30 square feet of wing area, the ladybird 26.6 square feet, the tipula, or crane-fly, 14.5 square feet, and the bee, 5.25 square feet. If this multiplication of wing surfaces went on, as weight increased, through the bird kingdom to the condor, and finally to air-ships, the hope of man's aerial flight would have to be greatly limited.

It seems apparent that in some strange way gravity, instead of being a handicap, contributes to the forward movement of the body of the bird. One theory is that the wings act as kites, and that the body, held to earth by the invisible cords of gravity, serves the same purpose that the string does in the hand of a boy. If the boy runs against the wind, the kite rises. Thus, the heavy body, lunging forward, acts upon the kite-like wings and facilitates the upward journey of the bird. It is a somewhat difficult speculation to accept.



THE GULL-BILLED TERN; ILLUSTRATING FLIGHT WITH MOTIONLESS WINGS.

There is another speculation in regard to the puzzling mystery of bird-flight, which is more suggestive and even startling. It is that the bird is a sort of dynamo, and that it

very valuable in restoring equilibrium. It is known that the wing is joined to the body of the bird by what is called a universal joint, enabling the creature to make almost every



TO THE MOMENT OF ALIGHTING, PERFECT BALANCE MUST BE MAINTAINED.

absorbs power from the atmosphere. According to this idea, an elemental force, akin to the secret something that conveys wireless messages, is utilized by the bird.

It is likely that the bird's superb ease and grace in the air are due to its ability to maintain absolute balance. If a gull makes the mistake of bending until the wind strikes its head and wings on the top, it will tumble instantly. And the sailing-birds, though they make no flapping motion with their wings, are constantly balancing themselves, like a man on a tight rope. Some scientists have maintained that the air-sacs make it possible for the bird to manage minute changes that are

possible motion. The body of a man is heavier than water, but if he gets into a position of perfect balance, he will float. In some such way, it is claimed, the bird floats in the air. But as the bird would fall much more rapidly in the air than a man's body would sink in the water, the necessity for a far more subtle ability to keep the center of gravity on the part of the bird is apparent. Hence, according to this theory, the bird is provided for this purpose with the most sensitive equipment, made up of nerves and mysterious air-ducts; many of the wing feathers, perhaps, acting as sentinels, warning instantly of the slightest approach of shifting currents.

Nor is this speculation as fantastic as at first it might seem to be. We believe that the three semicircular canals of the inner ear of human beings in some inexplicable way pre-
side over the balancing of our bodies. If these canals are removed or injured, coordination in walking is impossible, and the victim is unable even to sit erect. It is, therefore, not utterly unbelievable that the air-cells or hollow bones of birds may facilitate the rare power of balancing possessed by these winged creatures.

Yet, even in this phase of the mystery of bird-flight, we are brought back to the value of weight, for without it the greatest feats of balancing are impossible. "The eagle," says one ornithologist, "remains motionless in the air, on rigid wings, using only his tail to balance himself. *He is as if fixed to the sky.* The falcon (a lighter bird) also remains at a fixed point, but he must beat his wings. The lark cannot perform the maneuver, under the same atmospheric conditions, without painful effort, as it is constantly carried away by the wind."

If all birds were extinct, and some paleontologist should announce that creatures 1,000 times heavier than air once winged gracefully through it, that the heavier they were the smaller was the relative wing area required, and that the very heaviest of these marvelous creatures were able, without the slightest motion, to maintain themselves balanced between earth and sky, he would excite the merriment and even the ridicule of mankind.

"If the stars," Emerson said, "should appear one night in a thousand years, how would man believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown." The orderly law in the march of the planets we have fathomed. It is more suggestive to

modern man that the winged messengers of the sky fly about in utter abandonment of freedom, and beckon him to follow.

All the governments have become vastly interested in trying to discover the principles of this mysterious aerial flight. Germany and France have established schools in which the physics of bird-flight and the engineering problems of aeronautics are studied. Under a grant from the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, Dr. von Lendenfeld, of the Zoological Institute, of Prague, is conducting advanced experiments to discover all the secrets of bird-flight. He has been at this fascinating and significant work for six years, and the facts disclosed have warranted the United States Government in advancing him a further sum to continue the experiments. The researches will now include a study of the mechanical laws in the flight of insects.

Of the most vital importance at the present stage of progress in aerial flight is the conclusion of scientists that successful flight will be achieved in craft vastly heavier than the air displaced; and its corollary—the law of wing surfaces—though not indeed fundamental, is only second in importance.

It is not the fact that these principles are newly discovered that makes them significant, but that aeronauts have daringly accepted them as part of the secret of successful flight. The auspicious thing is that man is beginning to follow the way of the eagle in the air without waiting to understand all the mystery of its flight. A Marconi editor, sitting at a wireless desk and receiving news out of the sky for the ship's daily paper, confessed to me a few months ago that he and his colleagues were unable to understand the mysterious agency they invoked. It is possible that when man flies successfully, he will know little more about the law that sustains him than the bird knows.



One View

By THEODORA WILSON WILSON

FOR Life is wider than an open eye,
Is deeper than an unshed tear.
The Heart moves swifter than the pulse can fly—
Yet Wisdom hides in Laughter clear.

The Husband of a Celebrity

An Autobiography

I WAS once a celebrity. Not an eminence. No fingers pointed at me, nor did hands clap when I appeared in public places. Sometimes a head turned—not often enough to make me so accustomed to the tribute that I did not take notice. But in my own set, I was in view; almost *arrivé*. I had entered the promising class. Two of my landscapes had been well hung on the wall of the Society of American Artists. One of these had previously received a médaille at the Salon; the newspapers gave a good deal of attention to it, and a well-known amateur of pictures bought it. He paid well for it, and I felt that I could afford to spend time in inviting my soul and in expressing it in a great work—something that should make me immortal. I had ideas—I must resist the temptation of exposing them here. I have thought them over a great deal, and I have spent some years in perfecting them. They may bear fruit in the future. But while I was working them out, I began, in off moments, to give hints to my wife. At the risk of disclosing my identity, I shall have to explain that she was one of my students in a life class; our marriage made a noise in our small world, and stories about it are still afloat. That I should marry one of my pupils was a great honor for her. She felt it—she still feels it. She has always preserved a proper enthusiasm for my theories. She wants me to do great works; she thinks that I can, and so do I. But so far as the practical gaining of bread and butter by painting is concerned—yes, and more than that—I have perforce to confess that she has eclipsed me. That I am not jealous of her fame is evident—otherwise I shouldn't be writing this.

She began by doing advertisements. There wasn't a financial need of it. With the cache that we had received for my picture, and what pot-boilers I could do, we had enough to keep us contented; but she liked to win her own pin-money, and as long as she didn't let the household go wrong, I had no objections to offer. On the contrary, I helped her with

every suggestion that I could—she always availed herself of my suggestions, and she still seeks them, now that I am almost ashamed to offer them. She began after some months to get illustrations for small magazines, and she made a good deal of money. She said, frankly, that she didn't care for the art of the thing, so long as she could feel that she was satisfying her editors. In hours when I wasn't pondering over my own ideas, I helped her with the illustrations; they were surprisingly good, to begin with. Illustration, however, was hardly my metier, and gradually I ceased to concern myself with my wife's work. At first I didn't care to have her going about to visit the offices of art editors, but presently, when I found that she always came back with rosy cheeks and a fresh bit of gossip, I grew to tolerate her enterprises. When we both broke down in health, it was a surprise to me to find that she had a bank-account sufficient to send us to Italy for a year.

I had never been in Italy—she had. The galleries and churches were new to me, and while I was wandering about them and assembling new modifications of my ideas from the Florentine school, she found some models and amused herself with painting them. I let her go on, pleased that she was entertaining herself; but one day she asked timidly if I would criticize a little beggar girl that she had done—and I couldn't have done her so well myself. It wasn't in my style, but it was good. It was so good that I began to pay careful attention to my wife's work. When we came back to New York, I found that I had to pay still more careful attention to it. Our health had come back. But my ideas had become confused with the multitude of new impressions that I had taken in from a new country—which had been a haunt of childhood with her; being quite familiar, it hadn't disturbed her. I couldn't paint—to please myself. But she went right on. She got portraits to do. I helped her with them. I still help her with them—but I couldn't do them.

She is, in her own style, beyond me. She went forth among her friends and got portraits to do, and presently orders for portraits began to come to her. I sent some of them to the Society—and three of them were accepted and well placed—and my own landscape, on which I had worked for a year, came back to me. I am not growling. I have had a landscape exhibited since then in the Society—hung not far from three portraits by my wife. My particular personality in art doesn't please the committee. It does please my friends, and they comfort me as best they can. But I notice that whenever I meet one of them he greets me with, "How are you, Jones; how's your wife?" Among artists who are not of my movement, it is, "How are you, Jones? You aren't badly hung, old chap. I congratulate you. I say! Mrs. Jones doing pretty good work, isn't she?"

I don't mind that; I can make allowances for the cattishness of minor artists. But when I confront at a reception—I go to them sometimes, because a painter is supposed to derive benefit from meeting people—when I confront an empty-headed girl, six feet tall, whose golf chums have deserted her, and who tries to be polite to me with, "Mr. Jones, are you related to the Mrs. Jones who paints portraits?"—then I go home and think. There is no jealousy in my thoughts—there was no malice in the golf girl. She was simple enough; she was trying in the hurry of her life, which is so much faster than mine, to be polite. Often, she adds, "The bright Mrs. Jones, you know," before I can manage to explain that I am Mr. Sarah Jones.

It has come to that; I am Mr. Sarah Jones. Even financially, I am the husband of my wife. We have changed places. It is she that makes the money for the firm. I haven't sold a picture for three years—not a real picture; but—oh, well, any painter will understand the bitterness of it—I have, under the rose, done some advertisements lately. It isn't that there is any need of money. She has orders, now, that will keep us going for a year or so to come; she has a waiting-list. But I am in "Who's Who" and she isn't, yet—her rise has been too rapid—and just as a matter of pride, I feel bound to try for my own pin-money. It's our way in America. Sometimes I think that it's a false way. They understand across the water that a wife may nourish her pet husband. But I can't part from my national traditions—that a man must do something every day to bring in wages. What I

bring in, though, is mighty little in comparison. She knows nothing of it; I keep my little bank-account secret; she wouldn't approve of my doing pot-boilers.

The very fact that I say that she wouldn't approve of it shows the reversal of our attitudes. It has come about gradually and insensibly—through no desire of hers; she is not a hen-pecker, by nature. It has come partly through my own growing respect for her work. It is not my kind of work; not so personal; not, I think, and so does she, so original as mine; in short, not on so great a scale. But it has grown so fast that I don't know where she may arrive. My own style, I repeat, is personal. If I ever fill a niche in the temple of art, it will be a niche of my own—unless public opinion comes around to my point of view, as it has to Whistler's. But her style is obvious. She paints as others have painted—according to the old traditions, which every one knows and understands, and buys; and she does it better and better. I should have been glad to produce in half a year any one of the portraits that she knocks off with such amazing rapidity. And my new realization of her increasing greatness has quietly changed all our relations. For example, nowadays, I do not like to make the growl that used to be the inalienable right of a husband, if I don't find fresh underclothing, mornings. Her mood mustn't be disturbed; a clear mind on her part is of economic importance to us. This brings me to the great point of change. Our whole life has to be adjusted to meet her engagements. She hasn't time to keep house; we live at an apartment hotel—when we are at home at all. We are in other homes a great deal. My wife's portraits lead us far and wide over the country. Her cult is among the rich and great, and there is a theory that she ought to study her subjects in their own homes, in order to catch their characteristic moods. She is invited, therefore, to visit for indefinite periods of time, often running up to six or seven weeks, in great houses. I go, too, because we do not like to be separated, and she has taken from the outset of her career the stand that even for purposes of business she cannot accept invitations that do not include me.

But in spite of her loyalty, we are growing apart. She explains to every one that I am a genius, and every one treats me with courtesy—too much courtesy. Because of her enthusiasm I have even sold one or two pictures to patrons who didn't under-

stand them, and who, I fancy, after we went away hung them in the cellar. My wife's patrons are polite to me, but they do not seek me out for talk, after a day or two. They are mainly interested either in society or in affairs, or in both, and I don't know much about those things. I can talk about pictures, and a little about fiction and music; I suppose that the tongues of all painters waggle freely on these subjects. But I am not concerned about the price of stocks—even of the stocks in which our money is invested—nor about the good points of a horse, or a gasoline engine. Moreover, I hate bridge, and all other games of cards. The consequence is that my hosts do the best they can with me, after they take my measure. With my hostesses, I get on a few days more, and there is usually a young girl or two who adopts my wife's view that I am a genius, and adores me. They insist on coming out with me mornings in the country, when we are in the midst of house parties and I am sketching our host's plantations of decorative trees—*faute de mieux*—but I don't care much for young girls. Our main point of sympathy is that they adore my wife, too, as every one does. She has always been more facile in talk than I; by facile, I don't mean merely mechanical; she isn't a person of small-talk, except incidentally; she has ideas; I have seen her surprise statesmen with them, and even captains of industry. She is not concentrated on one purpose, as I am. The consequence is that her patrons have become her friends; she is a personage; to be painted by her has become a kind of cachet of nobility. To me they are merely acquaintances, and many of them I don't meet at all.

When we are in New York, she is not often at home for luncheon. Commonly she has some engagement having to do with a portrait or perhaps an investment—for a year, now, our money has been invested according to the advice of her friends, and we are prosperous. I could go with her to those lunches at Sherry's or the Martin, but I don't want to. I prefer to come from the studio to have an hour or two with the kiddie and his grandmother. There is no unpleasant insinuation in this. My wife is not neglecting the kiddie; she has her hour with him at the end of his day, and she has never once missed it. She has her hours with me, too; long hours at the end of our days—in New York they come after dinner parties given either at some house or, if we are entertaining, in a restaurant.

For there is some dinner on every night. When we are visiting Sally's patrons, we talk late at night, in our rooms. We gossip over the events of the day. I think that we look forward to these talks as the great pleasures of our lives. Certainly I do, and she says that she does, and I believe her. She has native wit, and I have acquired from her a certain facility in epigram, which I venture to use, however, only with timidity, except to her. But our bedtime confabs are diverting to both of us; and we turn in, proud of ourselves because we have turned out such interesting phrases. I am revealing this because I wish to insist upon the perfect understanding that exists between me and the celebrity that owns me; an understanding that has helped to keep up my self-respect. But the fact remains that we haven't that intimacy of life which was ours in the first six years of our marriage, when she used to come into the studio, after she had done her marketing, and draw or sew in silence, or when we took our kits out into the woods and sketched together, all day. We had our life together then. Nowadays, I have my hour with her. In New York we have separate studios. I saw that her sitters didn't care to have me around, and, besides, I believe, there was some idea that two artists working in one room suggested an economy that didn't please the class of picture-buyers whose taste my wife satisfies. I say that I believe it; as a matter of fact I know it, for I overheard some advice given to her by a hard little climber, as metallic as the steel that her husband's father used to manufacture. Sally will paint any one who can give her price. She takes out her extra pay for the patronizing airs of some of her clients by painting them as they are. Some of them don't know it, and the others don't dare to complain—I'm using Sally's phrase. This climber woman proffered her counsel one morning just as I was coming in from the Palisades; there is a screen to shut off drafts from the door.

"I'm so glad to have found you alone to-day," said the sitter, from the other side of the screen. "Will you mind if I tell you that when one's posing mornings in an evening frock, one doesn't care to be seen by a man, even if he's only—" Yes, she went as far as that, but she caught herself up; I dare say that Sally glared at her; she bristles up in defense of me like a hen with a chicken. "Don't misunderstand, my dear Mrs. Jones," she went on. "You see, our husbands are

all down-town; it's the fashion in America for men to be occupied, and we don't see them in the mornings, except foreigners. Of course, artists are different. But we aren't accustomed to appear in sunlight with bare necks before men. And, besides—you won't be offended—it looks so mean for two artists to have the same studio. You must be making enough to keep a place to yourself. It would do you good—I hope you don't mind. I'm telling you this for your own sake—" I don't know what was said afterward, for I slipped out. Sally did not tell me about this talk, and I didn't tell her that I had overheard. But after a couple of weeks I decided to have a hut to myself in the country. On the whole, I dare say the separation is best for the work of both of us. I work harder myself when I am separated from Sally, and I develop my own ideas farther—when I am with her I find myself unknowingly influenced by her stronger personality. As for her, she is freer to concentrate her forces without me—she made no objection to my proposition of separate workrooms; she even welcomed it for my sake. She understood that it would be better for me to have my plant of paints and canvas, etc., out among the trees and rivers that I have chosen to represent. Her own studio is hung with my pictures—hers are too precious to stay there. We can't afford to have them, even if others hadn't paid retainers for them in advance.

Her portrait of the little climber woman was a sinful piece of vindictiveness. But I have a soft spot in my heart for the climber woman. She aroused me to look about at husbands, and my observation has in the long run given me some consolation. I had begun to believe that I was unique in America—the only man who slunk along under the shadow of his wife. But before I had my own shop out on the Palisades in good running order, our ménage—except the kiddie, who stays with his grandmother—was transferred to a very great house indeed, in another city. It was our hostess that my wife was summoned to paint. She is a world-figure. She has been called the best hostess in America; she has entertained the most exalted personages, here and abroad—even royalty itself, in those realms where rulers dine with any but their subjects and visiting sovereigns. She has been the representative of American women wherever American womanhood needed to be officially represented. No world's congress, nor world's fair, is com-

plete without her. I even knew about her myself, and had some curiosity as to her fascination. Our visit to her house—our newspapers call it a palace, but it isn't, judged by European standards of palaces; it is just a comfortable house—happened to fall in the midst of a large party. We were eighteen or twenty or so at dinner, and a mob of celebrated persons came afterward; there was some question on of an exposition. It included a picture-gallery, and I knew that my wife would be mad to have me represented and would be pulling wires. I can't pull wires; with her, it is apparently a joyous part of the game. She flirts outrageously with foolish old men who know what they like in pictures, and so have been chosen on committees to select canvases for presentation before the public. When she is doing that, I don't interfere; she doesn't like to have me around; I can't restrain myself from what I suppose is dogmatism about paint, and I make enemies. On this occasion I sought my usual refuge from chatter—the smoking-room. If I could write, I should make an essay about smoking-rooms; I've seen a good many. When they are infested with golf, or football, or tennis, I sit in my corner, and puff. This time there were no college students, nor were there any middle-aged raconteurs of impossibilities. The meeting outside was a serious matter, and the guests were particularly invited to be interested in it, and most of them didn't dare not to be. Nevertheless, there drifted into the realm of whisky and cigars four or five men. I knew some of them. One was, in a way, a painter; he had given up painting for illustration, and he wrote articles to set off his work. Another I knew as a newspaper man. Presently our host, a wholesome man, paused at the door and burst out into a haw-haw.

"I thought so," he said. "Here we are, all together, the husbands!"

I don't know how I took it. In my curiosity as to how the others would take it, I relapsed out of the self-consciousness that has been fast enveloping me of late, into the mood of alert observation that used to be mine when I was my own man, with a wife to support. I fancy that I didn't even blush. The painter-man did, though, and flung away his cigar. The journalist turned haughtily from his prints, with a "Good evening, Mr. Rathborn." I have since found out that he lives in an atmosphere of combat;

he interviews his wife's managers, and makes her contracts, and states her grievances. Our host didn't notice him; he was joining uproariously in the bursts of laughter that his witticism caused at the whisky table. No galled jades winced there. And yet, in the course of the evening, I found out that the wife of one of the men sitting there was a famous wit and leader of society, never out of the newspapers, the adoration of every one who knows her, and the scandal of every one who doesn't, and that the other was the husband of the president of a national organization of women. Both of them must have been called Mr.—whatever their wives' Christian names are—for years, but they tolerated that, even with amusement. They had their own resources, in Wall Street, where they are respected, just as I am respected by a few persons who know about paint. It so happened that a man presently brought in sandwiches. He tripped against the leg of the table, and spilled every one's whisky—by this time we were gathered together. After he had gone out for cloths to wipe up the mess, our host's shoulders came down from the level of his ears.

"I can't let him go," he apologized. "He's one of us. His wife's my wife's maid, and she's too perfect to lose."

That was a precious evening to me; it took me out of myself, revealed to me that others are overshadowed by their wives and are not ashamed—and incidentally that those who are ashamed do not have that self-control that we are accustomed to expect of a man in his relations with his fellow men—in short, good breeding. The journalist and the painter were unmistakably ill at ease; the stock-brokers hadn't a thought of being ill at ease. They had their interests apart; they left what they are comfortably ready to acknowledge as the "higher" realms of art, literature, music, and polite conversation, to their wives, the superior beings. They were even proud of their wives, being at the same time content to wallow—as they easily put it—in stocks and politics. But my aesthetic friends hadn't the consolation of a life by themselves; they had been outstripped in their own higher realm by beings that were undoubtedly superior, but incongruously female; and they didn't like it. I dare say that the men of affairs whose wives are presidents of banks, or perhaps deal in South American franchises, don't like it either—unless, indeed, they are content to relapse

into a creature-comfortable condition, such as, according to the traditions of chivalry, women used to be supposed to hold. At all events, there are not many of them. But of men like our host and his companions, there are, I find comfort in observing, a vast number. Apparently, for example, one of them exists in every town in this country where there is a woman's club. He is a minor butcher or grocer, and he appears in the public prints—the arbiters of distinction—only in the advertising pages; but his wife's election to the secretaryship of the women's club, or as a delegate to the National Convention of Women's Clubs, is proclaimed in the society column, which is read with respect by his townspeople. Her receptions, too, command attention in the local record of public events. I believe it to be a very good arrangement; it cements the marriage tie. If my new observation of what some one has called the "submerged" husband isn't awry, he is increasingly kind and attentive to his wife, as he sees that other persons value her more highly. And it is kindness and attention that keep wives devoted to their husbands. The "misunderstood" woman, who is looking out for an "affinity," is she whose husband treats her as though she were a nonentity—am I not right? Take the wife of the butcher or the grocer who gets him into the higher society of his town, if you wish to be cynical, or who makes his shop the vogue, and thereby holds him a little in awe of her. In return for this respect and attention, she gives him a certain quality of wifely affection that is always half motherly, and that insures a happy home for him. Mrs. Jellyby may exist among us, but she doesn't pervade us.

For a time, I thought that to our new nineteenth-century emancipation of woman was due the submergence of husbands, and it may be that the wife has never been so dominant as she is to-day. But I have found some small consolation in the reflection that from time to time, throughout the ages, husbands have had to play the moon. At least, they treat us better than they did in the days of the Egyptians, when Hatshepsu wore the clothes of a man and sported false whiskers, and Cleopatra killed off her spouse. Nowadays they cherish us. And particularly in America, where there is still so much to be done in the "development of our resources," we may well stand upon our own muddy feet, and let them spread their wings.

I am presuming to speak for those of us who are standing upon economic feet. For the others, like myself, who are trying to soar—well, I can only speak for myself. I am happy. I am free to do my own work—to

develop my own ideas—by grace of my wife. I am not jealous of her success. But I shall be glad, when the time shall come—the time when the world shall see that I paint landscapes right, and she will be glad, too.



The White Bell-Mare

By EDITH M. THOMAS

(Suggested by a picture by Frederic Remington.)

ACROSS the plains I see them sweep,
Against the ebbing light.
The pace they keep they still will keep
At silent noon of night:
A fleet foot rules the caravan,
And sets the pace for beast and man!

The bell-mare takes the dusty road,
No rowel pricks her side;
She knows no rein, she owns no goad,
Save in her mettled pride.
The steeds that follow need no scourge,
So well they feel her vanward urge!

For her is neither lash nor check,
She keeps the pace she will!
A single bell about her neck
Sounds sweet, when all is still—
When all is still, and night is deep;
And they that ride, ride half asleep!

She sets the pace—that leader fleet;
The rest—they but pursue. . .
They have their fate from her swift feet,
Yet fate o'errules her, too;
For 'tis the *pace*—the *pace*—the *pace*
Controls her fleet and snowy grace!

They vanish on the glimmering plain,
Beneath the western verge. . . .
And all our life is like that train,
That heeds a vanward urge:
We deem we travel as we will—
But 'tis the *pace* controls us still!

At Daybreak

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

AS the faint dawn crept upward, gray and dim,
He saw her move across the past to him—

Her eyes as they had looked in long-gone years,
Tender with love, and soft with thoughts of tears.

Her hands, outstretched as if in wonderment,
Nestled in his, and rested there, content.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "what glad dream is this?
I feel your clasp—your long-remembered kiss

"Touches my lips; I hold your tender form
Close in my arms again—yea, close and warm

"As in the days when first you used to creep
Into my heart; and yet, this is not sleep—

"Is it some vision, that with night will fly?"
"Nay, dear," she answered; "it is really I."

"Yea, little sweetheart, it is you, I know!
But it is strange the dead can meet us so,

"Bodied as we are; see, how like we stand!"
"Yea," she replied, "in form, and face, and hand."

Silent awhile he held her to his breast,
As if afraid to try the further test—

Then, speaking quickly: "Must you go away?"
"Nay, dear," she murmured; "neither night nor day!"

Close on her bosom then she drew his head,
Trembling: "I do not understand!" he said.

"I thought the spirit world was far apart. . . ."
"Nay!" she replied; "it is not, now, dear heart!"

"Quick! let me close your eyes with kisses . . . so . . .
Cling to me, dear! 'tis but a step to go!"

The white-faced watchers rose, beside his bed:
"Shut out the day," they signed; "our friend is dead!"



The Fifth Wheel

By O. HENRY

Author of "The Four Million," "The Trimmed Lamp," etc.

Illustrations by James Preston

THE ranks of the Bed Line moved closer together; for it was cold, cold. They were alluvial deposit of the stream of life lodged in the delta of Fifth Avenue and Broadway. The Bed Liners stamped their freezing feet, looked at the empty benches in Madison Square whence Jack Frost had evicted them, and muttered to one another in a confusion of tongues. The Flatiron Building, with its impious, cloud-piercing architecture looming mistily above them on the opposite delta, might well have stood for the tower of Babel, whence these polyglot idlers had been called by the winged walking delegate of the Lord.

Standing on a pine box a head higher than his flock of goats, the Preacher exhorted whatever transient and shifting audience the north wind doled out to him. It was a slave market. Fifteen cents bought you a man. You deeded him to Morpheus; and the recording angel gave you credit.

The Preacher was incredibly earnest and unwearied. He had looked over the list of things one may do for one's fellow man, and had assumed for himself the task of putting to bed all who might apply at his soap box on the nights of Wednesday and Sunday. That left but five nights for other philanthropists to handle; and had they done their

part as well, this wicked city might have become a vast Arcadian dormitory where all might snooze and snore the happy hours away, letting problem plays and the rent man and business go to the deuce.

The hour of eight was but a little while past; sightseers in a small, dark mass of pay ore were gathered in the shadow of General Worth's monument. Now and then, shyly, ostentatiously, carelessly, or with conscientious exactness one would step forward and bestow upon the Preacher small bills or silver. Then a lieutenant of Scandinavian coloring and enthusiasm would march away to a lodging-house with a squad of the redeemed. All the while the Preacher exhorted the crowd in terms beautifully devoid of eloquence—splendid with the deadly, accusive monotony of truth. Before the picture of the Bed Liners fades you must hear one phrase of the Preacher's—the one that formed his theme that night. It is worthy of being stenciled on all the white ribbons in the world.

"No man ever learned to be a drunkard on five-cent whisky."

Think of it, tippler. It covers the ground from the sprouting rye to the Potter's Field.

A clean-profiled, erect young man in the rear rank of the bedless emulated the terrapin, drawing his head far down into the shell

of his coat collar. It was a well-cut tweed coat; and the trousers still showed signs of having flattened themselves beneath the compelling goose. But, conscientiously, I must warn the milliner's apprentice who reads this, expecting a Reginald Montessor in straits, to peruse no further. The young man was no other than Thomas McQuade, ex-coachman, discharged for drunkenness one month before, and now reduced to the grimy ranks of the one-night bed seekers.

If you live in smaller New York you must know the Van Smuythe family carriage, drawn by the two 1,500-pound, 100 to 1-shot bays. The carriage is shaped like a bath-tub. In each end of it reclines an old lady Van Smuythe holding a black sunshade the size of a New-year's eve feather tickler. Before his downfall Thomas McQuade drove the Van Smuythe bays and was himself driven by Annie, the Van Smuythe lady's maid. But it is one of the saddest things about romance that a tight shoe or an empty commissary or an aching tooth will make a temporary heretic of any Cupid-worshiper. And

Thomas's physical troubles were not few. Therefore, his soul was less vexed with thoughts of his lost lady's maid than it was by the fancied presence of certain non-existent things that his racked nerves almost convinced him were flying, dancing, crawling, and wriggling on the asphalt and in the air above and around the dismal campus of the Bed Line army. Nearly four weeks of straight whisky and a diet limited to crackers, bologna, and pickles often guarantees a psycho-zoological sequel. Thus desperate, freezing, angry, beset by phantoms as he was, he felt the need of human sympathy and intercourse.

The Bed Liner standing at his right was a young man of about his own age, shabby but neat.

"What's the diagnosis of your case, Freddy?" asked Thomas, with the freemasonic familiarity of the damned—"Booze? That's mine. You don't look like a panhandler. Neither am I. A month ago I was pushing the lines over the backs of the finest team of Percheron buffaloes that ever made their mile down Fifth Avenue in 2.85. And look at me now! Say; how do you come to be at this bed bargain-counter rummage sale?"

The other young man seemed to welcome the advances of the airy ex-coachman.

"No," said he, "mine isn't exactly a case of drink. Unless we allow that Cupid is a bartender. I married unwisely, according to the opinion of my unforgiving relatives. I've been out of work for a year because I don't know how to work; and I've been sick in Bellevue and other hospitals four months. My wife and kid had to go back to her mother. I was turned out of the hospital yesterday. And I haven't a cent. That's my tale of woe."

"Tough luck," said Thomas. "A man alone can pull through all right. But I hate to see the women and kids get the worst of it."

Just then there hummed up Fifth Avenue a motor car so splendid, so red, so smoothly running, so craftily demolishing the speed regulations that it drew the attention even of the listless Bed Liners. Suspended and pinioned on its left side was an extra tire.

When opposite the unfortunate company the fastenings of this tire became loosed. It fell to the asphalt, bounded and rolled rapidly in the wake of the flying car.

Thomas McQuade, scenting an opportunity, darted from his place among the Preach-



"B'GEE!" MUTTERED THOMAS. "THIS LISTENS LIKE A SPOOK SHOP."

er's goats. In thirty seconds he had caught the rolling tire, swung it over his shoulder, and was trotting smartly after the car. On both sides of the avenue people were shouting, whistling, and waving canes at the red car, pointing to the enterprising Thomas coming up with the lost tire.

One dollar, Thomas had estimated, was the smallest guerdon that so grand an auto-

Chaldean Chiroscope has availed. Could it be possible?"

Then he addressed less mysterious words to the waiting and hopeful Thomas.

"Sir, I thank you for your kind rescue of my tire. And I would ask you, if I may, a question. Do you know the family of Van Smuythes living in Washington Square North?"



"MADAM," SAID THE PROFESSOR, "WE HAVE DISCOVERED THE TRUE PSYCHIC ROUTE."

mobilst could offer for the service he had rendered, and save his pride.

Two blocks away the car had stopped. There was a little, brown, muffled chauffeur driving and an imposing gentleman wearing a magnificent sealskin coat and a silk hat on a rear seat.

Thomas proffered the captured tire with his best ex-coachman manner and a look in the brighter of his reddened eyes that was meant to be suggestive to the extent of a silver coin or two and receptive up to higher denominations.

But the look was not so construed. The sealskinned gentleman received the tire, placed it inside the car, gazed intently at the ex-coachman, and muttered to himself inscrutable words.

"Strange—strange!" said he. "Once or twice even I, myself, have fancied that the

"Oughtn't I to?" replied Thomas. "I lived there. Wish I did yet."

The sealskinned gentleman opened a door of the car.

"Step in, please," he said. "You have been expected."

Thomas McQuade obeyed with surprise but without hesitation. A seat in a motor car seemed better than standing room in the Bed Line. But after the lap-robe had been tucked about him and the auto had sped on its course, the peculiarity of the invitation lingered in his mind.

"Maybe the guy hasn't got any change," was his diagnosis. "Lots of these swell rounders don't lug about any ready money. Guess he'll dump me out when he gets to some joint where he can get cash on his mug. Anyhow, it's a cinch that I've got that open-air bed convention beat to a finish."

Submerged in his greatcoat, the mysterious automobilist seemed, himself, to marvel at the surprises of life. "Wonderful! amazing! strange!" he repeated to himself constantly.

When the car had well entered the cross-town Seventies it swung eastward a half block and stopped before a row of high-stooped brownstone-front houses.

"Be kind enough to enter my house with me," said the sealskinned gentleman when they had alighted. "He's going to dig up, sure," reflected Thomas, following him inside.

There was a dim light in the hall. His host conducted him through a door to the left, closing it after him and leaving them in absolute darkness. Suddenly a luminous globe, strangely decorated, shone faintly in the center of an immense room that seemed to Thomas more splendidly appointed than any he had ever seen on the stage or read of in fairy stories.

The walls were hidden by gorgeous red hangings embroidered with fantastic gold figures. At the rear end of the room were draped portières of dull gold spangled with silver crescents and stars. The furniture was of the costliest and rarest styles. The ex-coachman's feet sank into rugs as fleecy and deep as snowdrifts. There were three or four oddly shaped stands or tables covered with black velvet drapery.

Thomas McQuade took in the splendors of this palatial apartment with one eye. With the other he looked for his imposing conductor—to find that he had disappeared.

"B'gee!" muttered Thomas, "this listens like a spook shop. Shouldn't wonder if it ain't one of these Moravian Nights' adventures that you read

about. Wonder what became of the furry guy."

Suddenly a stuffed owl that stood on an ebony perch near the illuminated globe slowly raised his wings and emitted from his eyes a brilliant electric glow.

With a fright-born imprecation, Thomas seized a bronze statuette of Hebe from a cabinet near by and hurled it with all his might at the terrifying and impossible fowl. The owl and his perch went over with a crash. With the sound there was a click, and the room was flooded with light from a dozen frosted globes along the walls and ceiling. The gold portières parted and closed, and the mysterious automobilist entered the room. He was tall and wore evening dress of perfect cut and accurate taste. A Vandyke beard of glossy, golden brown, rather long and wavy hair, smoothly parted, and large, magnetic, orientally occult eyes gave

him a most impressive and striking appearance. If you can conceive a Russian Grand Duke in a Rajah's throne-room advancing to greet a visiting Emperor, you will gather something of the majesty of his manner. But Thomas McQuade was too near his *d's* to be mindful of his *p's* and *q's*. When he viewed this silken, polished, and somewhat terrifying host he thought vaguely of dentists.

"Say, doc," said he resentfully, "that's a hot bird you keep on tap. I hope I didn't break anything. But I've nearly got the williwalloos, and when he threw them 32-candle-power lamps of his on me, I took a snap-shot at him with that little brass Flat-iron Girl that stood on the sideboard."

"That is merely a mechanical toy," said the gentleman with a wave of his hand. "May I ask you to be seated while I explain



REDUCED TO THE GRIMY RANKS OF THE ONE-NIGHT BED SEEKERS.

why I brought you to my house. Perhaps you would not understand nor be in sympathy with the psychological prompting that caused me to do so. So I will come to the point at once by venturing to refer to your admission that you know the Van Smuythe family, of Washington Square North."

"Any silver missing?" asked Thomas tartly. "Any joolry displaced? Of course I know 'em. Any of the old ladies' sunshades disappeared? Well, I know 'em. And then what?"

The Grand Duke rubbed his white hands together softly.

"Wonderful!" he murmured. "Wonderful! Shall I come to believe in the Chaldean Chiroscope myself? Let me assure you," he continued, "that there is nothing

for you to fear. Instead, I think I can promise you that very good fortune awaits you. We will see."

"Do they want me back?" asked Thomas, with something of his old professional pride in his voice. "I'll promise to cut out the booze and do the right thing if they'll try me again. But how did you get wise, doc? B'gee, it's the swellest employment agency I was ever in, with its flashlight owls and so forth."

With an indulgent smile the gracious host begged to be excused for two minutes. He went out to the sidewalk and gave an order to the chauffeur, who still waited with the car. Returning to the mysterious apartment, he sat by his guest and began to entertain him so well by his witty and genial converse that the poor Bed Liner almost forgot the cold streets from which he had been so recently and so singularly rescued. A servant brought some tender cold fowl and tea bis-



A STURDY GIRL. WITH WIND-TOSSED DRAPERY.

cuits and a glass of miraculous wine; and Thomas felt the glamour of Arabia envelop him. Thus half an hour sped quickly; and then the honk of the returned motor car at the door suddenly drew the Grand Duke to his feet, with another soft petition for a brief absence.

Two women, well muffled against the cold, were admitted at the front door and suavely conducted by the master of the house down the hall through another door to the left and into a smaller room, which was screened and segregated from the larger front room by heavy double portières. Here the furnishings were even more elegant and exquisitely tasteful than in the other. On a gold-inlaid rosewood table were scattered sheets of white paper and a queer, triangu-

lar instrument or toy, apparently of gold, standing on little wheels.

The taller woman threw back her black veil and loosened her cloak. She was fifty, with a wrinkled and sad face. The other, young and plump, took a chair a little distance away and to the rear as a servant or an attendant might have done.

"You sent for me, Professor Cherubusco," said the elder woman, wearily. "I hope you have something more definite than usual to say. I've about lost the little faith I had in your art. I would not have responded to your call this evening if my sister had not insisted upon it."

"Madam," said the professor, with his princeliest smile, "the true Art cannot fail. To find the true psychic and potential branch sometimes requires time. We have not succeeded, I admit, with the cards, the crystal, the stars, the magic formulæ of Zarazin, nor the Oracle of Po. But we have at last dis-

covered the true psychic route. The Chaldean Chiroscope has been successful in our search."

The professor's voice had a ring that seemed to proclaim his belief in his own words. The elderly lady looked at him with a little more interest.

"Why, there was no sense in those words that it wrote with my hands on it," she said. "What do you mean?"

"The words were these," said Professor Cherubusco, rising to his full magnificent height: "*By the fifth wheel of the chariot he shall come.*"

"I haven't seen many chariots," said the lady, "but I never saw one with five wheels."

"Progress," said the professor—"progress in science and mechanics has accomplished it—though, to be exact, we may speak of it only as an extra tire. Progress in occult art has advanced in proportion. Madam, I repeat that the Chaldean Chiroscope has succeeded. I can not only answer the question that you have propounded, but I can produce before your eyes the proof thereof."

And now the lady was disturbed both in her disbelief and in her poise.

"O professor!" she cried anxiously—"When?—where? Has he been found? Do not keep me in suspense."

"I beg you will excuse me for a very few minutes," said Professor Cherubusco, "and I think I can demonstrate to you the efficacy of the true Art."

Thomas was contentedly munching the last crumbs of the bread and fowl when the enchanter appeared suddenly at his side.

"Are you willing to return to your old home if you are assured of a welcome and restoration to favor?" he asked, with his courteous, royal smile.

"Do I look bug-house?" answered Thomas. "Enough of the footback life for me. But will they have me again? The old lady is as fixed in her ways as a nut on a new axle."

"My dear young man," said the other, "she has been searching for you everywhere."

"Great!" said Thomas. "I'm on the job. That team of dropsical dromedaries they call horses is a handicap for a first-class coachman like myself; but I'll take the job back, sure, doc. They're good people to be with."

And now a change came o'er the suave countenance of the Caliph of Bagdad. He looked keenly and suspiciously at the ex-coachman.

"May I ask what your name is?" he said shortly.

"You've been looking for me," said Thomas, "and don't know my name? You're a funny kind of sleuth. You must be one of the Central Office gumshoers. I'm Thomas McQuade, of course; and I've been chauffeur of the Van Smuythe elephant team for a year. They fired me a month ago for—well, doc, you saw what I did to your old owl. I went broke on booze, and when I saw the tire drop off your whiz wagon I was standing in that squad of hoboes at the Worth monument waiting for a free bed. Now, what's the prize for the best answer to all this?"

To his intense surprise Thomas felt himself lifted by the collar and dragged, without a word of explanation, to the front door. This was opened, and he was kicked forcibly down the steps with one heavy, disillusionizing, humiliating impact of the stupendous Arabian's shoe.

As soon as the ex-coachman had recovered his feet and his wits he hastened as fast as he could eastward toward Broadway.

"Crazy guy," was his estimate of the mysterious automobilist. "Just wanted to have some fun kiddin', I guess. He might have dug up a dollar, anyhow. Now I've got to hurry up and get back to that gang of bum bed hunters before they all get preached to sleep."

When Thomas reached the end of his two-mile walk he found the ranks of the homeless reduced to a squad of perhaps eight or ten. He took the proper place of a newcomer at the left end of the rear rank. In the file in front of him was the young man who had spoken to him of hospitals and something of a wife and child.

"Sorry to see you back again," said the young man, turning to speak to him. "I hoped you had struck something better than this."

"Me?" said Thomas. "Oh, I just took a run around the block to keep warm! I see the public ain't lending to the Lord very fast to-night."

"In this kind of weather," said the young man, "charity avails itself of the proverb, and both begins and ends at home."

And now the Preacher and his vehement lieutenant struck up a last hymn of petition to Providence and man. Those of the Bed Liners whose windpipes still registered above 32°, hopelessly and tunelessly joined in.

In the middle of the second verse Thomas



"O MR. WALTER!—AND THE MISSIS HUNTING HIGH AND LOW FOR YOU!"

saw a sturdy girl with wind-tossed drapery battling against the breeze and coming straight toward him from the opposite sidewalk. "Annie!" he yelled, and ran toward her.

"You fool, you fool!" she cried, weeping and laughing, and hanging upon his neck, "why did you do it?"

"The Stuff," explained Thomas briefly. "You know. But subsequently nit. Not a drop." He led her to the curb. "How did you happen to see me?"

"I came to find you," said Annie, holding tight to his sleeve. "Oh, you big fool! Professor Cherubusco told us that we might find you here."

"Professor Ch— Don't know the guy. What saloon does he work in?"

"He's a clearvoyant, Thomas; the greatest in the world. He found you with the Chaldean telescope, he said."

"He's a liar," said Thomas. "I never had it. He never saw me have anybody's telescope."

"And he said you came in a chariot with five wheels, or something."

"Annie," said Thomas solicitously, "you're giving me the wheels now. If I had a chariot I'd have gone to bed in it long ago. And

without any singing and preaching for a nightcap, either."

"Listen, you big fool. The Missis says she'll take you back. I begged her to. But you must behave. And you can go up to the house to-night; and your old room over the stable is ready."

"Great!" said Thomas earnestly. "You are it, Annie. But when did these stunts happen?"

"To-night at Professor Cherubusco's. He sent his automobile for the Missis, and she took me along. I've been there with her before."

"What's the professor's line?"

"He's a clearvoyant and a witch. The Missis consults him. He knows everything. But he hasn't done the Missis any good yet, though she's paid him hundreds of dollars. But he told us that the stars told him we could find you here."

"What's the old lady want this cherry-buster to do?"

"That's a family secret," said Annie. "And now you've asked enough questions. Come on home, you big fool."

They had moved but a little way up the street when Thomas stopped.

"Got any dough with you, Annie?" he asked.

Annie looked at him sharply.

"Oh, I know what that look means," said Thomas. "You're wrong. Not another drop. But there's a guy that was standing next to me in the bed line over there that's in a bad shape. He's the right kind, and he's got wives or kids or something, and he's on the sick list. No booze. If you could dig up half a dollar for him so he could get a decent bed I'd like it."

Annie's fingers began to wiggle in her purse.

"Sure, I've got money," said she. "Lots of it. Twelve dollars." And then she added, with woman's ineradicable suspicion of vicarious benevolence: "Bring him here and let me see him first."

Thomas went on his mission. The wan Bed Liner came readily enough. As the two drew near, Annie looked up from her purse and screamed:

"Mr. Walter— Oh—Mr. Walter!"

"Is that you, Annie?" said the young man weakly.

"O Mr. Walter!—and the Missis hunting high and low for you!"

"Does mother want to see me?" he asked, with a flush coming out on his pale cheek.

"She's been hunting for you high and low. Sure, she wants to see you. She wants you to come home. She's tried police and morgues and lawyers and advertising and detectives and rewards and everything. And then she took up clearvoyants. You'll go right home, won't you, Mr. Walter?"

"Gladly, if she wants me," said the young man. "Three years is a long time. I suppose I'll have to walk up, though, unless the street cars are giving free rides. I used to walk and beat that old plug team of bays we

used to drive to the carriage. Have they got them yet?"

"They have," said Thomas, feelingly. "And they'll have 'em ten years from now. The life of the royal elephantibus truck-horseibus is one hundred and forty-nine years. I'm the coachman. Just got my re-appointment five minutes ago. Let's all ride up in a surface car—that is—er—if Annie will pay the fares."

On the Broadway car Annie handed each one of the prodigals a nickel to pay the conductor.

"Seems to me you are mighty reckless the way you throw large sums of money around," said Thomas sarcastically.

"In that purse," said Annie decidedly, "is exactly \$11.85. I shall take every cent of it to-morrow and give it to Professor Cherubusco, the greatest man in the world."

"Well," said Thomas, "I guess he must be a pretty fly guy to pipe off things the way he does. I'm glad his spooks told him where you could find me. If you'll give me his address, some day I'll go up there, myself, and shake his hand."

Presently Thomas moved tentatively in his seat, and thoughtfully felt an abrasion or two on his knees and elbows.

"Say, Annie," said he confidentially, "maybe it's one of the last dreams of the booze, but I've a kind of a recollection of riding in an automobile with a swell guy that took me to a house full of eagles and arc lights. He fed me on biscuits and hot air, and then kicked me down the front steps. If it was the *d* l's, why am I so sore?"

"Shut up, you fool," said Annie.

"If I could find that funny guy's house," said Thomas, in conclusion, "I'd go up there some day and punch his nose for him."

Within This Heart of Mine

By JAMES E. RICHARDSON

WITHIN this heart of mine a garden lies,—a sere
 And sunless close
 Wherein from year to year
 No blossom is of lily pale and tall, sweet rose
 Or violet mere;
 But yet where one like me may grieve an hour, and pray,
 Perhaps, for kinder day;
 Or in some wakeful tide
 Keep vigil 'twixt the sunset red and dawnlight gray,
 And dream of years forgotten, and abide.

Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "Soldiers of the Common Good"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Habitually we think of this as the most prosperous of nations. It has the greatest individual fortune; it has the largest number of great fortunes. Here in the lifetime of a generation men have attained to wealth so great that its potentiality is almost incalculable. All this we commonly look upon as part of our prosperity. Is it really so? Do these fortunes represent in any way a general welfare? Are they the outgrowth of splendid enterprise honorably managed, of great productive industry, of unprecedented commercial expansion? Or are they born of trickery, of financial piracy, of gambling with marked cards, of the union of greed and dirty politics for the exploitation of public utilities, of vast overcapitalization at the expense of our national good name and our financial stability? The following is the first of a series of articles in which Mr. Russell will relate the origins of some of these fortunes. He will deal with them fairly and impartially, but he will show how thin is the veneer of respectability that covers some vast and illegitimate commercial achievements.

CHAPTER I

GOLDEN TIDES ABOUT THE GOLDEN CITY

HERE, at the gateway of a world, sits the imperial city of New York, and about her and over her is piled such wealth as men have never before dreamed of.

How wonderful it all is! Daily in this richest of cities you can see the golden flood rising and never ebbing. So much wealth, so much luxury, such a bewildering display, such a concentration of the power for which money is only a symbol has not been known in the records of the race. No other men have been so rich as some New York men; so many rich men have not gathered in another place. With pride and awe we count here one man whose wealth is reputed to be one thousand million dollars, five men whose wealth is estimated at more than three hundred millions each, ten men whose wealth is reported to be one hundred millions each, four thousand men whose wealth is computed at one million or more each. In face of these stupendous totals the mind staggers and hardly apprehends the significance of the figures; but everywhere the eye can see the physical and enduring monuments of existing conditions. Those strange gigantic structures, massed one

upon another mile after mile in the business region—in all the world where can you find an equal expression of power and energy? And the palaces grouped about the park—how plainly they speak of the ceaseless tide of gold that sweeps into this unique habitat of men!

No, not elsewhere can you find such wealth; in few places such tremendous and thought-compelling contrasts. How strange to go from upper Fifth Avenue and stand before that block in Orchard Street that is the most densely populated spot on this earth! The utmost extremes of attainable magnificence and endurable misery seem bent around to touch within this marvelous city.

If the figures and analyses of the sociologists hold true here are 10,000 persons that are rich, 500,000 that are well-to-do, 1,500,000 that are poor, 2,000,000 that are very poor. Take, then, these 3,500,000 of the poor and very poor. How comes it that the golden flood misses them? Here it runs all about them, so deep and wide a current that the imperial city wantons in it and wastes it and plays with it. And here are 2,000,000 that seem to have little or none of it. Why so little? Or why none? The fact is apparent enough. Do but walk through the district east of the Bowery and south of Twenty-third Street; you shall have evidence convinc-



ing. Go into some of the courts and rear tenements in the region, let us say, between the two bridge terminals. The filthy and vilely over-crowded dwellings, the poisoned air, the

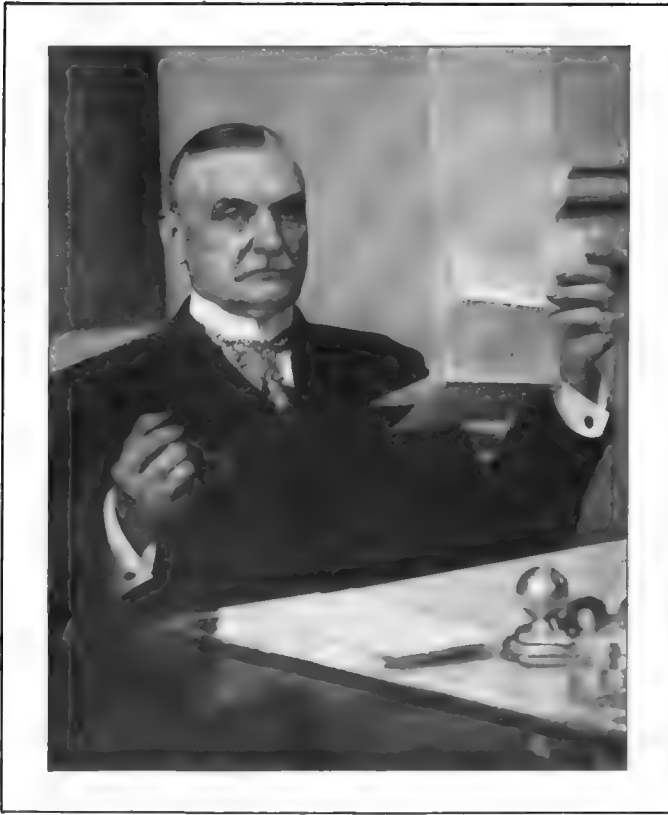
economies of the wife, and all they have together, are worth \$1,639. He has an annual salary, perhaps \$2,000, the good man. From that in a city where the cost of living is greater than in any other city of men, he must feed and clothe the family, pay his rent (which shows steadily a tendency to increase), maintain his life insurance, if he be prudent, and lay by for the day when he shall be no longer able to earn. And his rent alone is one-fourth or more of his income. How does life go in that little flat? From where he stands and toils, if he looks up to no more than a ledge of security the distance seems impossible; up to a competence, overwhelming; to wealth, a mere dream. Yet men have traversed it; he knows that. By what incomprehensible genius, by what great gifts of mind wholly distinguishing them from other men, by what totally differing structure of brain cells have they achieved it?

He knows that in his country opportunity must be for all men equal. Often he heard it declared to be thus equal when he was a boy and went to Fourth of July meetings in the country;

often he has read the same statement since. So that the trouble with him is in himself. Clearly he lacks the mental capacity to be rich.

And he finds that this is the opinion of the world also. He finds that in the opinion of mankind the inequality between his state and the state of the 10,000, and the still more terrible contrast between the 10,000 and the 2,000,000 are perfectly explained, perfectly justified, perfectly established as eternally right, reasonable and moral, by this difference in brain cells.

Moreover, he learns that there is another reason. The men that are deepest in the stream are, by common report, further endowed than with merely this rare wondrous gift of ability. They have done something.



From stereograph. Copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN.

moldy dampness of ancient and dark passageways, the malarial areas, the ragged crowds, the ill-developed children—you know all these things well if you have ever strayed into that noisome territory. Plainly, no golden flood touches these sodden and unclean shores.

And how is it with the 1,500,000 of the next above stratum, upon whom is laid a need only less harsh? In thousands of modest flats in the better regions dwell these families that win larger incomes, the families of the employed men, the clerks, the salesmen, the regulars and non-commissioned officers in the army of industry. The average wealth among these, we are told, is \$1,639. How far that bears us from the plashings of the golden stream! The furniture in the little flat and the savings of the good man and the

These are the men upon whom rests the foundations of prosperity. Like an inverted pyramid, the 500,000, the 1,500,000 and the 2,000,000 repose upon the things done by the 10,000. Thus, by the gift of this ability that so sets them apart and marks them from other men, they have developed the railroads, built the factories, established the commerce, created the industries of the land. Upon these railroads, factories, commerce, industries, depend the employment and therefore the lives of the 1,500,000 that have little ability and of the 2,000,000 that have none. Therefore, on all grounds of the strictest moral principle, the 10,000 that are blessed with ability are entitled to all else they have possessed themselves of.

I am a plain man from the West and I have in the golden imperial city a friend among the 1,500,000 of the little able, and he takes me forth to view the wonders of the vast human hive about us. We see very many things that instruct my ungifted mind. We traverse these miles of gigantic buildings, and I glimpse a little of the incalculable, indomitable, abnormal force that they represent; and then he takes me to view the region

where dwell the 4,000 men that control this force.

It is all very wonderful. The great white gleaming palaces remind me of the pictures I have seen of stately structures in European capitals. Here is a house with a broad driveway sweeping clear to the front door and with no other exit, as if the inmates never walk when they go abroad. Under a kind of beautiful canopy, all glass and bronze-like metal, a carriage is waiting, a great shining chariot, with much silver and crystal, very handsome. The driver has a sort of uniform with a dark green coat and very big silver buttons and a high silk hat with something on it and very white trousers that look as if they were made of some kind of white leather, and high boots with yellow tops; and by the carriage door is another man dressed exactly like the driver.

We pass another house, very large and commanding, with a little patch of ground about it and a very high steel fence on all sides. We pass other magnificent houses, stone, of an even brown color, very pleasing; enormous houses of a solid and serious architecture. Then we come to large and beau-



"IT SEEMS TO ME TYPICAL OF THE WEALTH AND GREATNESS OF MY COUNTRY."

tiful buildings that are pointed out to me as the homes of different clubs of successful men; and again to many others, almost or quite as large, that are merely residences. I see innumerable automobiles; everybody in this smiling and prosperous region seems to have an automobile. I am told that many of the residents have a dozen automobiles apiece, different styles for different occasions.

There are no cheap nor mean nor repulsive-looking houses here, nor ill-fed people, but all things betoken comfort and prosperity. The sidewalks are never crowded, there is plenty of air and sunlight, the people are always well dressed and look gentle and happy. The sun shines and the rows of palaces gleam in the keen light. Across the street is the park and that is beautiful too: the white houses make an agreeable contrast against all that mass of vivid green. I look at the whole extraordinary spectacle and it seems to me typical of the wealth and the greatness of my country.

I say to myself that the men that built all these beautiful houses were the gifted generals on the commercial battlefield, and their dwellings are emblematical of their victories, as of old time men used to win suits of armor in the tourney. Doubtless, I say, in the first house lives a great merchant. By his ability, energy, and foresight he built a great business, he brought together producer and consumer, he established a great mart, he supplied a want of society. By the rules of the war game and of our civilization this is his reward.

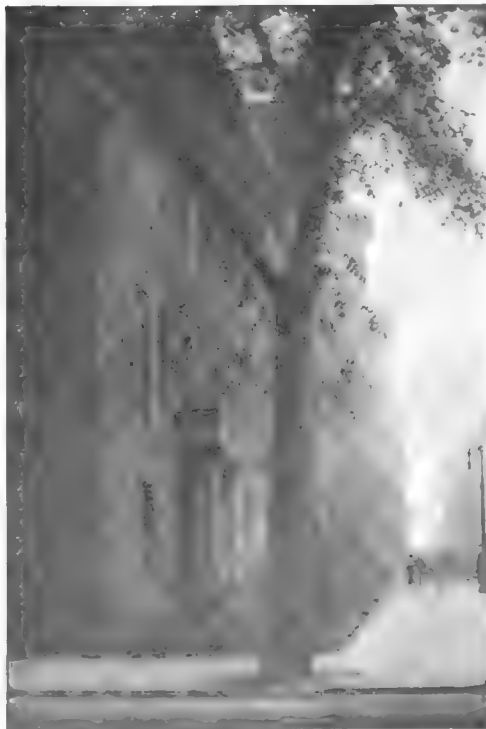
And the next house belongs to a man that developed the railroad service of the United States; he built new lines and improved old. By his ability, energy, and foresight he made transportation cheap and easy. He served society well, and by the rules of the war game this is his reward.

And the next house is the house of a man that developed the coal industry. He improved and cheapened coal production, he made fuel cheaper in the world, he lessened the burden of the ungifted. By his ability, energy, and foresight he built a great and useful business; he served society well, and by the rules of the war game this is his reward.

And the next house is the house of a man that developed a great manufacturing enterprise. By his ability, energy, and foresight he constructed a system whereby something should be supplied that all men needed—shoes, perhaps, or hats. He made these things cheap and plentiful for all mankind, he was of use to society, and this is his reward.

With pleasure I reflect upon all these things: they prove again the greatness of my country and the triumph of that free opportunity of which we have ever been proud. True, I cannot see exactly wherein my ungifted friend at my side has much share in this glorious opportunity. True, it appears certain that all his life he will struggle dubiously for each day's bread and be pursued by the specters of rent and butchers' bills.

True, we have journeyed up-town by way of Attorney Street and Columbia Street and Avenue B, and while I rejoice at the scene now before me, there is a memory I could well spare of scenes lately passed, and a traitorous suggestion that the rewards are disproportionate. But here they are admirable and rich, and that is the true American way, to give with liberal hand. Indeed, how typically American it all is! These men were the free architects of their own fortunes. Doubtless most of them began poor; now they are rich. This that they have, they earned. How admirable was



THOMAS F. RYAN'S RESIDENCE AT 60 FIFTH AVENUE.



THE HOMES OF DIFFERENT CLUBS OF SUCCESSFUL MEN.

the wisdom of the forefathers that established here the broad and unrestricted fields that invite and encourage gifted men! How superior to anything known abroad are these conditions of opportunity and reward!

So I think, with a sense of profound gratitude that I am of this country that secures these blessings.

But am I right?

Hardly. If I remain long enough in New York and gain instruction in things as they really are, I shall learn, perhaps to my dismay, that not one of the beautiful houses I have been admiring represents a fortune gained in any such way as I have fondly supposed.

The proprietor of the first house was not a great merchant: he established no mart, he brought together no producer and consumer, he assisted in no way to supply any demand. Wealth he has in huge superfluity, wealth that increases upon him until he knows not what to do with it; but not a dollar of it represents any service done nor any want supplied.

And the man that lives in the second house did not help to develop the railroad system, he has built no lines nor extended nor improved them, though he owns many railroads; he has in no wise facilitated transportation, but only made it difficult.

And the man that lives in the third house had nothing to do with developing the coal industry. Coal mines he owns, many of them, but he has never dreamed of extending them for the general good nor of making them useful to society. He has not made coal cheaper but dearer; he has not served society, he has injured it.

And the man that lives in the fourth house has built no great manufacturing enterprise, he has had nothing to do with any system whereby anything is supplied that men need. He owns great manufactories, but their product he has not made cheaper but dearer. He has not helped men to supply their needs, but only hindered them.

Then how were these vast fortunes acquired? By what means were these white



THE ROWS OF PALACES GLEAM IN THE KEEN LIGHT . . . ACROSS THE STREET IS THE
PARK: THE WHITE HOUSES MAKE AN AGREEABLE CONTRAST AGAINST
ALL THAT MASS OF VIVID GREEN.

palaces secured? What does this wealth represent? How were the ability, energy, and foresight manifested? In just what way have the gifted proved their different molding from the ungifted?

One of the heroes of this field, a mighty general of these battles, one covered with the glory of innumerable victories, one whose gifts are deemed exceptional, whose ability, energy, and foresight all men admit, has lately furnished far better answers to these questions than any I can hit upon, and furnished them under oath. He sat one day on the witness stand while a patient inquisitor drew from him, reluctant word by word, the full story of one of these great fortunes in the making, one of these white palaces in the building. It appeared, to give but one chapter of his narrative, that with three other men he had secured control of a certain railroad: that thereupon they had arbitrarily increased the capitalization of that railroad from \$39,000,000 to \$122,000,000; that at the price of 65, which arbitrarily they had made, they had sold the added securities to themselves; that these securities thus acquired they had immediately resold to the public at 90 to 96; and that from these operations they had made a net profit of \$23,000,000.

It appeared further that in all these transactions these gifted men had violated the laws and the constitution of the State in which the railroad was situated; that their profits were utterly illegal; that the additional capitalization was not needed for any purpose of developing, extending, or improving the railroad; that it had no significance to the property except as an enormous burden that for years to come the public must bear.

But surely, you say, this is *very* exceptional; men do not often make money in this way; the loud clamor of denunciation that followed this particular revelation showed how very rare such achievements must be.

Rare? I say, not at all; and nothing is stranger than that there should have been any denunciation on this occasion. It reminds one of what Macaulay said about the British public in one of its periodical spasms of virtue. Rare, are they? Dear reader, some of the great, the very great fortunes of New York City have been the accumulation of generations through the gradual increase in the value of real estate; some have been inherited. These may be omitted from the present consideration. Aside from these all the stupendous fortunes quickly acquired have been gained in some such way as this captain of industry described on the witness stand; in some such way because there is no other way in which they can be gained. Nor, if convention

be a basis of morals, does this way of gaining them involve reproach, for we have much more than condoned it: we have warmly lauded its results and agreed that the men that practise it are excellent men and model citizens, and doubtless it has been viewed abroad as characteristic of our financial operations.

Without prejudice and merely as illustrations of these matters and as examples of the methods by which ability therein manifests itself I purpose here to state some of the memorable achievements in high finance of that group of gifted men that formerly centered around William C. Whitney, and of whom the colossus and master mind now appears in Thomas Fortune Ryan.



LOOKING DOWN MOTT STREET FROM GRAND.

CHAPTER II

THE BEGINNINGS OF A GREAT FORTUNE

HERE is a man whose career has been the romance of success, who has climbed to the heights of wealth and almost imperial power, a king of finance, a marvel of enterprise and commercial wisdom. He began poor, he is very rich; he began obscure, he is the partner of a king and the confidant of rulers; he was a servant at a pittance, he is the employer of millions; he was an obscure and nameless molecule in the human tide, now he dictates legislation and controls policies, he commands enormous enterprises, he is known about the world, he is to the history of commerce as a famous strategist is to the history of war.

Surely this is a wonderful story. How admirably it shows the possibilities of that free and unhampered opportunity of which we have just spoken! The poor boy starting upon his career with no help but his own will and his two hands, with no advantage but the free field before him; and do but observe the fortune, estimated at hundreds of millions of dollars, the endless range of profitable investments, the huge industries that are now his! With no extravagance we may think that scarcely another man in the commercial world stands in a position so commanding. His mind determines upon a certain line of action, and the next day the poor cigar dealer in Australia or the cabinet of Belgium feels the effects thereof. In Kentucky and on the

Congo, in London and San Francisco, from the northern limits of civilized Canada to and beyond Mexico, men are employed by him and are subject to his will; he says to them, Do this, and they do it. On the affairs of the nation he exercises a potent and constant influence.

His own attorney is Secretary of State; he has his own men in the Senate and the House of Representatives; he has his own way about Panama Canal contracts. He can sway the actions, affect the voting, and lead the thinking of many thousand men. He selects candidates for partisan nomination; men of his choosing sit in high places in local and other governments. Until very lately he was a director or trustee in thirty-two great corporations. He owns life insurance companies, banks, trust companies, railroads, mines, gas companies, electric light companies, traction companies; he owns the Tobacco Trust, he owns the Seaboard Air Line. On the chessboard of finance he makes strange, secret, and astounding moves, and wins. Nothing important can now be done in that game without consulting him.

He lives most quietly in a great unpretentious house at No. 60 Fifth Avenue. In the mad rush to shower and splash the golden flood he has no interest. His life is business. He goes to his office early, he remains late; he works in his study at night. A

tall, erect, powerfully built man, in the best of his strength; a very silent man, with no confidants nor close associates; a secretive man of whose plans and intentions nothing is surmised until they are recorded in events; a



GLEAMING PALACES REMIND ME OF PICTURES OF STATELY STRUCTURES IN EUROPEAN CAPITALS.

cool and self-mastered man that never says a word in heat nor does an act without consideration—Wall Street fears him and puzzles over him, but never understands him. He has a great square jaw and face as relentless as an axe and yet his characteristic policy is to win by indirection. With hands and arms and skill to wield a broadsword his fancy is for the finest rapier. No man has more caution; no man will thrust more boldly when the time comes, and for skill in extricating himself from a threatened position he has no equal in the Wall Street game.

He gives with liberal hand to church and school; his skill, tact, and measureless success are praised of all men. Newspapers pave his way with laudations. His word has boundless weight; with a sentence he stays a panic and helps to restore confidence.

Is not this success indeed?

Ah, yes; it is a marvelous story. Here was the poor boy facing the world alone, and none was poorer. The Ryans, an old family of Nelson County, Virginia, an old family of the indomitable Scotch-Irish strain, had been utterly ruined by the Civil War. The old estate swamped with debt; the wolf looking in at the window; the boy, sixteen or seventeen years old, left alone with his aged grandmother; the problem of daily bread real and uncompromising before them: all this sounds like the first chapters of an old-time romance, and yet it is but a recital of biographical facts. And there is more to come, as if culled deliberately from the roseate fiction of our youth. The poor boy, striving to battle with the depressing situation, wins his way to the great city (in this instance, Baltimore) to look for work. From one place after another he is turned coldly away. Still he persists. At last, almost at evening, he enters a dry-goods store. The proprietor needs an errand boy. He engages young Thomas, whose looks please him, to go to work the next morning at seven o'clock. Young Thomas takes off his cap and hangs it on a peg. He says:

"If you please, sir, I would rather go to work now," and seizing a broom begins to sweep out.

Does it not sound like a page from the old Fourth Reader?

"What are you doing there, little boy?" asked the good banker, looking over the counter.

"Picking up pins, sir," said Henry. And on the last page he is taken into partnership and marries the banker's daughter.

Do not smile. It is all sober earnest and part of the record of a sober, earnest life. The errand boy labors early and late at \$3 a week. Presently he becomes a salesman. Then he is taken into partnership. Eventually he marries the proprietor's daughter. It is the very apotheosis of commercial romance.

Meantime, he had been looking far beyond Baltimore and the dry-goods business. From the beginning he had made up his mind to be, if possible, the richest man of his times. Upon that determination the wide, square, bulldog jaws came down like a clamp. It was the time of Jay Gould and Erie, of Jim Fisk and the first Vanderbilt. The road to fortune was a turnpike to Wall Street. His employer was interested in some banking and brokerage firm in New York; the young man secured a transfer of his activities from Baltimore to the golden city of his dreams. There we find him in a humble place as clerk or capper or runner or croupier for some respectable house in the Street, and his energy, tireless industry, and profound interest in his work soon win him advancement. No firm can afford to overlook the worth of a youth that does nothing but study and strive in his business. After a time he feels able to make a start for himself. He becomes a partner in a firm: Lee, Ryan & Warren. Then he marries. Soon afterward he buys a seat on the Stock Exchange.

Then came times bad for gambling—1874. Black Friday, the Jay Cooke smash and the collapse of so many fair firms were only a few months behind, and before was a long, dreary season of prostrate business, silent mills, and unemployed hosts. Depreciated paper currency and inflated credit had done their worst. Under such conditions the public, having bitter memories and no money to lose, will have none of Wall Street, and the youthful capper finds but barren pickings. Yet young Mr. Ryan, faring in a small, careful way through those lean years, did well enough. He saw his little operations slowly grow and the tilth thereof was the accumulations that were the joy of life to him. Certain qualities commended him to men that sit in the high places about the Wall Street game. He was intelligent, he understood the market, he moved quickly—and he was silent, always; a grave, self-contained, taciturn young man. That was a great matter; anything once committed to his keeping oxen and wain ropes could not drag beyond those iron jaws. Gentlemen having

delicate negotiations in finance found that Mr. Ryan was a good man to operate through. He knew his business and he could be trusted implicitly. He began to win attention—and commissions; and after a time he undertook some little things on his own account that resulted well, both in profits and reputation. He used to search out the properties that were so bad that they must needs be remade or perish, and get in on the upward wave when the remaking began. He won no great sums, but was steadily getting closer to the leaders that controlled millions and obtaining their approval as a young man of the right sort.

One of these leaders was of a mind and character unusual; the rest fade away into the dull mists of commonplace. In a time that has for its distinguishing trait the union of rotten business with rotten politics, William C. Whitney was a conspicuously able financial exploiter and a conspicuously able political manipulator. I suppose that without doubt he had the best mind that ever engaged in Wall Street affairs, and without doubt he was equipped for better things than he achieved. He had a big doming head, not very broad but long and high, strange blue-gray eyes, very cold, very steady, and utterly fearless; a masterful and confident disposition; and a knowledge of, and I think contempt for, men, beyond any other man I have known. He was at will the most fascinating and polished man of the world or the most overbearing and intolerable bully. In his way he had extraordinary mental capacity; his mind was an un-resting engine, his ambition was inordinate, and but for some providential tempering by spendthrift and luxurious habits would have made him monstrously rich. I need not pretend that he had any overnice scruples about methods. He could see a little farther than the grubbing moles about him, and discerning an object he moved relentlessly toward it, sometimes trampling heads and sometimes mire and regarding neither.

Therein lay for him the talisman of ability, the badge that distinguished him from the 500,000, from the 1,500,000, and from the 2,000,000. The divine gift had this substance and none other. Mr. Whitney dwelt his days among the palaces; he was born to a sense of superiority; he married wealth; the burden of life was easy upon him. No one may say that the goad of poverty drove him to climb from among the 2,000,000 or the 1,500,000. But he was a conspicuous example of

those that having means used wealth to get more wealth for which they had no need.

So many long-forgotten chapters of history hang about these records! The old New York Cable Railroad, for instance—how many years have passed since we have heard a mention of that once menacing specter, or of Charles P. Shaw, the eccentric genius that created it and with it scared New York from its rest? The thing actually had a charter covering almost every down-town street in the city and extending north to Yonkers, all to be operated by steam cable. Only one other man in New York had looked so far ahead as Charles P. Shaw into the street railway possibilities and that was Mr. Whitney. He had been Corporation Counsel of the city from 1875 to 1882, and among the things he had learned while in office was a respect for the urban transportation business. He made up his mind then that he would get into that business and be rich. Shaw and his associates were exploiting the proposed cable road as a rival of the old Arcade scheme (of which a section was once constructed in lower Broadway), when Mr. Whitney forced his way into the concern. He needed somebody to assist him in certain lines of endeavor, and for such labors chose Mr. Ryan, whom he made treasurer of the company.

Mr. Ryan was at that time nearing middle life and known among the discerning as one of the shrewdest and safest of the small operators in the Street. He had no foolish pride about accepting small orders nor about performing duties not usually esteemed a part of the brokerage business, provided the orders or the duties involved proper recompense and the good-will of those that it was well to know. Furthermore, some advantages lay in his comparative obscurity and his silence. He practised assiduously the scriptural injunction concerning the intercommunication of right and left hands, and even at that time no one ever knew what he was doing until it was done. Hence he went upon any matter unremarked, and his noiseless and unobtrusive presence drew none of the newspaper or other attention that might be undesirable.

For years there had been talk of a street car line in Broadway below Union Square, but the wise men of the city (of whom there was even in those days no lack) always proved conclusively that a street railroad in Broadway was utterly impossible because of the crowded traffic. Mr. Whitney and Mr. Jake Sharp were among those that scorned the argu-

ments of the wise. Sharp was a heavy-jowled, heavy-bearded and scowling man of a type now practically extinct, part bullying contractor, part rough politician, and part shrewd and unscrupulous schemer and manipulator. It was a strange turn of fate that pitted this thick-skinned, crude, and violent person against the polished and courtly Whitney. Sharp had long wanted the Broadway franchise from Fifteenth Street to Bowling Green for his Broadway Surface Railway Company, a concern with a merely paper existence; Mr. Whitney desired it for the Cable Railroad. Mr. Sharp won the prize—for \$500,000 in bribes paid to the New York Board of Aldermen. The Cable Railroad is said to have made another offer, not quite so good. Mr. Sharp got his franchise and built his road practically in a night. He was a thick-headed man of one idea, but he knew what an injunction was and took no chances.

This was in 1884. The next year Mr. Whitney went to Washington as Secretary of the Navy in the first Cleveland cabinet, but he retained his notions about the street railroad as a source of wealth. When, four years later, he returned to his active career in New York, it was to lay hands upon that very Broadway surface franchise that Sharp had wrenched from his grasp—so strangely do things come about in this world—and to get it for a small fraction of the sum Sharp paid. As he won this long-coveted prize, he cemented likewise the most remarkable combination that has ever been known in our financial affairs. Mr. Whitney had closely observed the amazing achievements (to be related later) of P. A. B. Widener and William L. Elkins in the Philadelphia traction field, and he rightly estimated these gentlemen as desirable partners in his enterprise. With these he naturally associated Mr. Ryan.

The syndicate thus formed endured for many years, exercised almost boundless power, came, as we shall see later, to deal in many things besides street railroads, in more than one way became historic, and made more money, more easily, more rapidly, and on smaller investments than any other association of men ever formed in this world.

Of these great deeds we shall have to tell hereafter. For this present I want to go back to the story of the Broadway franchise, because that contains matter highly edifying to all desirous of knowing the secrets of sudden wealth.

After Mr. Whitney went to Washington the whole scandal of the purchased aldermen burst upon New York. The public was shocked at the revelations, many aldermen were indicted, many fled, three confessed, a few were convicted. Sharp himself narrowly escaped Sing Sing. Ostensibly as an act of righteous retribution upon all this shameful misdoing the legislature was induced to the very unusual step of annulling the charter of Sharp's company, which necessarily went into the hands of a receiver. The franchise was still there and immensely valuable, but the company had no legal existence and the railroad was operated by another concern. From this chaotic and (as you can readily understand) much depreciated state it was rescued when Mr. Daniel S. Lamont, acting for the Whitney - Widener - Elkins - Ryan syndicate, bought the property for \$50,000.

The history of public utilities in the United States has always reeked with the corruption of public officers, but it has few chapters that equal the story of business politics in the Broadway franchise deal. Previous to Sharp's victory the gift of the franchise lay in the hands of the aldermen. Several companies (one of them a mere blind for another) composed of gentlemen of the most eminent respectability, engaged in a furious competition for the prize. The bidding rose and rose until in the scramble bidders and bidden alike lost their heads. Truly it was a mad, mad race. On both sides all thought of the statutes was forgotten while the companies bid against one another and the aldermen raised their prices. A more extraordinary spectacle has not been seen in any legislative body; a mania seized upon all persons concerned: there was scarcely any concealment; you would have thought the selling of votes was as legitimate as the selling of peanuts.

At last one of the companies made a bid of \$750,000, of which \$250,000 was to be in cash and \$500,000 in stock. Sharp met this with an offer of \$500,000 in cash on the nail, and he won. The money was handed about as if it had been buns. Very strange things were witnessed while the fit of dementia lasted. One alderman attempted to take by force another alderman's share, and in the very aldermanic chamber, practically in the public view, one that thought he had been overlooked assaulted the distributor of bribes and tried to strangle him.

"Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?" will be continued in the September number.



HE DELIVERED HIMSELF OF A FIERY BURST OF TEMPER.

A Pyrrhic Victory

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

YOUNG Mrs. Macarren looked after her husband's figure retreating stormily down the hall, with so acute a perplexity in her mind that the desolate ache in her heart was for a moment deadened. She asked herself as tragically as brides have asked since the beginning of the world, what was the trouble between her and her husband; but the fact that there was no trouble at all was so patently and bewilderingly plain to her that her mind whirled helplessly. Her husband was devotedly attached to her. In her most unhappy moments she could not doubt his love, nor think his passionate affection a whit less than on the day, now six months ago, when he married her. There was nothing in their life to annoy nor trouble him. He delighted in the free out-of-door existence that the superintendence of their large estate gave him, and they had plenty of money to humor his whim for fast horses and fine dogs. Indeed, as she stood miserably turning over in her mind their

jangling conversation at breakfast, she heard the clatter of hoofs, and her husband went dashing past the window, his ruddy, handsome face gleaming with the exertion of holding in his spirited favorite, Spitfire. There was no trace of the irritation in which he had pushed away from the breakfast-table, delivered himself of a fiery burst of temper, and gone stamping down the hall. Constance reflected bitterly that his horses and dogs knew the trick of pleasing him better than his wife, and turned again to the wearisome search after her fault.

If she only knew what it was in her that so rubbed him the wrong way, why it was that on certain days, in spite of clumsy and well-meant efforts, he could not contain his quick irritation at everything she said and did or did not say and do! She went over and over the various phases of their life together with the piteously scrutinizing eye of an unhappy woman, in the attempt to see herself

from his standpoint. Was it that she was dull? But sometimes he seemed to resent her high spirits. Was it that she was too gay? But on some days she had been horrified to find that her most subdued and heartfelt tenderness seemed unwelcome to him. No, not unwelcome, only somehow not what he wanted then. Was it that she was irresponsible to his moods? But during these miserable periods of friction and disagreement, which were the more intolerable to her because they were slight in surface indications, his mood seemed to be only anything that was not hers.

The clock struck eleven heavily behind her and she realized with a start that she had not moved from the chair into which she had sunk listlessly after breakfast. There was indeed no reason why she should move. In the expensive, well-appointed household she was like a guest at an infinitely comfortable hotel, whose material wants were supplied by the pushing of a button. Accustomed to a vague, wandering life of summer resorts and visits and European travel with an adoring aunt, the absence of household cares seemed to her the natural condition of things; but of late, going far afield in her search for explanations, she had wondered if both she and her husband would not be happier if they had more to do. With a native energy and good sense wholly undirected, she reflected that it was not a healthy state of things when she could sit from nine to eleven brooding undisturbed over the fact that everything at the table had gone wrong, and that every attempt of hers at pacification had but acted as a greater irritant.

But such their life was; she had the vaguest conception of any other form of existence,

and returned again to the feeling that somehow she should be able to conquer the situation. She must conquer it or sink overwhelmed by her misery. But since she could not at all see what was the force against her, how could she even set to work to prepare herself for the conflict? She never knew what it was that started Michael off on one of these day-long periods of sardonic dissatisfaction, and she knew as little what it was that brought him out of them, his mobile face alight with an affection and gaiety that made her on his "good days" the most supremely happy of women. She could only thank Heaven blindly that the bad times were rare, pray that they might be short, and enjoy to the highest pitch of intoxication her husband's unrivaled charm when his mood was buoyant. Never once in all the expedients she had tried had she hit upon anything that seemed to strike the right note. She told herself humbly that the fault must be hers, that she must fail in some way; but she despaired of learning how to improve. Nothing she could do was of any avail.

Her maid came into the room, a discreet smile on her face. "Please, Mrs. Macarren,"

she said, "Mr. Macarren's old nurse is down-stairs and would like to see you. She's just passing through on her way back to Ireland and wanted to see Mr. Macarren, but he's left word he won't be home till evening, and she must go on right after luncheon, and she said she thought maybe you'd see her."

Constance welcomed the break in her vacant, listless day. "Yes, I'll see her; Mr. Macarren will be sorry to miss her. She really brought him up until he went away to school. He's very fond of her."

The last words were lost in a rush



SHE COULD SIT FROM NINE TO ELEVEN
BROODING UNDISTURBED.

upon her from the door. "Ah! sure I wasn't afther waitin' down-stairs all this time while the swate craytur my darlin' Michael married was up-stairs. You dear! You *dear!* You're purtier than he said—and he said all that wan language will hold. Here, now, kiss me once an' I'll unloose me bonnet-strings and stay wid ye a while, for a cozy talk from wan married woman to another. Go away, now, you gur-rl! We're goin' to talk men-folks, an' it's talk no gur-rl shud hear, for thin she'd niver marry, an' by that she'd lose the greatest blessin' Heaven has, which the same is a good husband. *All men are good husbands if you do but beat it out of them.*"

At this the maid retreated, echoing aloud, in a rare departure from discipline, the shout of laughter that the old woman gave at her own philosophy as she lowered her bulky form carefully into a chair.

"Now, then, you darlin'—what's your name? Constance? Sure an' I'm not goin' to call little Master Michael's wife any stiff Mrs. Macarren. That's the name of his sainted mother that died before iver I knew the spalpeen. And so ye're married—a bit of a child like you? An' how do ye make out? I suppose about now you're thinkin' Michael is a cross between a divil and an archangel—aren't ye?—an' that ye're explorin' in a country no wan else iver discovered before, an' that there ain't no map to it. Come, now, let me hear all about it. Ye ain't got no mother, so I hear, an' I'm safe to tell, for I'm goin' back to Ireland the marnin', an' for all I talk so loose there's nobody can get a word out o' me whin it's not his business."

Constance had scarcely caught her breath after the first onslaught, and at this dashing attack on her reserve she suddenly began to laugh loudly and then found herself crying. The old woman heaved herself up from her chair like leviathan, and going over to the other, she put her arms about her in a close grasp which seemed unexpectedly welcome to the shaking, hysterical young creature.

"Cry it out, cry it out," she said heartily. "'Twill do ye good—all ye faine ladies don't know what a trate a rale good cry is—sometimes I think shtampin' a little hilps, too."

At this Constance began to laugh again weakly, wiping her eyes and explaining that her tears were purely nervous.

"Yis, yis," returned the other comfortably, seeking her chair again; "sure I know that talk. And there's more in it than any of ye that says it belave. Nerves is the very divil

an' no mistake. I know all about it, bein' afflicted with the warst set av thim that iver mortal man had to put up with—though ye'd not think it to look at me. They was different from yours—mine was the kind that got tied in bow-knots. I spake of 'em as though I had thim no more, now since I'm a widder so long, for what difference do nerves make if they don't have a man-body to run into?"

She settled herself in her chair, patted the snowy bands of hair about her round, rosy face, and launched comfortably into a reminiscent, garrulous monologue.

"The funny thing is that, though iverybody has nerves, no two folks as has the same kind of nerves iver git married. You'd think just once, as the exciption to the rule, 'twould happen—but niver! Now, Michael's father an' mother—I niver see *her*, but I know from the talk what she was like—they was a fair example. Mr. Macarren's nerves tuk it out on him in making him that milancholy that, whin he had a black fit on, iverybody in the house had to hold iverybody else from goin' and jumpin' in the river. 'Twas as ketchin' as smallpox, an' about as bad to have.—An' his wife, her nerves was the kind that makes folks what they call spirited, and what *is* spiteful. I know, for me own set is on that order. Could she iver have a rale comfortable quarrel wid her husband and have it out? Not she, poor craytur! It'd run on for days, making her miserable and smolderin' an' smokin' the house all up; whin, if he'd just a-set a match to it, in two minutes of blaze 'twould ha' been all out, an' she happy ag'in. Could *he* iver ralely enjoy wan of thim milancholy spills as long as she was alive? Not he! She was always pokin' at him to cheer him up, and remind him that there wasn't a mortal thing in the wurrl'd that he couldn't have if he wanted it—an' to say that to a person that's havin' a lovely fit of nerves is the most hard-hearted, cruel, torturing invintion av Ol' Nick.

"Now, me an' me ol' man—he was a Yankee, an' the bist man God iver made—God rist his sowl where he now is—it tuk me exactly seven years to find out what kind of nerves *he* had, whin 'twas as plain as the nose on me face is now, what they was like. I dunno' what it is that makes a person so blind to things that concern 'em the most. I'd have done anything in the wurrl'd for Ezra, but, as I say, 'twas seven years before I found out that my harmless little explosions that I let

off steam wid, was loike death an' the ind av the wurld to him.

"I *was* that way. Some marnin's I'd wake up backward, as ye might say, an' the only way I could git turned around was to set off all the fireworks in me till I'd just whirl like a top for a minute or two—an' thin there I was in the straight path. But Ezra—once I remimber I felt like as though a banshee had started up before me, whin I found, weeks after wan av thim little whirls av mine, that Ezra was still broodin' over it and wonderin' what was wrong. I'd forgotten all about it, as clane as though the Judgment Day had happened since. Now, I'm tillin' ye th'

niver had no doubt about what tools to use in *that* trade, and the fit of thim to me hand used to make up for always usin' th' other kind at home with Ezra. Did Master Michael rise up in the marnin' wid everything black to him an' start in makin' iverybody miserable, his rid hair just glistenin' with diviltry an' his blue eyes impish and melancholy at once, as though his father and his mother was both strugglin' to come to th' top, I'd lit him run on about *so* long, and thin I'd slap his face good, and shake him just as hard as me arms would do it, an' set him down—*bang!*—in a chair—an' he'd be as happy as a king for two weeks after. Ah, we got on so



"MY HARMLESS LITTLE EXPLOSIONS WAS LOIKE DEATH AN' THE IND AV THE WURRLD TO HIM."

truth, I ain't *niver yit* ralely understood what was the matter that day—and most like 'twas just nothin' at all—but it turned the marrow stiff in me bones to find Ezra layin' it up ag'in me; for thinkin' about it and remimberin' it is layin' it up, anny way ye fix it. That was the beginnin' av me larnin' me trade—seven years it tuk me before I could lay me hand to th' simplest tool av it without danger av cuttin' meself an' me man—an' I'm no fool ayther!

"But now *your* man—your Michael—my Michael—he was the comfort av me life. I niver did get rale clear-through sure I knew about Ezra, because his nerves was so different from mine—but little Master Michael! I knew him as though he was me own son. I

foine together! 'Twas Mr. Macarren's wonder how I managed th' bye. An' how we did love each other, my little Michael an' me! He loved his father, but the man niver cud git the hang o' his son. He'd try givin' him what he wanted, to calm him down, an' that was the warst thing possible. An' he was always tormintin' himself to find out what was the rayson, which th' same is thryin' to count hin's teeth, since there's no rayson there at all, at all.

"I knew, for I was made so mesilf. If only Ezra could have larned to swear at me once or twice, or maybe heave a plate or two, whin me nerves was gettin' th' bist o' me! But thin, it's like waitin' for the brook to run by to expect that kind of sinse from a man-body.

An' thin think av the hours out av Purgatory I've earned by holdin' an to mesilf—an' there was always little Master Michael—Lord save us! 'Twas like seein' mesilf in wan av thim littlefyin' lookin'-glasses to see him start in on a tantrum, an' it done me as much good to shake him as if it was Ezra growed wise doin' it to me."

She turned a startled head toward the door, suddenly opened, and exclaimed, "By the Powers above! if there ain't my niece Rosy Donohue come to till me I must go, and this I must till mesilf—I'm the worst tonguey old woman in the Lord's wurld—me that have run on so the few minutes I have to stay, and niver heard a word of news about Master Michael, only I'd heard it all below-stairs annyhow: that he's well and handsomer than iver. And whin I see you, the second sight I have that comes of my father's bein' the sivinth son and me bein' born in October, let me know that you was fitter to listen to anny kind o' talk than to open your mouth, bein' in a fit av nerves yoursilf, whatever kind *yours* are, which Heaven guard ye from havin' the kind called *sensaytive*!"

Without a pause in the flow of words, she tied her bonnet on tightly, rose heavily from her chair, kissed the young wife firmly and loudly on both cheeks, and disappeared down the stairs, her cheerful voice rising from the depths in incoherent salutations and wishes for good luck.

Constance stood alone in the empty room, her ears still ringing with confusion. The clock behind her struck twelve. It was just an hour since she had roused herself from her apathy to notice that time still marched, although there was nothing in the hours for her. She felt a sudden need for action, rang for her luncheon to be served at once, and summoned her maid to dress her for a long tramp. All through her was a new tingling restlessness, as though into a close room had suddenly rushed a blast from an October hillside. Her maid, in dressing her, remarked on her improved looks.

"Old Mrs. Mahoney quite cheered you up, ma'am, didn't she?" she ventured, with the friendly interest that Constance's servants always took in her. "She's such a funny old thing. She kept everybody down-stairs laughing while we were sending around to see if Mr. Macarren could be found. So Irish, isn't she?" (The maid's own name was Mary Malone.)

Her mistress nodded an absent assent and

swung out of the house, her eyes wide and vague.

When Michael Macarren dismounted wearily from Spitfire, stiff from an all day's ride and damp with autumn dew, he was told that his wife was in her little writing-room. He fumbled along the hall to the door and opened it, expecting to see the usual pleasant scene of a blazing fire and a wife in a pretty house-gown reading under the lamp. The hearth was black and in the twilight he could just see his wife sitting upright in a chair. The aspect of things struck him as singularly cheerless, and he began—"No fire? On an evening like this?"

From the dusk came a bullet-like monosyllable, weighted with significance. "No," said his wife.

"Why in Heaven's name a damp night like this should be selected to go without—" A bombshell exploded in the little room. His wife's voice rose in an accent he had never heard before—"There's no fire because I don't wish to have one—and if I don't wish one that's reason enough, and the less you say about it the better."

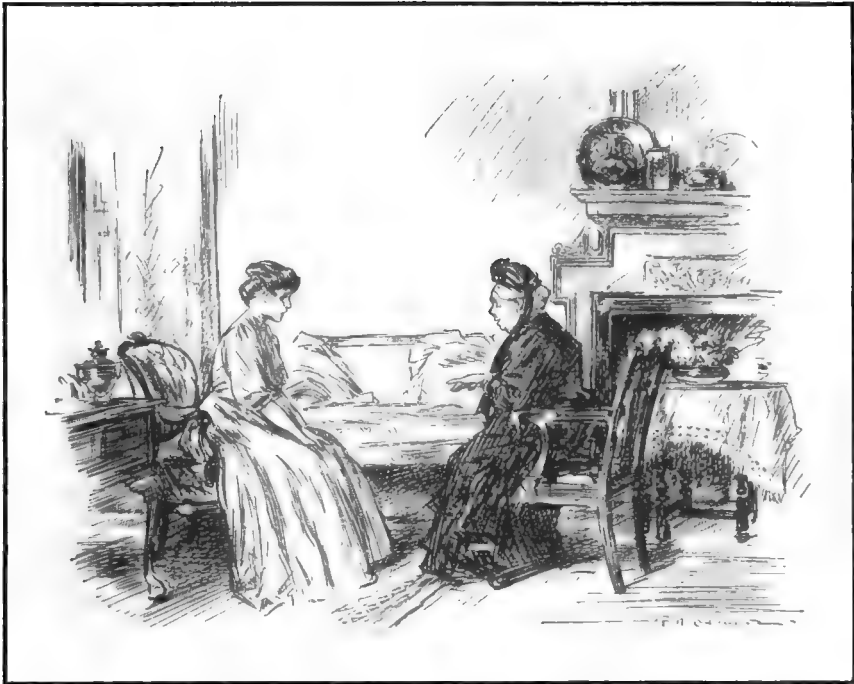
He stopped short, amazement striking his face blank of all expression. There was a moment's silence. In the dark he could not see that his wife was trembling uncontrollably. He caught his breath and began again: "Well, of all the greetings for a man when he comes home tired and wet and—" This time the bombshell exploded in his very face, so that he recoiled against the wall. His little Constance had sprung toward him till she was close upon him, and she spoke in a whirlwind of unrestrained, raging temper that beat about his ears like something palpable.

"*You* tired!—*you* come home and want comfort! What do you think of *me* left here all day long with nothing to look back on but your beastly bad temper at breakfast, and nothing to look forward to but more of it at dinner? The idea of your thinking that I'll always be here ready to endure your cross-grainedness and bearishness until you're ready to get over it!"

She was so close to him that he could now see that she was trembling, but she held herself fiercely erect and the tears in her eyes might very well have been tears of rage.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed in an amazed voice, "I never knew you'd look so handsome in a fury!"

She cast a strange look at him and flashed



"BUT NOW YOUR MAN—YOUR MICHAEL—MY MICHAEL—HE WAS THE COMFORT AV ME LIFE."

out of the door, down the hall, incoherent passionate exclamations streaming behind her stormy passage. Arrived in her own room she stopped short, waiting. Her breath came hard, both hands were pressed on her temples, and her very soul seemed directed in her straining eyes down the darkened corridor.

When Michael Macarren's large form and alarmed perplexed face loomed through the dusk, and she felt about her the clasp of his strong tender arms, she gave an hysterical gasp of laughter and shook in a frenzy of nervous tears. The man melted into self-reproach, expressed ardently in the most incoherent words and fondest caresses. He was beside himself with remorse.

"You poor dear! You poor *darling*!" he exclaimed. "I am a brute to leave you so. I don't know what was the matter with me this morning—the very devil seems to get into me—but it's all gone now. I feel like another person. Ah, Connie dear, I love you so—I can't *tell* you how I love you! And how beautiful you are—I never saw you look handsomer than— See, sweetheart, what do you say to a few days in the city?—we've been dull here—the theatres are just opening—let's go and have another honeymoon."

With the blessed soaring ease of women who love, Constance's mood changed between breaths. She was transfigured; she shivered for joy under his caressing hand, her whole being warmed and opened out into happiness in the miracle that only her husband could effect. Hiding deep in her heart an ache she did not recognize, she responded with the exhilaration of relief to all his projects.

He rose to make the arrangements for their journey, and bending over her fondly, he kissed her with a new ardor. "Ah, Constance dear, there's just *nothing* you couldn't make me do! It's true that a man's wife winds him around her little finger—and it's all right, too!"

The words still rang in the silent room after he had left her. Yes, she had conquered him, she told herself, and ruefully summoned all her determination to put out of her sight the cost of her victory. She was quivering still from his caresses, but her knees shook under her with another agitation as she stood before the tall pier-glass trying, with shaking fingers, to arrange her hair. She looked resolutely at her own face and past it into the years to come, accepted once and for all a new sadness in her eyes, and turned joyously to meet her husband.

A Study in Emotions

By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

Author of "An April Princess," "For Heart o' Gold," etc., etc.

THE study window was open, and the cool, rain-scented air entered refreshingly. The reading-lamp cast a circle of light upon the litter of books and papers on the table; Nina was repeating French verbs, Margaret's face was bent over a crabbed looking exercise, Noel sprawled in the armchair with his feet over the side, languidly trifling with his Euclid.

"Oh, by the by, what did they say about my bicycle?" asked Noel's sister, looking up from her books with a start of recollection. Margaret was sixteen, had just attained the dignity of long skirts, and in a year would proceed to college from the high school; she viewed life with proportionate earnestness.

"Your bicycle?"

Noel put down his Euclid suddenly. College is a vague shadow on the indefinite horizon of fourteen, but Margaret's bicycle rose up with horrible distinctness.

"I don't believe you've ever taken it!" said Margaret.

"The fact is—" said Noel, and stopped. No fact presented itself at the moment except the damning one that he had completely forgotten the bicycle's existence from the moment that Margaret had wheeled it out to him in the garden, with strict injunctions to take it at once to the cycle-mender.

"You don't mean it's been out in all that storm!" said Margaret, with a rising inflection in her voice. "My new free wheel!"

"It won't have hurt it," said Noel sulkily. Conscience was gripping him with iron fingers. "Anyhow, it's no use rowing, now the thing's done!"

"Do you think I don't know that!" exclaimed Margaret with indignant bitterness. "You never do a thing for any one! After all the trouble I've had coaching you, you deliberately leave my cycle out in that fearful storm, and you haven't even the grace to be sorry!"

"I never wanted to be coached," said Noel,

who was never more defiant than when he was most deeply repenting.

"You're an ungrateful little beast!" said Margaret, and swept out of the room, while Noel laughed a reckless laugh. But the laugh was mirthless, and the equations danced upon the page unmeaningly. The accusing silence became painful; Noel rose.

"Where are you going?" asked his younger sister.

Nina was twelve and assertive of her woman's privileges. Between her and Noel stretched a gulf of mutual irritation. Now she followed him into the hall, and hung on the banisters in an offensively watchful fashion.

"What's that to do with you?" said Noel, hunting for his cap.

"I only asked," answered Nina.

"If you'd mind your own business now and then, it would be a good thing!" growled Noel, finding his cap in a soaked umbrella.

"Really, Noel, your temper is getting worse and worse each day," said Nina, with sisterly concern. "And you know mother doesn't like you to go out so late. Have you finished all your lessons?"

"Go and play with your dolls," said Noel between his teeth, and slammed the door politely in his sister's face.

The breath of summer whispered in the darkness; the leaves of the trees that stood along the sidewalk were dripping and fragrant after the rain; far in the distance sounded the rattle of the trams. Noel hesitated, then turned and walked slowly up the road. The scent of the lime trees was intense in the darkness. Presently the houses ceased; Noel had reached the bridge, whose low parapet afforded a convenient place for meditation; he sat down and kicked his heels against the stones.

What if he *had* forgotten Margaret's bicycle? Could he help his memory? Why, only yesterday he *had* assisted her to develop photographs for two hours! Of course, that

was forgotten. Sisters remembered only grievances!

The water gurgled soothingly between the arches; he felt a melancholy that was not unpleasant. It was at least more bearable out here in the moonlight than in the lamp-lit study, with Nina's shrill voice nagging, and the endless scratching of Margaret's pen. How petty a man's life became, lived under sisters' criticizing eyes!

Noel began to throw stones in the river. What he wanted was romance and adventure!

If only there were some desperate deed to do! Some criminal to track! Some girl to rescue!

Noel rose up from the wall and rammed his hands into his pockets.

Action! That was what a man wanted!

The ting-ting of a bicycle bell sounded across the bridge. A whirl of wheels, and a cycle whizzed up to him and stopped.

"Have you a match, please?"

A small girl in a scarlet tam-o'-shanter was addressing him: she stood beside her bicycle, short-skirted, trimly shod, black stockinged. In calmer moments and by the light of day Noel would have noticed a certain assurance and a propensity to toss her head similar to the traits he disapproved of so strongly in his sister Nina. But to-night he was athirst for romance!

"I don't like going into the town unless my lamp is lit," said the Vision, with the haughty air of one who is accustomed to give orders.

"I'll light it for you," murmured Noel, advancing with a match-box. He opened the lamp as slowly as possible.

"Your wick's nearly through. Have you far to go?" asked Noel with a beating heart, and marveling at his own courage.

"St. James's Road," replied the stranger. "It's that big red house at the corner. We've only just moved to Jeunesstown, and I lost my way, and got caught in the storm and had to shelter. I meant to be home before dark. Won't the wick light?"

The Vision bent an imperious head above the handle-bar. Noel rose up hastily.

"Yes, it's all right now," said he.

"Thank you so much! Good night!"

A flash of patent-leather shoes twinkling on a muddy wheel, and the bicycle had whirled away between the row of lamps and lime trees, while Noel stood in the roadway, blaming himself heartily for having lighted the wick. With a little management he might

have rendered it unfit for use; then he could easily have offered to push the cycle home.

His feet led him mechanically to the red house at the corner. It stood back from the sidewalk; between the laurel trees the lights streamed forth. As he watched, the church clock chimed ten; there was no chance that the Vision would emerge again that night. Noel turned his steps toward his home.

"Where have you been?" Margaret opened the door to him. "It's after ten, and you've not touched your algebra! Mother's been worrying like anything! What have you been doing?"

Noel swung past her savagely into the hall. Words that a gentleman might employ toward a sister seemed pitifully inadequate.

"When do you mean to do your algebra?" asked Margaret, as Noel snatched up his candlestick and made for the staircase.

"I'll get up in the morning," Noel vouchsafed from the landing.

"I know what that means! Come down at once, you naughty—" Noel's door slammed to. The click of the key was heard within the lock. Sweet are the uses of a lock and key!

"I don't know what we're going to do with him," said Margaret, with the hopelessness of sixteen weary years, as she sat down opposite her mother in the study. "He ought to be punished!"

"My dear, he's fourteen!" said Noel's mother meekly. "You can't punish a boy who's as tall as Noel!"

"What has he been doing to-night, I should like to know," said Margaret, sorely hurt at Noel's reticence toward her, his sworn ally. "Why couldn't he tell me?"

Why indeed! Up-stairs Noel gazed out of the window into starry solitude. What should a sister understand about a Vision!

II

NOEL sat on a plank in the tool-shed; his chum stood beside the rabbit-hutch and poked a lettuce leaf between the bars. Distant murmurs floated from the open windows of the house, suggesting to the initiated that Margaret and Nina were skirmishing in the stormy field of Euclid.

Outside in the sunshine, the heliotrope and verbenas sent up sweet perfume from the borders. The tool-house was of corrugated iron, and the sun beat down upon it mercilessly,

while the presence of the rabbits made itself felt in the odorous atmosphere: but the tool-house had the surpassing charm of privacy.

"I'm not rotting or anything," concluded Noel, "but you never saw such a ripping girl in all your life!"

"Tall?" asked Clem, abstractedly pushing a stick between the bars.

"Fairish! She's not small," said Noel quickly.

"Dark?" Clem was insinuating the stick beneath an elderly rabbit and beginning to raise it deftly.

"I've grown out of dark girls," said Noel loftily. "It's her fair hair that's so pretty."

"As pretty as Nina's — your sister's — I mean?" inquired Clem, jerking the stick suddenly. The rabbit pawed the air and fell over with a squeal.

"Look out!" said Noel. "Of course she's prettier than Nina! I shouldn't have looked at her if she wasn't!"

Clem resumed his operations with the lettuce leaf.

"Where does she live?" he asked, drawing back the lettuce with tantalizing skill.

"In the big red house at the corner of St. James's Road."

"The house that lawyer chap has come to?" queried Clem. "If it's that girl, she goes to Miss Vincent's; but no one could call her tall!"

"I believe she has a little sister," lied Noel. "She's not a giantess, of course!"

"The girl that lives in the red house has no sister, beastly short skirts, and a perfect mop of hair," said Clem, drawing up the rabbit after the lettuce leaf till it stood upon its hind legs against the bars.

"Please leave off stuffing my rabbits," gasped Noel. "They'll burst in a minute!"

"This is the identical lettuce leaf I started with," protested Clem, rightly injured. "I haven't let 'em have a single mouthful."

"Then you're ruining their tempers. I won't have them fooled like that. It's most dangerous!" said Noel with a prompt flank movement.

"Did 'ems tease his rabbit then because they had a flaxen mop and dolly petticoats!" jeered Clem, shooting the lettuce leaf between the bars with dizzy swiftness.

"Did you hear me tell you to leave them alone?" said Noel, his face white with anger.

"Tea, tea, tea!" sang a sisterly voice from the window, and Noel stalked out of the toolshed in haughty silence.

"Noel dear, it's such bad manners to race

in like that, and leave your guest so far behind; it looks so greedy!" said his mother; and Noel sat down at the table, loathing all mankind.

"Crosspatch, draw the latch!" hummed Nina sweetly. Clem passed her the marmalade with an understanding smile. Naturally Noel had no course left but to refuse all food.

"I wouldn't sulk with the bread and butter," said Nina.

"Be quiet, Nina; just leave him alone," said Margaret, and Noel knew not which he hated most. It is well known that love makes men moody; Noel sat, a perfect Study in Emotions, throughout tea-time.

"What's the matter with Noel?" he heard Nina whispering to Clem; Noel in his dark corner, ground his teeth, and hated friend and family inclusively.

Somewhere in the twilight a bicycle was wheeling! Somewhere in the twilight a Vision in a scarlet cap held up an imperious head! And he was doomed to sit still in a stuffy study and watch his friend and Nina playing ping-pong! What mad whim had prompted him to ask Clem to tea? He refused to be drawn into the conversation; Clem's geniality maddened him.

"Noel is becoming quite impossible," said Margaret, when he had withdrawn his gloomy presence from his family, on Clem's departure. "I'm ashamed for any one to come here!"

Noel's mother sighed. "I do hope the poor boy isn't sickening for anything," she said. "He looks so yellow!"

Upstairs Noel feverishly sorted out his ties. If she went to Miss Vincent's school, he might see her in the morning. The tie he chose was flaming scarlet.

III

For three mornings running Noel had been late for school. Three mornings running a Vision on a bicycle had flashed past Noel as he hung about the corner of St. James's Road. For three evenings Noel had absented himself from his anxious family, and had promenaded fruitlessly in front of the red house.

On the fourth morning he sat at breakfast, morose and heavy-eyed. Food was of small interest. Nina and Margaret chatted on, but their voices had no power to disturb his dreams.

"I think it's most unwise to encourage Nina in these sudden friendships," he heard Mar-

garet's decisive voice remarking to her mother. "We know absolutely nothing about the girl!"

He gathered vaguely that Nina had invited somebody to tea. He was not interested; he had slept too late to see the Vision on her way to school this morning.

His Byronic gloom accompanied him to school; he greeted Clem with little enthusiasm; Clem, however, hopped around him with irritating cheerfulness, and declined to be rebuffed.

"I say, your girl knows Blenkins Minor," said Clem.

Blenkins Minor! A sudden cold sensation struck to the deepest depths of Noel's youthful heart. Blenkins Minor! His pet *bête noire*! A little tubby chap with fat pink cheeks and knickerbockers!

"She asked him to light her lamp," chirruped Clem, trying unsuccessfully to pirouette upon one toe. "She lives with her *pater* and a housekeeper; Blenkins Minor is going to get her some white mice!" And Clem struck out wildly with his left foot, maintaining an upright poise.

Shattered to its foundation, Noel's castle lay in the dust, and Blenkins Minor trampled through its ruins. Then a faint hope crept in consolingly. The first respect and awe had vanished; but he still felt interest in the Vision, and there is always pleasure in humiliating an enemy. Blenkins Minor could soon be disposed of. He walked home with curiously pleasurable excitement, and only when he was in the hall did he remember that Nina had a visitor. Through the dining-room door he recognized the giggle Nina adopted on such occasions; to-night it did not irritate him so much as usual.

He pushed open the door, entered, and stood still. A flaxen tangle shook itself across the table; two blue eyes shot a haughty glance at him, a pair of rosy lips whispered to Nina, who hid her mirth with ostentation.

The Vision sat at his own table, Nina's friend!

Noel felt tides of crimson sweeping over him; he stood awkwardly within the doorway. Ought he to recognize her? How was he to greet her?

"Isn't Noel shy?" whispered Nina, in an audible aside. "That's 'cause of you, you know!"

The Vision tossed her curls.

"Let me introduce my brother," said Margaret. Noel found himself grunting confused words that seemed to him to have no meaning.

"He doesn't in the least know what to say," murmured Nina. "Just look how red he is!"

Noel made for his seat blindly; a piercing bayonet would have been an ineffective weapon at the moment.

"Do you play cricket?" whispered Nina to the Vision, and the Vision shook her head.

"I bowl to Noel sometimes, but he gets so cross I soon give up," confided Nina artlessly. "He has a fearful temper. He's hardly spoken to us for the last three days. He left Margaret's new free wheel in the garden, and it got drenched, and——"

There is a time in the affairs of all men when the most nervous must assert his dignity. Noel raised a desperate head: he was flayed and smarting to the limit of endurance. There was only one ally at the table, an ally whom he had treated with scant consideration. He dared not look at Margaret: his voice came roughly.

"Seen what Notts has done?" he asked.

His heart gave a bound of relief at the instantaneous reply.

"No, dear. What?"

Margaret had responded nobly. Noel plunged into a sea of information.

The Vision and Nina were whispering together, but Nina's home thrusts failed to hurt him when Margaret, superior and stately, admitted him an equal to her grown up plane.

Presently he discovered that the little girls were sitting silent, listening. Noel pushed still further into complicated scores and batting averages.

Tall! Why, she was only Nina's size! To the jaundiced eyes of disillusion, she did not seem a day older than thirteen. And she was a confidante of Nina's! Noel averted his eyes in cold disgust.

"Are you doing anything to-night?" he asked of Margaret.

"Why?"

"I wondered if you'd come for a ride?" said Noel, holding out a final olive branch.

Margaret accepted gratefully.

The road lay white and still in the quiet summer's twilight; pleasant was the whir of the wheel as the bicycles bowled along over the bridge, where the river lay, a sheet of gold.

Pleasantest of all was it to chat of Nina's delinquencies and to regret with Margaret her propensity for these rash friendships. After all, love is a troublesome pursuit; Noel was not wholly sorry that his brief romance was ended.

How Moriarty Escaped

By H. R. DURANT

Illustrations by M. Stein

HE opened his eyes with a start, blinked like an animal gazing into the blinding, noonday sun, and then sat up in his narrow bed with a jerk. From the tiny window over his head the early morning light stretched across his cell and cast shadows of the two steel window-bars on the white partition opposite. He could tell by the nearness of the two shadows to the bolt-head sticking from the wall that it was six o'clock. The bolt was his daily sun-dial. Turning his head, he peered with two ratlike eyes through the steel grating of his door into the stone corridor beyond, where sat the alert, silent, grim death-watch. The prisoner's bullet head shrank into his massive shoulders, then slowly dropped forward and remained motionless, like that of a bulldog surveying a dead opponent in the blood-splashed pit. His protruding chin formed one triangle point from which a straight line could be drawn over a wide sensual mouth, a long upper lip, a pug-nose flattened and twisted like a bent corkscrew, and across a forehead hardly high enough to separate the knitted, bushy eyebrows and the black, bristly hair, to the domelike crown of his head, which formed another triangle point, and then straight down to the back of his bulging neck. What had once been ears were now two toadstool-like projections sticking from his head in ghastly prominence. Somewhere afar a bell tolled, and then the answering stillness was rent sharply, as a child's shrill, laughing treble came through the window and drummed its way into his slow brain. He shook his head pugnaciously and his repulsive face expressed the mighty sullen rage within, as he recognized the sound.

Yes, outside were children playing in the June sunshine, he reflected, with a consuming bitterness. This afternoon bands would play at the race-tracks, and to-night—where would he be to-night?—the bunch would meet in McGlory's joint over big glasses of foaming

beer and talk about him—him that had to go to the chair before the factory whistles blew at noon.

His beady eyes shot fierce beams of impotent fury around his steel-sheathed cage and then rested fixedly on a bundle of black clothes near the door. Involuntarily he gasped with uncertain terror, and then deep down in his barrel-like chest came a sickening sense of the nearness of death. Heretofore his hazy thoughts of the end had been in a dim perspective; it had been an abstract question, one unsuggested by any material symbol, but now those black, shiny garments in such a quiet, orderly pile on the cold metal floor were frightfully tangible. Here at his very feet was a beckoning finger from the grave that yawned for him. He slunk against the wall and drops of chilling perspiration dotted his apelike forehead. Between the somber coat and trousers was a layer of white, and in the gloomy light of his cell, to his limited and distorted imagination the bundle changed from its shroudlike form and suddenly loomed beside him in fiendish mockery, a veritable grinning death's-head. For an instant he snarled at it in a spasm of deadly hate, but when it seemed to dance forward, his knotted fingers convulsively clutched his throat to stifle the wild scream of nameless fear that arose to his thick lips, and then, throwing the blanket over his head, he groveled among the bedclothes in a paroxysm of helpless and immeasurable terror.

As he lay thus and shook, there was little to recall the invincible champion of two-score prize-rings, a man who had dared and defeated all who sought his title, but instead there was the cowardly brute who had viciously pounced like a wild beast upon his patient, faithful woman companion, for some fancied wrong, and had clubbed her head into an unrecognizable mass. It was for this that he must die.

His condition of abject fear slowly gave way to a strange and growing inspiration of new courage and a keen animal cunning. He cautiously slipped the blanket from his round head and his snaky eyes narrowly searched the figure of the imperturbable death-watch outside in glittering malevolence. Ah—the glistening chain ran from a button-hole in his watcher's coat to a side pocket where rested, he knew, the great prison keys. His sluggish intellect was marvelously quickened by the resolute thought of escape. Again was he the cool, resourceful fighter, mentally deliberating upon the complete physical annihilation of an elusive antagonist. Now he no longer thought of the package of black clothes at his feet! Already in his mind's eye the June sun was warming his shaven head, cool hills of waving green were gloriously greeting his vision, and fresh breezes fanned the prison pallor of his cheek into a joyous flush of anticipative freedom. The jailer's head had dropped forward a little. He was dozing!

The prisoner stepped from his bed and laying hold of the steel bars of his door, violently shook it like an enraged gorilla. At the sound of the loud rattling the death-watch sprang up, and the warden hurried down the corridor.

"What's the matter, Moriarty?" asked the warden, not unkindly; "you aren't losing your nerve at the last minute, I hope. Your breakfast will be here soon. Did you want something?"

"I want Father Ryan," he said sulkily.

"But you broke his crucifix and drove him from your cell yesterday. He said he would not come again."

"I want Father Ryan," he repeated doggedly.

"Very well—I'll have to telephone and it may take ten minutes to get him. The rest of the keepers are in there." He pointed to the end of the passage where Moriarty knew was a door that opened upon that dreaded chair, now literally waiting to infold him with its arms of death.

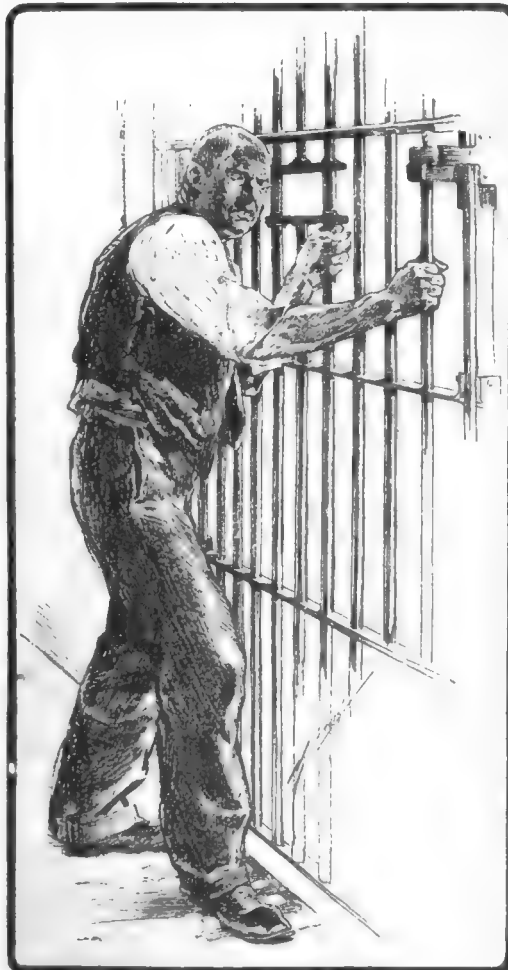
"It won't be long now, Moriarty. Keep up your courage," the warden added, in a low voice, as he turned and passed from view.

So!—the prison keepers were all in the death-chamber? Of course, the guards were outside on the walls, but only this—this guy

within six feet of him was between him and the sunlight!

"Hey, Bill!" he called, and the watcher came to the door, "s'pose we shake a good-by now—here's me left hand—it's nearest me heart."

Midway in the door was an aperture about eight inches square, through which food could be passed without unlocking the door. The watcher smiled sympathetically as he reached through the bars and then, when his charge leaned forward as though to whisper something, he bent his own head and turned his ear opposite the opening in the door. The next instant a gnarled fist shot through the hole and landed with unerring aim and fearful force directly under the keeper's ear. He



THE PRISONER SHOOK IT LIKE AN ENRAGED GORILLA.

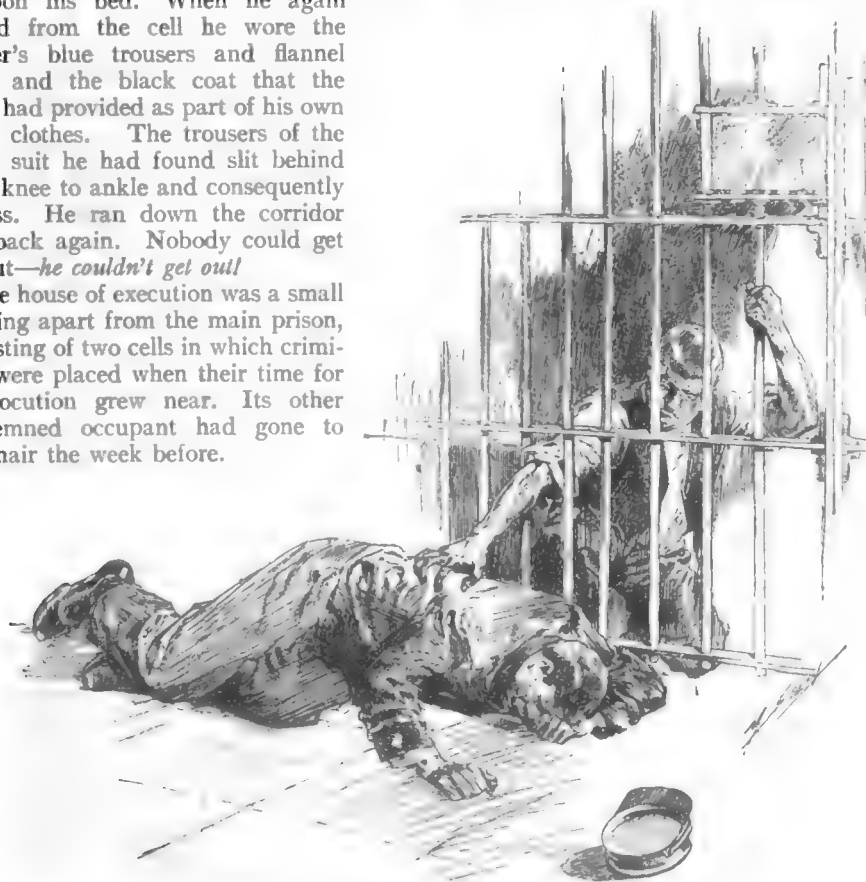
sank insensible, and Moriarty, still holding one hand in an iron grip, pulled the inert body toward him against the bars. A hairy hand tore the keys from the keeper's coat, a bolt clinked in its socket, and—Moriarty sprang into the corridor!

At his feet was the unconscious death-watch in a huddled heap. With his fanglike teeth showing in a murderous smile of glee Moriarty glided over the stone pavement with tigerish grace, noiselessly slipped a key from the bunch in his hands to the keyhole in the door leading to the death-chamber, and half turned it, thus effectually preventing any one from opening it except from his side—then—back again with stealthy tread to where the keeper lay. He stooped over him, felt for his revolver, and then—once, twice, three times the heavy butt of the weapon fell on the watcher's head, leaving a jagged, crimson track.

"That puts th' kibosh on you," he muttered as he lifted the unconscious form and slammed it upon his bed. When he again leaped from the cell he wore the keeper's blue trousers and flannel shirt, and the black coat that the State had provided as part of his own grave clothes. The trousers of the black suit he had found slit behind from knee to ankle and consequently useless. He ran down the corridor and back again. Nobody could get in, but—*he couldn't get out!*

The house of execution was a small building apart from the main prison, consisting of two cells in which criminals were placed when their time for electrocution grew near. Its other condemned occupant had gone to the chair the week before.

"There's where they fatted me like a prize hog fer th' slaughter," he growled, with a curse, as he eyed his cage again. Thirty feet above his head the corrugated sheet-iron roof sloped gradually downward to the rear wall. He had never before noticed that small wooden skylight in the roof. *There* might be a way! From wall to wall ran a round iron bar as a support to the building. It was high above his head and fully seven feet beneath the skylight. If he could only reach that bar—if *he only could!* His little eyes gleamed and he drew in his breath with a hissing noise as he saw a water-pipe running down one wall from roof to floor. In four jumps he had reached the pipe and with another spring had fastened upon it with the nimbleness of a cat. Up—up he climbed, clawing with hands, digging with feet, and gripping with knees, inch by inch, until the bar was gained. As he grasped it and swung clear in the air like a gymnast, there came a banging on the steel



MORIARTY PULLED THE INERT BODY TOWARD HIM.



IN HIS HEADLONG RUSH KNOCKING OVER A WOMAN.

door of the death-chamber. Hand over hand he went along the bar with the agility of a monkey, swinging back and forth through space in his passage like a pendulum, until he saw he was beneath the skylight. The pounding in the corner grew louder. He snarled in wolfish rage and muttered defiling oaths as he began to jerk his body forward—backward, each time gaining momentum, until at last he was under full headway, and circling like an acrobat on a horizontal bar. Then as his body soared high, poised in mid-air for the fraction of a second, and began a descent of appalling celerity, his legs straightened out and on the upward swing his feet landed full against the skylight with irresistible force. It broke from its fastenings as from the impact of a battering-ram, and then—overhead was the gold of the sun, the blue of the sky, the flocculent white clouds and—freedom!

The sharp ring of metal against metal

assailed his ears from below, and as he desperately strove to gain his equilibrium on the slippery iron surface his eyes grew blood-shot, foam came to his mouth, and his teeth gnashed incessantly like the frantic snapping of a mad dog. Slowly he arose to an upright position on the bar, weaving to and fro dizzily for a perfect balance, leaped for the skylight edge, held on for a second, and then wriggled his way up through the hole. Sliding to the edge of the roof, he hung for an instant and then dropped to the ground. He saw two children look up from their playing in wide-eyed wonder at a hatless man who had apparently fallen from the sky. He knew they were the warden's children and that their father's house was before him. The high prison wall joined the house on each side, but the house itself fronted on—the street! To the right on the massive stone abutment a man had just stepped from a turret and stood silhouetted against an azure background. Simultaneously with a puff of smoke from the man's rifle came a shower of brick-dust on his own head—the bullet was six inches too high. He dashed through the door, in his headlong rush knocking over a woman in the kitchen who was standing as one petrified, tore through the dining-room and hall, and out upon the sidewalk. In front a boy had just ridden up on a bicycle and dismounted. In another moment the boy was stretched out on his back and Moriarty was riding the wheel at a furious pace toward the open country.

On and on he sped, up hill and down with undiminished speed, beside green meadows and through stately woods until at last every blistering breath seemed a red-hot iron burning a hole in his chest, and tearing pains coursed through his legs with an untold agony. Just ahead railroad tracks crossed the highway, and here he fell from his bicycle, panting and numb. Then on his hands and knees, dragging the wheel behind, he crawled into the thick laurel and alders, and plunged forward on his face as one dead. Far away a whistle shrieked and the hills took up its echoing wail. He heard it again, this time much nearer, and accompanied by the increasing roar of pounding wheels. He staggered to his feet to see a long freight train approaching and slowing up, and he dived forward toward it. Vines and roots tripped him, thorns and brambles stung him like a nest of wasps, low branches lashed his face into livid welts, but still he reeled ahead. At last he reached the long row of empty coal-cars, scrambled over the side of the nearest one, and tumbled breathlessly to the floor. The train backed up a hundred yards and then resumed its way as a brakeman swung up on the car and dropped beside him.

"Whatcher doin' here?" he growled to the haggard-faced man at his feet. The latter's reply was to grin as a maniac grins and then crouch as if to spring at the other's throat.

"Hold on!" yelled the brakeman; "yer kin ride all right. I don't want t' put yer off." Moriarty settled back, but his glittering eyes never left the railroad man, who stood transfixed, with icy waves creeping along his spine. He knew there was murder in that hulking figure. He could see it in the twitching fingers, in the gleam of those eyes through slitted lids, in the clicking teeth of the orang-outang jaw, in the bullet head, dovetailed deep between spreading shoulders—and he made haste to show his good-will. He bent over and raised his voice above the roar of the train.

"Just broke out th' pen, didn't yer?" Moriarty silently glared at him. "That's all right, pal; keep mum if yer want t'. I'm a wise gazabo—an' I'm yer friend, at that! Are you listening?" The other nodded. "This down freight always stops here to pick up an empty or two. They'll tumble yer made this train an' lay fer yer at Poughkeepsie. Yer want t' go th' other way. 'Bout two miles below here we pick up more empties at a sidin' an' th' Chicago Express

stops there fer water. Make that Flyer an' yer git a start, anyway." As he spoke the train slackened speed and had hardly come to a full stop when the express rolled alongside. The brakeman peered between the trains, and then tapped Moriarty on the shoulder.

"Now!" he said. "Scoot fer that Pullman an' straddle a truck. Yer'll be in Chicago to-night. S'long."

From his uncomfortable position on the rear truck of the Pullman, sprawled out and hugging close lest he be shaken off and pulverized by those ringing, spinning wheels, Moriarty caught fleeting glimpses of rivers below; and stretches of thick forests and undulating fields came to his blurred vision in a lightning-like panorama. As the ties rushed underneath in an endless stream, the keen, ecstatic joy in his regained liberty soon changed to a sense of dreary monotony, and with the passing hours his unvarying, cramped position brought acute suffering that at last wore down even his dense, unimpressionable nature, so that at times his dull faculties awoke to half hysterical ravings. In rational periods he was torn with longing for man's help and a deadly fear of capture. That hideous chair was then before him, seemingly surrounded by millions of electric sparks, with flashes of death-dealing bolts shooting from it into space. Whenever the engine, without abating its flashing speed, scooped water from the reservoirs between the rails, he was soaked through and through. The stinging dust blinded him, cinders bored into his flesh and scorched his face like hot needles, and soon a raging thirst consumed him. In his racking punishment he shrieked aloud, but the grinding wheels gathered up his agonizing scream and ricocheted it back to him. Still he hung on. The sunlight faded. At long intervals the train stopped, and then came blackened imps who carried torches of fire which stifled him, and who swung huge hammers against the wheels about him until their pounding of the resounding metal rang through his ears and brain in a wild tumult. The weight of the whole car seemed on his back, his legs could brace no more, and his hands had not power left to grip a wet sponge. Then—then his teeth closed on a protruding bolt and he held on like a bulldog, as the car pitched from side to side, swerved around curves, and flew on with uncanny velocity through an inferno of sounds.

A lifetime of unspeakable misery was nearing its end. The train gradually lessened

speed and the hissing air-brakes blocked the wheels to a full stop. He had endured to the utmost of his being. Dragging himself clear he fell helplessly between the rails. The train remained motionless, yet at any moment it might proceed, and as the thought of his extremely precarious position dawned upon him he gritted his teeth and crawled clear of the rails. His feeling of complete exhaustion grew less as his blood quickened into renewed life, and, after two fruitless efforts, he stood waveringly upon his feet. He was in a freight-yard. The flaring engine headlights leered at him menacingly from the somber night; the rhythmic gasp of escaping steam was like the labored panting of hidden monsters; bells rang; cars rattled and smashed against one another, and in front of him myriads of electric lights were dancing like fireflies.

The railroad depot must be there. The muscles of his legs were twitching through the relaxing of his tense position, but after a few steps he was able to resume his old swagger. A queer sounding bell, striking spasmodically, a long, white bar soaring heavenward, and a heavy truck bounding across the tracks ahead, told him that he was at a grade crossing. He left the ties for the darkened street, one hand clutching the keeper's revolver, and his eyes, now bright as an owl's, penetrating hallways and alleys. He stopped once, to remove the hat

from a drunken man sleeping beside a billboard and place it on his own head, then lurched on. At a cross street he paused to survey a crowd of men standing under an arc light in front of a barnlike structure. It attracted him and then—intuitively—he knew that a prize-fight was taking place inside.

"What's doin'?" he asked the nearest man.

"Looks like a fakerino," was the disgusted reply. "'Prelims' went off all right, but th' star bout is all t' th' bad. Half past 'leven now an' th' stiff from St. Louis what was goin' on t' do a final 'f fifteen with th' Chicago 'Cyclone' ain't showed up. If he don't flash pretty quick th' mob 'll be squealin' fer their mazuma."

Moriarty quickly elbowed his way through



the crowd and stood before the ticket seller, who scowled at the grimy, repellent face framed in the small window.

"Whatcher want?" growled the official.

"Just left me job in th' coal yard," he answered. "If yer want any one t' go on wi' th' Cyclone—I'm it!"

"You?" in exasperated derision; "why, he'd knock yer dead. Ever do any scrap-pin'?"

"Just a few. Show me some clothes an' if I don't beat his block off I don't git a sou—ain't that good enough fer you?"

HE CRAWLED INTO THE THICK LAUREL AND ALDERS.

After a hurried conversation within he was escorted to a dressing-room, and while he was making ready he heard the announcer bawling the welcome news that the management had arranged a bout between the Chicago "Cyclone" and an unknown.

The familiar roar of applause that arose at his appearance was like rich wine to his blood, the smoke-laden atmosphere was sweet incense to his nostrils, and he sprang through the ropes with a set expression of ferocity on his ugly face. Everything was unchanged to him except the chair in his corner—for the first time in his ring career he found a seat provided that had arms to it. That was funny! A chair with wide arms in a fighter's corner! Well, his handlers didn't seem to mind it. He thought it was peculiar that they should press him back in his chair and whisper words of advice in his ears. Across the ring his antagonist daintily shuffled his feet in the powdered resin, danced nimbly about on his toes, and tested the taut ropes. Overhead the arc lights shed blinding rays upon the padded floor, and Moriarty noticed that they were fed by a long, swaying wire that ran from the side of the building. Midway in the air a tiny spark played along its surface. The twinkling light fascinated him, and though when the gong clanged for the call of time he advanced toward his opponent in his usual menacing manner, he was still holding that flashing spark above with the corner of his eye.

He feinted, led, countered, and clinched with the easy mechanical movements of all boxers in every opening round, and returned unruffled to his corner for the moment's rest—all in the usual way, except for an inexplicable desire to keep that bright electric spark overhead within his vision.

He grasped the arms of his chair again—such hard, wide arms!—and then observed that the spark had grown larger and was sputtering belligerently in a blue flame. He gazed at it first in wide-eyed amazement, watching its increasing glow fearfully with staring eyes, and then fairly shaking with vague terror. Suddenly there was a lightning-like flash, a sharp cracking noise, and the wire parted. Writhing and snapping, the glowing end, alive with death-dealing fire, fell toward

him, and he sought to jump, but too late!—those chair arms held him fast as in a vise and in another instant the quivering wire had coiled around him with the speed of light, wrapping him tight with red-hot bands that burned to the bone. The sputtering head of the molten snake struck at the back of his neck, searing its way to his brain, his eyeballs split in twain, and his legs were encased in a withering furnace fire of white heat. He caught the odor of sizzling flesh, strove with one supreme effort to escape the horrible, intolerable torture, and—

The bright incandescent light over the straining figure in the high-backed chair went out as the current was shut off, and the lifeless body of Moriarty, the murderer, relaxed limply. The State physician made the usual death tests and, stepping back, said, with a sigh of relief:

"Well, he's dead at last!"

The attendants unstrapped the warm body and stretched it upon the table. The trembling, white-faced witnesses slowly filed out.

"Never in my experience," declared the physician, "have I seen such power of resistance as he possessed against the voltage we gave him. These animal-like beings are naturally incapable of keen, quick impressions. They are not immediately susceptible to punishing sensations as are you and I. The prize-fighter becomes successful in his profession because a hard blow on the jaw is not telegraphed to his brain with the result that would follow were a man of a delicate, nervous organism to receive the same blow."

"Doctor, do you imagine these criminals suffer any when electrocuted?" asked the warden.

"Not at all," he answered; "they never know what strikes them."

"Well, this prize-fighter, Moriarty, was a great surprise to me. We found him moaning with his head under the bedclothes when his time came. He was too weak with fright to dress himself. We got him ready and hurried him here as fast as we could. He lost his nerve completely—in fact, I am sure his mind was wandering. Yes, doctor, that is all—I am glad it's over."



Young Lady

by JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS



YOU can say what you like about poverty," declared Mrs. Seaver, substituting a white apron for a blue-checked and a baby for a duster with brisk, capable movements. "Of course, it has its deprivations; but I tell you, Nanny, it means freedom. Not dreadful, slum poverty—I don't mean that; but honest, scrimping, hopeful, one-girl poverty, like ours."

Nanny knelt before the baby and made love to his curled-up feet while he stared at her dispassionately over his bottle.

"It may be good for your character, but I don't see where the freedom comes in," she objected, lifting heavy, unsatisfied eyes to the contented face above her. "Why, you can't even get away from town in summer."

"And that is just it—we don't have to," was the triumphant answer. "If we were a little better off, we should be struggling to manage it. But, as it is, we have this nice, cool little flat, and the square for baby, and any number of amusing people to drop in on us, and Ned and I have all sorts of sprees—oh, you have no idea what fun the poor have in summer. We'll show you. It isn't as if we hadn't the east wind, you know; we don't swelter like New York."

"Oh, you are growing into one of those

hateful optimists, who see good in everything; you had a touch of it at college, but I hoped life had cured you." Nanny pulled a cushion from a chair and stretched her thin length on the floor, looking up at her hostess with moody amusement. "I have seen the poor taking their humble pleasures, my dear Laura, and felt not one pang of envy. I want a full, rich, padded life—good-looking, well-bred people coming and going, and beautiful surroundings and—and—oh, well, I take my poverty philosophically; I don't whine. But I am not going to pretend that I like it or that I spell freedom that way."

Mrs. Seaver looked down thoughtfully at the small, delicately cut face. The big, restless, gray-black eyes still held the look of smoldering darkness that had awed and allured her at their meeting, nine years ago, in the first strangeness of college halls; but the mouth had learned an ironic smile for smothered fires.

"Do you like your teaching?" she asked abruptly.

"No. What a silly question!"

They both laughed. "What part of your life do you like?" Laura persisted. "There must be gleams somewhere."

Nanny considered. "The half-hour after I

get to bed," she said finally. "I can always be a princess in the dark. Yes, that half-hour almost makes up for everything."

"Nonsense!" Laura exclaimed. "That's morbid. Half-hours in bed indeed—and at your age! Here, take baby a minute."

Nanny held out her arms in wide welcome. "What are you going to do?" she asked amusedly.

"Send for Peter Croft," was the emphatic reply.

"Why Peter Croft?"

Mrs. Seaver paused in the doorway. "Because he is a vagabond, a wanderer on the face of the earth; because he hasn't a cent to his name, but gets more out of life than any padded millionaire that ever breathed gold-dust; because he can teach you a thing or two, Nanny Oliver!"

Early that afternoon, while the sun was still boring mercilessly through the dense trees of their little twisted street, the two women came out in cool summer dresses, with parasols and magazines.

"Grand people have a complicated time getting to the seashore, but the poor can just go," Laura had boasted. "You'll see."

They took an open car that plunged through squalid streets and smells until, half an hour later, it brought them to the water-front; then, with eyes narrowed against the glaring, quivering light, they followed an interminable wooden pier that finally deposited them on a small green island. On the far side of this they came abruptly upon a surprise: cool blue waves were rippling in straight from the ocean, and white sails, slanting past, left a trail of romance. The city had completely disappeared. Nanny exclaimed with pleasure.

"Didn't I tell you?" Laura demanded. "Now if we can find a spot a little apart from the crowd——"

There undeniably was a crowd. They settled themselves in a nook that suggested seclusion, but the number of visitors to the square yard of island increased with every ten minutes. Children ran shrieking across their grassy hollow, mothers spread their shawls to right and left, newspapers and banana skins blossomed in the trodden grass, resounding punishments and stolidly open love-making went on about them; and the entire island seemed to be eating.

"It is such a decent, good-humored crowd, one doesn't mind it," said Laura.

"Yes," said Nanny, fixing her eyes persistently on the reviving, leaping sapphire of

the bay. Two little boys with mouth-organs seated themselves near by and began to play rival tunes. Presently an ambling and unclean old man joined them and volunteered information about the harbor. Then a shrill game was organized on the bank above them. And yet only an hour and a half had gone by.

"Did you ever feel anything as heavenly as this breeze?" asked Laura. "I hate to move, but we really ought to be starting back before very long."

Nanny rose as though on springs. The glare still sent stabbing pains through their eyes as they plodded back with the ceaseless procession over the long pier. The open cars were crowded, but Mrs. Seaver cleverly found seats for both and beamed congratulations as they wedged themselves in. Nanny, not to appear unappreciative, endured the overflowing of the loosely corpulent person beside her until his head drooped drowsily toward her shoulder; then she sprang up with a shudder. The conductor, grinning, roused her neighbor. Every one was grinning, and even Laura looked amused. Nanny set her teeth and tried to take an interest in the dingy, downtrodden streets with their look of greasy poverty and their stands of shriveled fruit. The clean, fresh little home opened to her like a sanctuary. Without comment, she flew to the bath-tub.

"Laura says you had a nice excursion this afternoon," Ned congratulated her as they sat down to dinner.

"At least, I think she enjoyed it," Laura amended. Nanny's native frankness could bear no more.

"Well, she didn't!" was the explosive reply. "Laura, if you thrust any more humble pleasures on me, I shall go home by the next train! It was *horrible*. Oh, the smells, and the jarring voices, and the ugly sights, and the crowd jammed into one, touching one at every side—I did my best, Laura, and I am anything you want to call me; but if I had to live through it again, I should die!"

Laura laughed ruefully but with perfect good nature.

"Oh, poor Nanny! I am so sorry. But you must not give up just yet, must she, Ned? Don't you think, with Peter Croft to help educate her——" Some expression on her husband's face made her pause and glance over her shoulder. In the doorway behind her stood a long, loose figure looking quizzically down on Nanny's dark braids.

"Ah, no, I can't help her," he said as Laura

started up with a laugh. "She is a young lady, and young ladies don't like the masses."

"Remember, it is her first plunge, Peter," Laura urged as she introduced him and set a place for him opposite Nanny. He shook his head dubiously.

"That was perfect young-ladyism, that little *cri du cœur* I overheard," he objected. "I am helpless before it. While I was expounding my great doctrines, she would be noting my bad manners."

Nanny's eyes met his with a hint of challenge. "That is wholly possible," she said coolly. "Still, if you are a great enough teacher—just what is it you teach?" A smile lit his thin, lined face into a momentary loveliness.

"I teach the art of curiosity," he said, and would explain no further.

A faint breath of coolness had come with evening. After dinner they went eagerly to the windows and leaned out.

"Peter, take Miss Oliver out and give her a good time," Laura commanded. "I can't leave baby to-night, and Ned can't leave me."

Mr. Croft glanced at Nanny in whimsical alarm.

"But I don't know how to amuse a young lady," he protested.

"But it is precisely to cure her of being a young lady that a wise Providence has sent her here. Do what you like with her, Peter; I give you *carte blanche* and a latch-key."

"You dare risk it?" he asked Nanny.

"If I don't like it, I shall say so," she assented.

They walked slowly down the little twisting street, the warm darkness, silver-tipped with cool, resting deliciously on their faces and bare hands.

"What is a young lady, from your standpoint?" Nanny began abruptly.

He considered. "I should say it was one in whom the little senses had been developed at the expense of the big sensibilities."

"The little senses—sights and smells and sounds—oh, yes, then I am absolutely a young lady," she admitted.

"No, not absolutely," he corrected her.



NANNY ENDURED THE OVERFLOWING OF THE LOOSELY CORPULENT PERSON BESIDE HER.

"If you were, you would be angry now. Vanity is one of the little senses, you know."

"Oh, I am—furious, only I am too proud to show it." He bent his head to glance under her hat brim and their eyes met with amused serenity.

"No; I begin to consider you a hopeful case," he decided. "Do you like to dance?"

"Very much. Is that a good symptom or a bad?"

He smiled but did not explain. They had turned, not toward the trees and the open places, but into small back streets that brought them presently to a wider thoroughfare where open cars crashed and jolted by crowded with shirt-waisted women and coatless men, where the sidewalk couples strolled in leisurely promenade and the windows showed remnants of what had been a crowd still dining at counters or at marble-topped tables in a white blaze of light. It was curiously stimulating, this great common stream of life, so complete in itself, so indifferent to a passing young lady. Nanny liked the lights, the great blocks of ice holding clams and the scarlet shine of lobsters in the windows; the ripple of a belated street-piano tempted her feet. A novel sense of freedom, coming in part from her linen dress and gloveless hands, gave a touch of recklessness to her gaiety.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "No one has explained you to me. Do you belong here?"

"Here and everywhere."

"What do you do?"

"For my living? Write."

"Write well?"

"Altogether too well. The papers won't leave me in peace."

"What do you want to do with your peace?"

"Live and learn. And teach!"

"Teach—young ladies?"

He laughed. "Yesterday I should have said, God forbid!"

"Whom, then?"

"Any one who wants to know the things other people have taught me. I am a clearing-house for wisdom and experience—by the grace of curiosity!"

"What shall you do with it all?"

"Wait ten years and see."

"I suspect that you are trying to arouse the grace of curiosity in me."

"I wish I could. Don't you even wonder where we are going?"

"Oh, I will trust it to you," she said confidently. Nevertheless she felt a pang of

apprehension when they turned into an obscure side street and, entering a lighted doorway, paused before a ticket window. The ruddy German within greeted Peter cordially by name and handed him two tickets in return for fifty cents.

"Up here," said Peter, turning to a bare and dusty flight of stairs. The strains of a band came to them as they mounted, and the young-lady feet faltered.

"What sort of place is it?" The question would come, and it brought him to a halt.

"Perfectly respectable," he assured her, a latent twinkle in his eyes. "A German dancing-club—they are friends of mine, so I can get in. But if you——"

"Oh, no," said Nanny politely.

It undeniably was respectable. She had a momentary impression of sedate German faces smiling above high-necked gowns or perspiring above every-day coats. Then she forgot everything but her starved love of dancing. Waltz after waltz they danced in happy silence; it was like a deep draft of something heretofore only tasted. The intoxication of it was brimming in her eyes when at last they stopped.

"So the poor do have good times in their way?" he ventured. His eyes kept coming back to her lighted face.

"Perfectly beautiful!" She laughed at her own complete surrender. "And they are all so nice and kind and friendly—everybody likes everybody, and I love them all!"

"Ah, and I called you a young lady! Forgive me."

"What am I now?"

His lovable smile warmed and lit his thin, lined face. "A remarkably good dancer," he said. "Here comes the master of ceremonies. Will you meet him?"

"Surely. And dance with him, too!"

Her elation carried her flying through the introduction and presently well out on the floor in the arms of Herr Schwartz. And then a curious thing happened. Once out of sight of Peter Croft, her gaiety dropped as though struck with a stone. Cold dismay clutched at her like a physical illness. What was she doing here in this vulgar hall, held against the stuffy coat of a pompadoured, red-faced barber or grocer, merged in this dreadful, alien crowd? What right had any one to put her in such a position—and how came she to be there with a man she had scarcely met? She was furious at herself, at Peter, at the Seavers.

After one turn about the hall she came to a halt.

"I am tired," she explained, and looked desperately about for Peter. He joined her very soon, but the wait had seemed interminable and she met him coldly.

"I wish to go home," she said, and led the way out, ignoring his presence.

Peter's keen eyes probed her profile, but his only outer recognition of her mood was to take her home by devious quiet streets, avoiding the lighted thoroughfare and the summer-night crowds. He did not talk, and some quieting element of his presence gradually soothed her alarmed fastidiousness and made her even a little ashamed of it. She glanced up at him as they passed a street-lamp, and their eyes met.

"I *am* a young lady," she confessed. "I only like the masses when I'm a little—a little——"

"Drunk," he finished, with humorous understanding.

"Exactly. Thank you. But why do I have to like them?"

"Ah, you don't; but you have to be open to all things human, high or low, to be eternally conscious that—well, that everybody is *somebody*. Once you have realized that, you forget all about 'liking'—it doesn't matter any more. You may rather love them, that's all."

A slow motion of her head expressed skepticism. "What is it you are going to do in ten years?" she asked.

"Wait and see!"

In the weeks that followed Nanny had numberless excursions, up and down the coast by boat, by trolley out into the country, by canoe along a still, moonlit river. She also went to a socialist meeting, a political rally, a police-court Monday morning, and a Methodist tent-meeting. She was frequently in crowds; and when these came too close for her nerves, Nanny said scornfully to herself, "Young lady!" But Peter had a way of deftly putting himself between her and the worst of it. Once settled, he was as apt to talk to the stranger on the other side as to her. When this stung she called herself "Young lady!" more scornfully than ever, and bent forward to listen and take part. It was good talk, for Peter was quite clear as to what he wanted, and knew how to get it.

"Will it really be ten years before you have written your book?" she asked one day in a casual voice. He started and gave her a sharp look, then answered simply, "Ten at

least. How did you find me out?" he added presently. She laughed but offered no explanation. He talked to her about it sometimes, after that, and her respect for him took on a humble admiration.

Mrs. Seaver was openly triumphant about the progress of her education; yet the phenomenon that had spoiled the dance still persisted. With Peter, she found the world full of interesting individuals; without him, these at once became blurred into alien and repugnant masses. She was too dreamily happy to ask herself the reason for this. When at last the explanation was thrust upon her, it acted like a sudden draft on a fire that has been stealing unsuspected behind blind walls. Peter himself, all unconsciously, supplied it, coming in one evening with an alert air of good news.

"Lucia is back," he announced.

Mrs. Seaver was enthusiastically glad. "Nanny must meet her," she added. They told her a great deal about Lucia that evening. She had been West on behalf of the women's trade-unions, for which she was an ardent worker. She had a wonderful brain—and the dearest, merriest brown eyes—and a nature as big as all outdoors—and she adored the baby—and she understood social conditions better than any woman east of Jane Addams. Laura would have gone on with her part of the duet after Peter had left—he stayed only a little while—but Nanny escaped to her own room. The smoldering conflagration had leaped out at her from every side and she crouched in the midst, frightened, tortured, and desperately angry.

"I won't, I won't," she cried, her face crushed against the bed, beside which she had flung herself. "It is absurd, impossible. I couldn't lead his life—I don't want to! I have gone mad. That hateful paragon woman with her trade-unions—I hope he does care for her. That will make it easier to get away. She would probably like living in the slums. Oh, the dirt and the smells and the sordid ugliness—" She forced her mind to picture the scenes in which the woman whom Peter loved must pass her life—and above the squalor suddenly appeared his face, the keen, honorable eyes looking straight into hers. "Oh, he is a *man*," she exclaimed breathlessly, and the pain caught her again so sharply that she nearly cried out. All the summer glamour had been torn off the world when at last the dawn came. She had decided that she

would not love Peter, and that she would go away.

Laura combated her intention to leave at once so vigorously that she compromised on the end of the week, and felt a contraband relief in the respite. The first sight of Lucia—that evening, at a meeting on behalf of women's trade-unions—was another relief. For an hour Nanny stared at the squarely built, plain-featured woman on the platform with a fierce, wicked, and inexplicable satisfaction—inexplicable since she herself was leaving on Saturday. Yet she

had scarcely shaken Lucia's hand, afterward, when the knife was thrust back into her left side with triple force. Perhaps it was those kindest, merriest brown eyes, and the whole-souled sweetness of the mouth beneath them; perhaps it was some intangible look in them when they were turned on Peter, or the vast amount he and she had to say to each other when the crowd gave them a chance.

"Isn't she splendid?" murmured Laura as they stepped back to make room for others. "She would be perfect for Peter, wouldn't she?—only he is too thorough a vagabond to marry, I am afraid."

Peter did not come near them for three days; and she was leaving on Saturday. On the third evening, when the hour for expecting him had gone by, Nanny slipped out by herself and walked slowly down the little twisted street. She did not know where she was going; she simply said to herself that she "couldn't bear it."

Half-way down the second block a long figure was leaning against the trunk of a horse-chestnut. He lifted a pale, lined, tired face at her step.

"Nanny!" The smothered word, spring-



LACHMAN

"I AM A YOUNG LADY," SHE CONFESSED.

ing to meet her, caught her breath away. Peter thrust out his hands, and even before they closed over her own she knew with a stab of joy that he too was suffering and fighting. From their meeting hands the tide swept up into their faces. Then he drew away from her almost impatiently.

"I came out for a breath of air," began Nanny, not knowing what she said.

"Yes, it is warm," he admitted stiffly, and they walked slowly down the hill together.

"Ah, he's fighting hard, the dar-

ling!" she thought, glad and amused and very tender of him. Aloud she said pleasantly that they had missed him. "I am going on Saturday," she added, glancing up to see how deeply it hurt.

"I am very sorry to hear it," he said composedly. This was fighting rather too well. Moreover, he had turned back at the end of the block as though to deposit her at her door as quickly as possible.

"Won't you give me a last adventure?" she asked. "I am sure you haven't wholly finished my education—have you? I want something exciting this time, something I shall always remember," she went on. "A fire or a murder, perhaps. Can't you manage it for me?"

"Why, I think I can find something of the sort." His voice was persistently dry. "I will look it up."

"Do you think I am any less of a young lady?" she pleaded.

"Decidedly less—almost cured, I should think. Though perhaps it is I that am turning into a young gentleman," he added with an irritable jerk of his shoulder. She laughed at the idea, with a deeper note for what was implied.

"I don't believe you are," she said mildly.

"No. I am a vagabond to the end. I have no right to be anything else, and no desire. It is my life. Good night."

He shook her hand briefly and left her without a glance. Nanny slipped undiscovered into her own room and when she had closed the door stood motionless in the darkness for a blind interval. Then she roused herself with a long sigh.

"She is worth six of me, that Lucia," she said, half aloud. "She is the right person for him. I'm not. And he knows it. But just the same"—she caught her breath sharply—"I can be anything on earth, if he cares! If I can have him, I promise by everything that binds promises that I will give him what she would give." Her hands caught and clung to each other. "Oh, there's nobody like him!" she whispered.

He was his usual alert, kindly, impersonal self when he came for her early the next afternoon. She would have been cast down but for the tired lines about his eyes and mouth.

"You said you wanted an adventure," he reminded her warningly as they set out.

"So I do."

"Very well. Do you know what a pool-room is?"

"Something that is always being raided by the police."

He laughed. "Exactly. It is a place where people bet on the races, and is contrary to the law. Now can you guess?"

"We are to see a raid!"

"We are. I don't as a rule have anything to do with the police—it would hamper me; but I have an intimate at headquarters and he put me on to this. Whoever is caught, you know, we sha'n't be. That is all arranged. Only we shall have to dash for liberty as briskly as anybody, for the sake of appearances. Does that meet your requirements?"

It so much more than met them that for the moment Nanny was appalled. All her joy in Peter was needed to keep her spirits up as they turned to obscure back streets under a soft gray sky of coming rain.

A commonplace brick house admitted them to what seemed to be merely a cheap restaurant. A little stealing excitement began to lift Nanny above her inner repugnance to her surroundings as she followed Peter along a passage and up a steep flight of back stairs. At the top a youth threw back a door with a word of recognition for Peter.

A pool-room did not look so very dreadful at first sight. There was a crowd of men, here and there a woman; a blackboard with a list of names; a sort of booth with a window, through which the man within seemed to be doing brisk business. Nanny understood nothing except that she and Peter had both backed a horse named Blackberry, whose prowess was to be transmitted from telephone to blackboard. The crowd interested her far more than her stake—shabby derelicts, cheap sports, vapid, unwashed young men, a stout, overdressed woman who breathed audibly as the writing on the wall progressed, a little bent Italian who scowled so heavily at Peter that she drew his attention to it.

"Oh, yes, Joe hates me all right," he said indifferently. "I bore witness against him in a police court not long ago. Do you realize that Blackberry has drawn the rail?"

"Too bad," said Nanny vaguely, and reflected without understanding his sudden smile. Her eyes went back to the Italian, who was whispering vehemently to the man in the booth with a quick jerk of his head toward Peter. She heard the answer:

"Oh, he's all right, Joe; he's with us. I know him like a book. Don't you worry."

The words recalled to her with a start of fright the reason for their presence. For the moment she had blessedly forgotten the coming raid. Suspense was always as intolerable to her as bodily pain; moreover, she felt ashamed, as if she were meanly conspiring against these unsuspecting waifs and strays. After that, every opening of the door, every movement of the crowd, brought a cold wave of apprehension. The excitement before the blackboard grew more intense, there were muttered exclamations, now and then a smothered cheer, but her blurred senses could not take in what was written nor follow what was said; she could only wait in blind terror. She longed unspeakably to go away; but pride, and the fact that she was standing close beside Peter, kept her there, white but outwardly composed.

"Well, Blackberry wasn't among the also-rans, anyway," said Peter. "Shall we try Morgana or——"

It was coming. Her strained senses divined rather than heard scurry and confusion in the house below.

"O Peter!" she gasped, thrusting her hand into his.

Through the door was flung a warning exclamation that seemed to explode like

a bomb in the compact crowd, scattering it into a dozen scrambling batches. Men took desperately to the fire-escape and the passages as heavy boots came trampling up with the bold stride of the law. Peter whirled Nanny through a side door and up a breathlessly steep flight to an attic in the wake of a dozen flying men and women. Up the ladder to the roof they swarmed, swearing, panting, tripping, and stumbling.

Rain was already pattering on the roof. They ran along it in crouching file between lines of clothes ostensibly hung there to dry, and popped down like gophers through the open scuttle-hole of the next house. Peter, scrambling down, swung Nanny to her feet beside him and they stood facing each other in the mellow brown dusk of an empty garret, breathless with laughter. Then the scuttle darkened, and Nanny saw the bent form of the Italian for an instant against the gray sky.

"Peter, look out!" she called with a swift intuition of danger. She saw a quick swing of Joe's arm as he flashed down the ladder, and there was a sound of a blow, dull but ominous. Then he was swallowed down a black opening, and Peter lay crumpled at her feet.

When Peter came drifting back from long reaches of darkness, he found himself lying in passionately tender arms, while a white face, wet with tears and wholly unconscious of them, bent over him. It was very good. He closed his eyes again with a deep breath of content and pressed his cheek closer to the soft shoulder that mothered him. Then with the realization of an ache in his head came other unpleasant realizations. He drew himself up somewhat giddily, propping himself against the ladder, and attempted a smile.

"Well, Joe got even," he commented, feeling his head with cautious fingers. "Glad he didn't use a knife."

"I am afraid you are badly hurt." Nanny's voice was helplessly unsteady.

"Oh, no, thanks to you. I turned when you called out and the blow glanced. I shall be all right in a moment or two, if you don't mind waiting in this vile place."

"I don't mind anything on earth if you're not hurt"; and she dropped her face into her hands. He watched her in silent distress for a moment. Then, as though he could bear it no longer, he laid his hand on her knee.

"Ah, Nanny, Nanny, why am I a vagabond and you a lady!"

"But I am not, I'm not any longer," she

whispered. The hand on her knee was mutely begging, and she put one of hers into it.

"It isn't that I could not provide properly for my wife," he went on presently. "God knows, I could—I could earn a good living any moment. But I have no right to. I have set myself to a piece of work; dearest woman, I can't turn away from it. Can you understand?" The hand within his seemed very small and cold, and he bent his cheek to it. "The board and roof I could offer are not fit for you, Nanny. I have fought it all out. Don't let us—" His voice faltered.

"O Peter, they *are* fit," she cried, suddenly finding her strength. "Don't you suppose I have fought it out, too? There isn't one inch of your life too hard or too poor or too ugly for me. I should not ask one thing more. How can I make you believe me?" He had drawn away his hand and they confronted each other through the brown dusk in a silence broken only by the rain on the roof while a flash of hope sprang up in his eyes, then died away again.

"You think so now," he said sadly. "When it was too late—for God's sake, Nanny, don't tempt me, don't make it too hard. Have you grown to like the sort of surroundings where I must spend my life?"

"No." She paused, gathering herself together for one great effort. "Let me say everything, just once. Don't interrupt till I have finished, and then I won't say another word, whatever you decide. No—I have to be honest with you—I haven't grown to like your surroundings; I've only grown not to care what I like or don't like. My little senses have been swallowed up, not in—what did you call it?—my big sensibilities, but in you—in you. Ah, no one will ever give you a bigger love than this—you can't let it go. And it wouldn't be a burden—I should be a wise lover, dearest; only you have to see it all just this once.

"Now listen. The promises of the marriage service will be so many wasted words from me to you; I could no more help loving and honoring and obeying you than I could help breathing. But here is my real marriage vow to you"—she was kneeling beside him, her hands clasped against her breast: "I, Anna, solemnly and in the sight of God, dedicate myself, my love, and my labor to your work. I promise to serve it both by deed and by forbearance to the uttermost limit of my strength, from this time forth and forevermore. And thereunto I plight thee my troth." Tears sprang to her eyes. "Oh, I



FRIGHTENED, TORTURED, AND DESPERATELY ANGRY.

know what it means, what it will cost—I am not afraid! And you will go farther and faster because there is some one who believes in you like this. Don't you see that? And if ever I fail you, if I forget, you can say to me, 'You have broken your marriage vows and you must go away.' And I will go away and stay until I am worthy to come back. My great love, isn't this—all?"

Her palms were pressed against his coat, her eyes lifted to his, all their dark fires ablaze at last. The white humility of his face was burned away in an answering flame. As he bent toward her she crept into his arms, to lie there very still while the summer rain beat on the roof, taking unto itself for all their lives a marvelous sound of heavily beating hearts.

Is There an American Type of Feminine Beauty?

Being an Excursion into the Unknown

By JAMES HUNEKER

Author of "Iconoclasts—A Book of Dramatists," "Visionaries," etc.

Illustrated with photographs of the principal winners of the state beauty contests conducted by newspapers



IS there an American type of feminine beauty? The question has been often asked, although never answered in a satisfactory manner. I frankly admit that I shall not make a new attempt, for several reasons; the principal one being an inability to comprehend the meaning of the word "type."

This is not a quibble over its etymology; rather a disbelief in any such thing. Old Flaubert swore when any one spoke of synonyms. "There are no synonyms!" he grumbled. When we say of a woman that she is of a certain type of beauty we are only adopting a formula of the lazy-minded. No two persons are alike on our globe; yet for the sake of convenience we speak of racial type. It is a method of scientific stenography, invaluable to the ethnographer who deals in broad groupings of the human race, but misleading for those students who see in each soul a distinct cosmos. And when you say "the American type of beauty" you further complicate the question: admitting that there is a type, how hopeless it is to search for it in the whirlpool of nationalities boiling over our continent. The American woman is recognized at once in Europe because of her gowns and good looks. Yet there are in America several women who are neither "stylish" nor beautiful. What is she, then, this American "type"? Is she a product of Kentucky or must she hail from Baltimore? Does Chicago send her across the waters to dazzle British peers, or has New York that monopoly? Perhaps the girl of the golden west! Perhaps the cerebral beauty from New England! Perhaps——!

But this fumbling at classification is a sure sign of masculine weakness. The man who

hesitates in declaring his preferences as to his mother's sex is lost. We either view his judgments suspiciously or reject them outright. Consider the present writer with a merciful, even pitying eye. He can swear that for him there are no ugly girls; some are prettier than others. (This epigram was first

uttered in the praise of fire-water—alas!) Therefore he is precisely the kind of man who should not write about feminine types. Each woman is of her own type. She is an individual entity. We did not have to wait for Max Stirner to apprise us of this platitude. In America to disentangle the swarm of races is a heavy enough task, without accounting for the innumerable specimens that fire the brains and blood of young men. Let us, taking our courage in our trembling hands, venture upon a rash undertaking. Let us forget the talk about types and utilize as a starting point a recent feminine manifestation in this country—the "most beautiful girl" contest started by the New York Sunday *World* and the Chicago *Tribune*. We may, peradventure, compass our end by this elliptical, withal dangerous, route.

This is not the time to delve into antique tales of beauty "contests." Doubtless there were experiments made in this perilous game long before Paris awarded the apple; or before Phryne, a "one-woman show," provoked the critical ardor of her judges on the sea strand. In a sense the medieval courts of love were beauty tournaments. And it is unnecessary to recall the joyous deeds of derring-do, the doughty feats of arms undertaken to vindicate the tastes of gallant knights. All beauty contests these, in a simple forthright style. It

yet remains for America to produce a newer version. The beauty contest by committee we have; why not let the readers of the ubiquitous Sunday newspapers vote for their idea of feminine beauty? It would be an inspiring spectacle. It would prove that the torch of the ideal, still alight, is being passed down the corridor of the ages. It would be also a testimony to our highly developed artistic sense. What could be a more astonishingly easy way to solve the hitherto insoluble problem—Who is the most beautiful girl?—than to vote *en masse* on the question? Democratic institutions would be thereby vindicated, and Emerson, with his crude notions on the subject of individual selection, taste and culture, would be completely confuted.

But already the newspapers, assisted by modern photography, have added one progressive feature: they have made the beauty contest comprehensive. Beautiful girls all over the United States, from Gloucester to the Golden Gate, were publicly invited to enter into this friendly competition. Their photographs were begged and were forthcoming. Not portraits in oil nor black-and-white, but the tale-telling photograph. Nor were full lengths as welcome as vignettes or profiles. Everything that might tempt or mislead the guileless committees astray from Draconian judgments was sternly suppressed.

After the signal had been flashed over the land the response was cataclysmic. Letter carriers staggered under gigantic burdens. Special mail deliveries were inaugurated. Wailings were heard at midnight in rural and metropolitan post-offices. It was like a blight, these tons of photographs in newspaper buildings. Park Row was aghast when over forty thousand cardboards were dumped on the *World* sidewalks. The curiosity of men was stimulated. Were there forty thousand beautiful girls in New York State? And if so—where? The ungallant query never reached the types, but without being put under oath, some of the juries on selection timidly admitted that—that—well, that *all* of the forty-odd thousand were not peerless beauties. Naturally I am not responsible for this statement, nor do I credit it.

The chief question is: How can you judge a woman by a photograph? No hesitation was shown, as these portraits prove. Setting aside as slanderous openly expressed hints that a photograph may be so retouched, manipulated and altered that a mother would not recognize her daughter, it must be conceded

that the photographs of the various winners were acknowledged to be sufficiently lifelike. I confess I prefer the old-fashioned beauty contests of St. Louis or New Orleans, of Vienna or Arles, where the woman, life size, radiant, smiling, vital, walks before the enraptured eyes of the judges. At Arles, years ago, I participated in a local contest and saw some of the handsomest creatures in the world, women who had by a miracle retained the Roman cast of features, the proud Roman bearing. Small in head, elastic of carriage, wide-hipped, with sloping shoulders, they paraded in their poor finery like goddesses suddenly descended from the clouds; while the men of the place, for the most part undersized and ugly, were woefully lacking in interest.

Picture to yourselves this wholly human fashion of deciding such a momentous question—and what can be more momentous for the human race than the beauty of women?—transposed to America, and, in some intimate amphitheatre, where one would not have to use a celestial eyepiece to an opera-glass, let us assemble five hundred or a thousand beautiful women. Pagan as is the proceeding, it would attract an audience bigger than a Wagner music-drama at Bayreuth. Then let an ideal jury be selected to render judgment, a jury composed of master painters and writers who are noted for their predilection in matters feminine, genuine critics and admirers of the sex. Henry James, George Moore, D'Annunzio, Paul Bourget, Paul Hervieu—all *féministes*, as the literary slang has it; John Sargent, Boldini, Zuloaga, Zorn, Renoir, Degas, for the painters, six men who have interpreted the charms and the defects of women of many climes, each according to his temperament. And as foreman of this extraordinary jury, President Theodore Roosevelt, conservator of the hearth and cradle. (Little danger of the anemic woman being a winner under his eagle gaze; Brunhildes and Walt Whitmanic amazons would have a sure chance of victory.) Are you doubtful that the result would be magnificent? What a standard would be set for future generations. No woman could pass Henry James without having her speech and deportment subjected to keen examination. What subtleties of temperament would not George Moore demand! D'Annunzio would not be satisfied unless there were a dash of the exotic; while Bourget and Hervieu could pass no one woman if she did not possess social grace and moral perfection. The paint-

ers would be less concerned with things below the surface; for them, and rightly too, beauty is *only* skin deep. Sargent would see that his selections were big, handsome, florid; Boldini, that they were capricious and chic; Zuloaga, that they were brunettes with coal-black hair, sparkling eyes, and the indolent swing of Seville; Zorn, that they were massive, broad-bosomed, bucolic Junos; Renoir, that they were melting, luscious, dazzling in hue; Degas would search for character, for the clean-limbed, vivacious, wiry woman whose very meagerness reveals special beauties. And Theodore Roosevelt, swinging his presidential club, would cry aloud: "You have, all of you, but selected the American woman. She is the composite of all your types. The American woman wins the universal prize. Let there be peace!" The millennium would occur soon after this event.

How barbarously remote seems the masculine attitude of Gavarni, who responded to Goncourt's question whether he ever really understood a woman: "Woman is quite impenetrable, not because she is deep, but because she is hollow." Goncourt capped this cruel remark by stating that "there are no women of genius; the women of genius are men." Such examples of feminine genius as Sappho, Erinna, Hypatia, Mrs. Browning, Christina Rossetti, St. Teresa, Madame de Staël, George Sand, Jane Austen, Charlotte and Emily Brontë, George Eliot, Duse, Miss Herschel, Mrs. Somerville, Sonia Kovalevsky, Constance Naden, Berthe Morisot—to mention a few—refute Schopenhauer's claim that women are the unesthetic or unscientific sex. Yet even to-day Tertullian's description of woman as *janua diaboli* still persists. It was the medieval idea.

If Lombroso by a series of tests tried to prove that woman was man's inferior in sensibility (her capacity for enduring suffering being construed as a tactile deficiency, not as superior personal bravery), in hearing, seeing, touching, tasting—in the perception of odors she was allowed not to be man's inferior—Professor Jastrow demonstrated almost the opposite. The time has gone by, and forever, when man can call woman "undeveloped man." Women are nearer to children than men; but do not let us forget that the child represents a higher degree of evolution than the adult; for, as Havelock Ellis puts it, "the progress of the race has been a progress in youthfulness." It is, nevertheless, absurd to speak of the superiority of one sex over another;

the sexes are perfectly poised. (It is the man of the twentieth century who, tremblingly, makes this assertion; a hundred years earlier the woman was the claimant—thanks to the courageous Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin.) The greater variational tendency of the man has made our civilization what it is. Woman is more precocious, more rapid in growth, and her development is arrested earlier. As Ellis says: "The subjugation of nature by man has often practically involved the subjugation, physical and mental, of women by men. The periods of society most favorable for women appear, judging from the experiences of the past, to be somewhat primitive periods in which the militant tendency is not strongly marked. Very militant periods and those so-called advanced periods in which the complicated and artificial products of the variational tendency of men were held in chief honor, are not favorable to the freedom and expansion of women. Greece and Rome, the favorite types of civilization, bring before us emphatically masculine states of culture. Morgan has remarked that the fall of classic civilization was due to the failure to develop women. But women never could have been brought into line with classic civilization without transforming it entirely. . . . The hope of our future civilization lies in the development in equal freedom of both the masculine and feminine elements in life. . . . In the saying with which Goethe closed his 'Faust' ('The woman-soul leadeth us upward and on,') lies a biological verity not usually suspected by those who quote it."

But what has all this to do with the American type of beauty? Everything. America is the field in which will be harmoniously adjusted the differences of *das Ewig-Weibliche* and the eternal domineering male. Woman is not inferior to man but *different* from him, as Stendhal would say. Nevertheless the two sexes are slowly approaching. The man of to-day is more feminine than his predecessors; that is, he is more gentle, civilized; while the woman, casting away old-fashioned encrusting prejudices, is more masculine; i. e., she is not only more athletic in her tastes than her grandmother—she is mentally broader and firmer in her judgments. (Some day she will be so far "evolved" that she will be charitable to her own sex.) The franker association of the sexes has proved tonic to the woman, refining to the man. These are schoolboy truisms, but they will always stand quotation. And America, as a vast and roaring emigra-



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MISS MARGUERITE FREY, COLORADO.

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Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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 MISS NETTIE B. CROWTHER,
 UTAH.

tional confluence which catches and retains peoples from everywhere, is also an educational center never ending in its labors.

Women from Italy, women

Irish descent, of German blood, an occasional Frenchwoman, a stray Italian, and, of course, numerous representatives of the Semitic race. Norwegian, Swede, Dane



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 MISS M. E. SYLVAIN,
 NEW ENGLAND.



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MISS ETHEL McDONALD,
 NEW YORK.

from Hungary, the Russian woman who treads the steerage deck barefoot and the woman who hails from Scandinavia; the Hebrew and the Slav, Huns, Croats, Czechs, Servians; also women from Ireland, Germany, Spain, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Finland, and England—they all come here, and in a day, a week, a month, a year, are transformed. They are become American women. Twenty-five years ago you could walk the streets of New York and note women of



Photograph by Balady-Berger.
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 MISS PEARL SEBOLT, CLEVELAND.

steered westward; you can see their ruddy-cheeked, flax-haired descendants in the middle West, in Wisconsin and adjacent states. There were few Italians in New York as compared with the large and increasing population of to-day. The Slavic army was just beginning to stir; now it is covering the land locust-like. Blonde women (real blondes) were far from rare; a careless observer can see at the present that American women in pigmentation are becoming

darker. Up in New England, out in certain parts of the West, the thin, nervous, plain-featured, earnest, underfed and overworked female was in the majority. Her voice reached us across picket fences, her hand was in every pie. Above all, she sang in church on Sundays! When Mr. James and Mr. Howells began to write of her she was already vanishing. Where has she gone? You encounter isolated specimens to-day; and her feminine contemporaries make mock of her queer bonnet and her puritan conscience.

Every decade is adding its quota of derangement of the normal national woman—as we once saw her. What has become of this average American woman? Where is the waist of yester-year? Women's hands and feet are larger; the skeletal formation is said to be bigger. They are not afraid of the winds that tan, the sun that freckles. They motor and golf; they swim, row, wrestle. They play Chopin, de-



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MISS PEARL MEYER, BUFFALO.



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MISS GABRIELLA WORSLEY,
WISCONSIN (First Prize).



Photograph by Montrose.
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MISS FLORENCE CLURE,
COLUMBUS.

spite all these things—*mirabile dictu!* They stand the strain of college study, and there seems to be no marked diminution in the birth rate. They are taller, broader of chest, and their eye is as soft as their mother's (for the happy chap, of course). Is there an American type? It would seem so, after these statements. Unluckily for the statistician, the same girl may be seen to-day in Germany, in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy, Austria. Northern women are of splendid physique. The truth is that the feminine movement is world-wide. I have seen the supposed languid Italian women swim, fence, ride bicycles and horses. Play tennis with a young German woman in Berlin and remark her supple wrist, her energetic manner of exclaiming "Love!" No, robustness is not the key to that riddle we call "the American type." Isn't it rather her calm attitude toward the facts of creation that makes her distinctly American? We are sick of



Photograph by Hansbury.
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MISS CARRIE L. SHAW,
PHILADELPHIA.

hearing that she wears her clothes better than all the world; that all the world envies and imitates her. What availeth it if a woman garb becomingly and sport a vacuous mind?



Photograph by Litchfield Studio, Arlington, Mass.
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MISS MARTHA A. PROUTY, MASSACHUSETTS.

Whether it is the climate, or the tradition of independence (which ruins in forty-eight hours after landing the best servants in the world), or the mental training in our schools, certainly the American woman does not think in the same way as the women of other races. She reads the newspapers more frequently. Mr. James questions her pronunciation; but she continues to discuss every problem of creation with unflinching volubility.

As to her outward appearance, we believe that she will approximate more to the Slavic and the Italian in fifty years than to Anglo-Saxon or Celt. But there is the solid foundational support of Teutonic and Dutch—health, sanity, common sense, thrift. More marvelous still is the racial conquest of the Semitic. In no country have Hebrew physical peculiarities been so profoundly modified as in Amer-

ica. A quarter of a century ago, or a half century, the German Hebrews were in the majority of emigrants; to-day it is the Russian-Polish. Haggard, persecuted, of miserable physique, exploited even now on the East Side, nevertheless they struggle toward the light. They educate their children. They develop their artistic gifts—who knows? they may be the artistic leaven in the huge loaf of prosperous American Philistinism. The children of the men who reached our shores poor and ambitious a few decades ago may be seen at the Saturday theater matinées, at piano recitals, Wagner operas, and picture galleries. They are dressed like *Parisiennes*, but their eyes and coloring are of the East. Their children will not be puritanic. America will profit, has profited by this exotic strain; art has been benefited. In this conglomerate we recognize Italian, Semitic, Celt, Slavic, little English or French, much Scandinavian. Where is the American type? Ask a century hence. The original Yankee man and woman, the descendants of those who fought in the Revolution, will soon be as extinct as the dodo. Even the directory is losing its familiar American names. Someday there may be a Japanese president.

Cold-blooded physicians say that mankind is as old as its arteries. The regulation aphorism is, that a man is as old as he feels, a woman as she looks. In America this could be thus amended: a woman is as old as her figure, a man as old as his eyes; the advent of fat in the one and the absence of fire in the other, tell tales of the approaching end. Any verdict that we might be disposed to pass upon the faces of the two dozen and more women of the National Beauty Contest is balked by the fact that we see only their faces. But they are a comely lot of young women, the majority from the so-called "middle class" of life, therefore the salt of our country. Many of them are said to work for their bread; but they do not betray this by any meek or lowly airs. Several are married. Almost every style of girl is repre-

sented. The New York miss has wide-open eyes of wonder—at least, in the photograph; there is the girl with the exquisite profile, and Jane Hading hair; a Maxine Elliott girl gazes with eloquent dark eyes; there is a farmer's daughter from Ohio who looks like a Newport aristocrat; grave girls, languorous girls with tip-tilted noses, girls that are intellectual, girls with the eyes of princesses, girls who might be Perdita—one has the delicate, pure profile of Mary Anderson—a Chicago girl who has studied Ibsen, maternal girls and saucy—what manner of girl is not present in this medley of maidenhood and matrimonial ambitions? Sadie Martinot of ten years ago seems to be here; the Philadel-



*Photograph by Hushnell.
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MISS HAZEL THARSING,
CALIFORNIA.

phia girl is a vision, surely born south of Market Street; while the girl from San Francisco wears "an air of combed resignation"—as Maurice Hewlett has it. She has also the strange air that Ethel Barrymore made popular. Is the Salt Lake City girl representative—she of the Edna May *coiffure*? What of the Cohasset beauty with the swan neck and patrician pose! If the St. Louis girl does not go on the stage, then hair and eyes and oval face count for naught. New Hampshire does not look Yankee. St. Paul looks as if reared in New York. Again are we bewildered by the variety, by the evidences of social adaptability. The American woman is a social evolutionist. To speak plainly, how-



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MISS MAE BOVEE, NEBRASKA.



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MISS JEANNETTE WILSON, MISSOURI.
(First Prize.)



Photograph by Reinhardt.
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MRS. EUGENE H. SCHLANGE, MISSOURI.
(Second Prize.)

ever, there are few in the list that suggest distinction; American women are generally too strenuous to aim for that highest prize which is something more than culture, something less than beauty. Few, too, show eyelids, which, as Alice Meynell declares, give the real eloquence to the glance. "There are no windows of the soul, there are only curtains." And I should have liked to see the hands, the true index of character; the hands, which are so significant in an age when we cover all except them and our face. And why the absence of ears? Howsoever, why look a gift photograph askance?

Three pictures stand on my desk. One is of Duse, taken at Genoa; one of Julia Marlowe; the third of Alla Nazimova. The first is the *mater dolorosa* of our days; in her features is embodied the suffering of highly constituted woman, for whom existence is like an open wound; the woman with nerves and heart. Julia Marlowe is



Photograph by Charles H. Allen.
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MISS MILDRED A. BALDWIN, MICHIGAN.



Photograph by Garrett.
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MISS NELLIE HUNT, WISCONSIN. (Second Prize.)

a happier balanced temperament. She is poetic, she is sane. I once said that her dimple—that cleft in her finely modeled chin—was her destiny. This sadly impertinent remark I withdraw—it is the promulgation of her rare voice that is her destiny; that mellow, musical speech of hers in the accents of which there is no spoor of America provincial. Her voice is not so poignant as Duse's, but it is moving and expressive. Nazimova stands before you the epitome of the Semitic-Slavic. She is a tiger cat in the leash of art. A hundred *nuances* are at her control; she plays upon her temperament as does a violinist on his strings. She vibrates, she rages, she is cruel, sleek, subtle, never tender. These three women are foreign born: Italy, England, Russia. They are very un-American. Yet I am not afraid to write that they might have been, all three, born here and accepted as American "types," so cosmopolitan is our land.

That most men when writing of women betray an obtuseness almost monumental, I have helped to demonstrate in the foregoing pages. Consequently I shall not answer the very per-

wore regal shabby robes. She sang Chopin's "Maiden's Wish" in a quavering, sweet, true voice that brought tears to one's eyes. She tinkled with a still small touch a Field



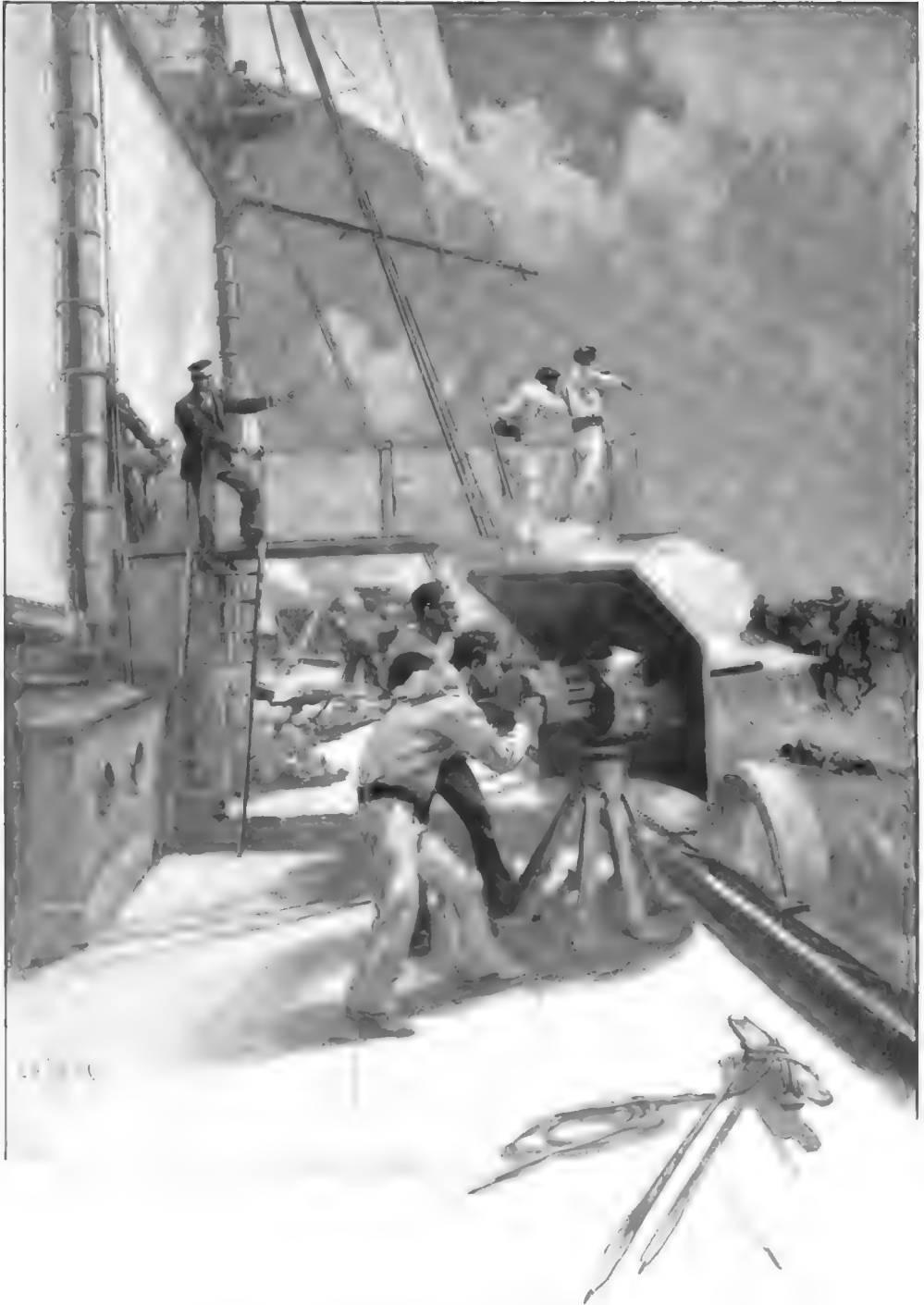
*Photograph by Maltzen.
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MISS DELLA CARSON, CHICAGO.

tinent question: Which American girl do I admire the most in this bevy? Wild automobiles shall not drag from me such a fatal admission; besides, it does not very much matter. The tact of omission I do not possess in things feminine. I recall an afternoon at Auteuil, near Paris, a few years ago, when I met some superannuated ladies and gentlemen, inmates of one of those benevolent *fondations*, in which France knows so well how to cloak offensive charity. The company was of noble origin, though decayed because of fortune's ill favor. Among the rest was a marquise, a Polish dame, with lovely white hair and brilliant eyes. She

nocturne upon a pianoforte whose ivory keys looked as if they could exhale yellow sighs. She coquetted gently, with a touch of Polish evasiveness. She was adorable, though if she had smiled her face would have cracked like Rembrandt's "Hille Bobbe" at the Metropolitan Museum. Yet she was adorable, was this Diane de Poitiers of the nineteenth century. What fire, malice wit in the glance of her faded blue eyes! She was at least eighty. What a magically youthful heart she had! In America a woman's heart usually grows old before her waist. And there you are! as that master metaphysician of fiction, Henry James, so often remarks.





THE SHIP DROVE THROUGH A SEA OF REARING HORSES, AND NAKED,
SHRIEKING HUMANITY.

—*"The Adventurer."*

THE ADVENTURER

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

*Joint Author with Robert Louis Stevenson of "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb-Tide";
author of "Motormaniacs," "Baby Bullet," etc.*

Illustration by L. A. Shafer

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.—Lewis Kirkpatrick, by nature a wanderer and adventurer, is stranded in London. Hunting gloomily through the newspaper "want" columns, he comes upon a singular advertisement, signed "Desperate Enterprise," calling for well-educated young men inured to hardship and danger. Kirk applies; and after an anxious, hungry wait, receives an answer appointing an interview with a man wearing a green tie, at a Vienna bakery. Arrived there, he finds a Mr. Smith, who puts him through a stiff examination, and appoints a second meeting. On the following morning, Friday, Kirk presents himself at the designated house, where he passes a severe medical examination and, as the third test, receives a hundred-pound note, which he is to return intact on Monday afternoon. Having sewed the note into his waistcoat, he settles for the night on a park bench, for he has less than two shillings to live on. Here he falls asleep and is attacked by thieves, who kick him into insensibility just as the police arrive. He regains consciousness on Sunday in a hospital, and finds that his clothes have been given by mistake to a discharged patient named Betts. He at once seeks out Betts and bullies him into confessing that he had found the note and had spent eight pounds of it, which he could not repay. Kirk forces him to give up what he has, and then makes an appeal to Homer Kittredge, the literary lion of London, who willingly completes the hundred pounds. Triumphant, Kirk returns to Mr. Smith and is given a ticket to a port in the West Indies, but no clue to the nature of the "desperate enterprise." Indeed, it is not until the day after reaching Port-of-Spain that he receives directions to proceed up the Orinoco. On the same boat with him is a Miss Westbrook whom Kirk had seen, disguised as a housemaid, at Mr. Smith's. Shortly after sailing she begs his protection, letting him understand that she is in some way connected with the mystery. An intimate comradeship, soon deepening to love on Kirk's part, is established between them, and lasts throughout the long journey by boat and wagon into the heart of South America. They are not separated until their arrival, on a dark night, at their destination, a sort of military camp called Felicidad. Before dawn, Kirk is up investigating, and at length finds out part of the long-guarded secret. For he comes upon an enormous, but uncompleted, land-ship, built of aluminum, and evidently designed to traverse the vast South American savannas. At the mess-tent, he learns that the ship is the property of a queer old American woman, and that the inventor and one of the leaders is Vera Westbrook's father. Kirk is put to work, and, becoming a favorite with the captain, is appointed second officer of the ship. Three days later, in the midst of a threatening storm, the "Fortuna" sails. The same evening the men threaten to put back the ship if the object of the expedition is not revealed. Thereupon one of the leaders tells them they are bound for an ancient city in the ruins of which he himself, when a captive of the Indians, discovered a vast treasure in gold ingots.

CHAPTER XVI (Continued)

VON ZEDTWITZ took his seat amid new outbursts of cheering. The men, in their enthusiasm, pressed forward and crowded about him—clapping him on the back, shaking his hands, and lustily vociferating their good-will with lungs of brass. It was some time before Westbrook, beating his fist on the table for silence, was able to make his voice heard above the din.

"Please, please," he protested. "Gentlemen, come to order!"

The noise subsided. The men scrambled back to their former positions about the mainmast, laughing and skylarking with boisterous good nature. They were bubbling over with high spirits, and were as unruly as a pack of schoolboys.

"Now, gentlemen," continued Westbrook, "let us proceed to financial details. Doubtless you will be interested in the proposed

division of our profits. If Mr. Allen would kindly stop talking to Mr. Brice, I think my labors would be facilitated. That's all right, Mr. Allen! And those other gentlemen at the back! Thank you. Well, I shall now outline roughly what we consider an equitable arrangement for all parties. First, there is a royalty of five per cent. due, by special arrangement, to the government of Venezuela. Strictly speaking, President Castro is not entitled to a penny, as Cassiquiare lies outside the Venezuelan frontiers, in a debatable territory claimed also by Brazil and Colombia. But the Venezuelans have shown us great consideration, particularly in affording us the free and unhampered passage of our material. Second, the cost of the expedition must be charged against the capital account. This cost is an immense sum, not yet accurately defined, but it cannot be much under half a million dollars. Deducting these two items, twenty-five per cent. of the resi-

due should go to Mrs. Poulteney Hitchcock; twenty-five per cent. to Dr. von Zedtwitz; and we shall apportion the remaining fifty per cent. as follows: To myself, fifty shares; to Captain Jackson, fifteen shares; to the first officer, Mr. Haines, and Mr. Crawshaw, chief engineer, each five shares; to the second officer, Mr. Kirkpatrick, three shares; to Mr. McCann and Dr. Phillips, each three shares; to all petty officers one and a half shares; to every one else, one share. We shall give to the heirs of those who have died, or who may die, before the expiration of the expedition, one-half of the share that the deceased member would have been credited with. Should any officer or petty officer be disgraced, he will receive the share due to his lower rank. We shall add together the total of the shares, and by this number divide the general sum at our disposal. In the event of our safe return, I propose, before the accounts be worked out accurately, to advance from my private purse ten per cent. of the amount approximately due to each man. In conclusion, let me say that I shall be happy to answer any questions."

"How about them fellows in Felicidad?" piped up some one. "What is there in it for them, mister?"

"Oh, they will share just as we do. Did I not make that plain? It surely would not be right to penalize them, and we don't propose to do so. Any other question?"

"May I speak?" asked Beale.

"Why, certainly—go ahead."

"What's our guarantee that this arrangement will be lived up to? A verbal agreement doesn't count for a row of pins. Speaking for the lower deck, I think it ought to be put on paper, hard and fast."

"I neglected to say that of course this will be done," said Westbrook, again rising to his feet. "Mr. McCann will take the matter in hand, and draw up the whole thing in the form of a contract. A copy of this, each one properly signed and witnessed, will be given to every individual on board. Nothing could be more businesslike than that, surely?"

There was a loud murmur of approval.

"Well, it depends on how soon it's done," objected Beale. "Mr. McCann has no watch to keep—why shouldn't he set to work to-night?"

"That's unreasonable," replied Westbrook. "It will be done as soon as possible."

"Speaking for the lower deck," resumed Beale, "I—"

But Westbrook angrily cut him short.

"You're speaking only for yourself," he cried. "I believe the men will take my word for it, and show a little patience. Am I not right, gentlemen?"

He was answered by a friendly roar that completely discomfited Beale.

"Anybody else?" inquired Westbrook.

"Only me," came a voice at the back.

"Well, speak up, 'only me!'"

A little, pale man elbowed his way to the front. He was an ex-jockey named Weaver, a silent, melancholy creature, who used to snuffle audibly at the evening singsongs whenever there were allusions to home and foam, or the letter that never came, or kindred tender subjects.

"There's one thing that's been overlooked 'ere," he said, in a high, squeaking voice. "We 'ave one person on board who ain't to get nothink, and I think it's a sin and a shame. It would be an everlasting reflection on our manhood if Miss Vera Westbrook was left out. I propose she share and share with us, and have her pretty name down with the rest. What say, mates?"

It was carried by hearty acclamation.

"In the capacity of mascot to the ship!" exclaimed von Zedtwitz, his burly form shaking with merriment. "If the presence of a young and beautiful woman will not bring us lug, I know not (lacking the conventional goat) how we could get it. Gome, my dear, and bow your acknowledgment to these good friends of yours!"

He went over to Vera, and offering her his arm, brought her to the head of the table. Blushing furiously, and yet delighted and complimented, she stood there beside the stalwart German, inclining her head to the storm of applause that greeted her.

And thus in harmony and good-will the great meeting terminated.

"But we must keep an eye on that fellow Beale," said Westbrook.

CHAPTER XVII

It was a bleak prospect that met their eyes the next day. The gale had blown itself half out, but the weather-sky was still dark and lowering; and over the prairie were expanses of dirty yellow water that promised hard going. It was a scene of acute loneliness and desolation, depressing to spirits not yet recovered from the discomforts of the

previous day. Every one was tired and sore, and disinclined for another jolting. But the wind was too good to lose, and the orders were to get away promptly at eight o'clock.

It was drawing toward this hour, and the afterguard were all assembled on the after-deck to view the start, when a seaman came aft and tipped his cap to Jackson.

"Stowaway on board, sir!" he said, grinning.

"Stowaway!" roared the captain. "What do you mean?"

"He's just come out of the hold, sir."

"Send him aft at once!"

There was a stir forward, and almost the whole crew advanced in a body, escorting in their midst the most woebegone figure imaginable. It was St. Aubyn, dirty and disheveled, with his monocle forlornly stuck in his eye. But weak as he was he bore himself with bravado, and joined, shamefacedly, in the laughter that broke out at the sight of him.

"What's the meaning of this insubordination, sir?"

"Oh, piffle," returned St. Aubyn, with the most ingratiating impudence. "I wasn't going to be left behind, captain. I crawled in among some barrels, and had a pretty nasty time, I can tell you! Some filthy stuff ran out all over me, and cases dropped on my head."

"And so we are to be burdened with a sick man?" exclaimed the captain. "You are in no state to stand all this, and you know it. A nice fix you've got us all into with your thoughtless selfishness!"

"Oh, don't be hard on me," pleaded St. Aubyn. "I'm not going to be any trouble to anybody—and—and I feel better already."

His white, drawn face gave the lie to his assertion.

"And what if you die?" bellowed Jackson. "I ask you that, sir. I ask you that! What if you die?"

"Oh, that's all right," said St. Aubyn. "I'll take my chances. I don't want any fuss made over me even if I do. Throw me overboard, and keep on."

The quiet sincerity of his speech made even the captain relent. Such pluck compelled admiration.

"All right; go forward. I'll send the doctor to you."

The poor fellow saluted and walked away.

The winches were both set in action, relieving the men of the hard labor of hoisting the sails. The reefs were shaken out, and

the Fortuna was soon moving under both foretopsails, and the foresail, but slowly. Indeed, she acted so sluggishly that the main-sail was next hoisted, with a considerable improvement of her speed. But her wheels sank deeply into the miry ground, and she toiled and floundered along at a bare eight miles an hour. Later on, as the sun came out and the going hardened, she picked up a little, but this was in turn offset by the decline of the wind. With less speed, however, there was less motion, and the violent gyrations of the day before were succeeded by a lumbering unsteadiness that was easier on the nerves.

At six bells they hove to in order to take the sun, using an artificial horizon, and at noon another stop gave them their exact position. They had run 184 miles, or, as the crow flies, more than half the way to Cassiquiare, a wonderful performance—all things considered. But at four bells of the afternoon watch their fine progress was suddenly cut short. A shallow dried-up watercourse forced them to haul their wind, and for several miles they skirted it, looking for a passageway. At length, finding none they dared to attempt, and reluctant to put the Fortuna about after all this wasted distance, they squared away again and stopped short at the likeliest looking place. Sail was taken in, and preparations were made to kedge across. This was a most tedious operation. As there were no rocks to make the kedge fast to, a pair of giant crow-bars had to be driven into the ground to afford the necessary purchase. To these wire cables were carried from the forward winch; and when all was ready, with men stationed at the brakes to guard the descent, the enormous hull was worked forward foot by foot. In this manner the Fortuna was laboriously drawn across the declivity and piloted over the lumpy ground beyond—length by length—the crowbars driven in, and dug out again, eight separate times. It was gruelling work for the men and used up precious time. Once it seemed almost as though the great wheels would stick forever in the mire. For those not actively engaged in the task, it was most agreeable to escape from the confinement of the ship and stroll about, watching the strange spectacle. Mrs. Hitchcock flitted here and there with a camera, taking snapshots; and Vera, escorted by Dr. von Zedtwitz and the paymaster—an animated little party of three—boldly walked on in advance, with something of the sensation of abandoning a steamer in mid-ocean.

By half past four they were under sail again and on their course. With the extraordinary aptitude of human beings for adjusting themselves to circumstances, they were beginning to feel at home on the *Fortuna*, and in some degree to make themselves comfortable. Fear had disappeared. Attempts were made to read, to play cards, to talk, to take naps. A concertina started up forward. Clothes were hung out to dry. Hildebrand, with his sleeves rolled up, was valiantly tackling a mountain of dough, and filling innumerable little tin coffins with what was to become bread. Crawshaw, on orders from the captain, was getting the covers off the automatic guns, and having them polished and oiled. Order was slowly emerging out of chaos. The routine of ship-life was asserting itself. There was a noticeable cheerfulness. Everybody was "shaking down."

Late in the afternoon there was a rush to the side to watch a herd of antelope. They were at a considerable distance—a blurred, dark mass, tailing out to mere specks—and as their ways diverged the *Fortuna* soon lost them over the horizon. Later still, the lookout reported smoke to the southwest—a significant reminder that they were in a country of wild men as well as of wild animals. It was only a thin, faint spiral of blue, but it caused a great stir on the *Fortuna*. Rifles and cartridge-belts were served out to the watch. The hoppers of the machine guns were filled with ammunition. Each officer received a revolver, with instructions to carry it constantly, night and day, strapped to his waist. Extreme vigilance was enjoined; and at a council of war, held in the main cabin, a rough scheme was drawn up for fighting the ship, should the necessity unfortunately arise. Gun crews were appointed; marksmen were told off to the foretops and maintops; every man on board was to know exactly what he was to do, and where he was to go at the call to general quarters.

At this meeting something of a clash took place between Mr. Westbrook and Dr. von Zedtwitz. The latter turned out to be a regular fire-eater, and the memory of his three years' captivity made him merciless. Shoot to kill was his motto; and he derided, with clumsy sarcasm, Westbrook's plea for forbearance. But the inventor stood his ground, and insisted hotly that not a life should be taken unless in absolute self-defense. Kirk had never seen the old man so roused. The order to fire was to be given

only at the last extremity. It would be to their everlasting disgrace, he declared with flashing eyes and shaking hands, to massacre these wretched savages on mere suspicion. After a heated debate in which the doctor, with the dreary monotony of another Cato, kept reiterating, "Mow them down! Mow them down!"—it was finally decided to offer the enemy the Fontenoy privilege of the first shot.

"In that case their blood will be on their own heads," said Westbrook.

Afterward, on deck, the German drew Kirk to one side.

"My dear boy," he said, "make not the mistake of underestimating these fine people Mr. Westbrook considers so highly. I have refrained with care from dwelling on their numbers and ferocity, lest our friends might have hesitated at blunging into such a hornets' nest. But if the pinch ever comes, remember"—and here he lowered his voice—"self-preservation is the first law. You have more to lose than any of us. Ach, I am not blind—there are other prizes than bars of gold—Kirgpatrick, you listen to nothing, but open on them with everything you have. And I say this particularly to you, because—"

The guttural voice sank still lower.

"Did you notice Jagson's face when we were talking there below?"

"Why, I——"

"Kirgpatrick, he's a coward!"

Thursday, the third day out, found them becalmed. The gale had blown itself out and there was every indication of settled and seasonable weather. The sky was blue and without a cloud; the sun, as it slowly rose into the zenith, made the air as oppressive as a furnace. The morning passed without even a whisper of wind. Under rough awnings, fore and aft, the *Fortuna* lay or sat in lethargic discontent. It was intolerably hot; the horizon shimmered with heat; the metal deck blistered the feet, and reflected the glare of the heavens above. The whole ship seemed to glow like an oven. Toward half past three a few catspaws rustled through the awnings. The *Fortuna* began to come to life. Then a light breeze sprang up, fitful and refreshing—the lightest of trades. It gradually strengthened, encouraged to do so by the sibilant slir-i-i-i of the seafaring contingent. The ensign fluttered out bravely at the main as the captain mounted the bridge. The men eagerly sought their stations. The

grumble of the winches was heard, and the creaking of gear and blocks. Sail was made. Outer jib and flying jib were all got out for the first time. The square sails were hoisted and braced. The great fore-and-aft sails filled and bellied. But all to no purpose. The *Fortuna* would not budge a foot. Stay-sails were run up, and the club-maintopsail—but still she stuck.

It was Kirk who discovered the cause. He ran aft and found that one of the brakes was set. Hurriedly releasing it, he had the satisfaction of feeling the ship begin to move. But it was at a snail's pace—a bare three miles an hour. In lumpy places it dwindled to even less. The *Fortuna* was a very poor sailer in light airs. She rolled along ponderously, threatening again and again to come to an absolute standstill. By easing the sheets and bearing up a point or two she was made to pick up somewhat, but the gain thus achieved was hardly counterbalanced by the loss of direction. She traveled faster, but added little to her southing. By sundown, when the wind sank, the dead reckoning showed that she had made only about seven miles—a pitiful advance when compared with the actual amount of ground covered.

Friday was better. The wind was fresher, and she was enabled to lie up closer to it. During the morning she averaged five knots, with occasional spurts of seven and eight. She was pressed to the utmost, and was given every stitch they could raise. The trades were almost due east, and seldom veered more than half a point into the south. The helmsmen were told to steal every bit they could to windward; and as there was no leeway to contend with, every yard counted. But it was anxious work, for she was very cranky, and had to be carefully nursed. She acted well in stays, however, and swung around smartly as the helm was put down. A good place had always to be chosen for this maneuver, for it would never have done to risk her in the hummocks. They were learning her ways now, and could forecast her behavior with some certainty. The labor of sailing her was consequently less harassing, though it was still arduous enough.

Saturday was remarkable for their first sight of the savages that Dr. von Zedtwitz feared so profoundly. At dawn, the watch had been alarmed by the tramping of horses beside the ship; and with a couple of pistol-shots had dislodged a band of nine naked Indians who had forthwith scampered out

of range. But they halted within a mile of the *Fortuna*, and in fancied security boldly gazed at the monster that had invaded their fastnesses. They were mounted on scrubby little horses, and two of them carried rifles, which, however, they showed no inclination to use. Few though they were, there was something formidable in their appearance. Their glistening bodies, their matted hair, their bows and arrows, their dark, sullen mien—all were disquieting. Von Zedtwitz declared that they were a patrol from a larger body, and urged the utmost circumspection. Indeed, if he had had his way, he would have turned one of the machine guns on the nine.

His conviction was borne out by their behavior. As the ship got under way they trailed after her persistently, refusing to be shaken off. Whether at a walk, a canter, or a gallop, they kept doggedly behind her, altering their pace and their direction to suit hers. At noon, when the wind died down, they made no attempt to come closer, but dismounted, and huddled together on the ground. As the breeze sprang up again, they resumed the pursuit, tirelessly following the *Fortuna* as she tacked across the prairie. Late in the afternoon, when the wind had again failed and the *Fortuna* lay becalmed for the night, they circled around her several times, and then, galloping away to the southward, finally disappeared over the horizon.

"Marg my words," said Von Zedtwitz, "tomorrow there will be drouble!"

But his forebodings seemed unlikely to be borne out. The breaking day showed the vast expanse as lonely as the sea. From the crow's-nest the searching glasses revealed not a sign of life—nothing but desolate immensity, rimmed by sky. By ten they were zigzagging to the south with a stiffish breeze, and logging a good nine. There was every prospect of a splendid run, and a general exhilaration animated the ship. She bowled along with a dip and a swing that made it impossible to keep one's feet without support; but little thought was taken of such discomfort, since it was always in proportion to the speed attained. The harder she was pressed, the bumpier and more violent was the motion. It was all the helmsmen could do to hold her on her course, and at times the backlash of the wheels flung them off their feet.

Five bells had hardly struck, when Haines, who was conning the ship from the foretop, reported: "Horsemen on the port bow!"

This electrifying intelligence caused a great commotion. The men ran to quarters; the covers were stripped off the guns; rifles were served out from the chart-house. The captain sent aft for Westbrook, Mrs. Hitchcock, Dr. von Zedtwitz, and Kirk; and a hurried consultation was held on the bridge. The question was eagerly debated as to what they ought to do. It was decided to hold on, and ascertain the number of the savages before going about. In the meanwhile, Haines kept the speaking-tube busy.

"Raising them fast.

"They're separating into two bodies as though to intercept us.

"Can't say how many—but there must be hundreds.

"They're opening out into a fan.

"Yes—rifles—lots of them. Can see them quite plainly."

Even from the bridge a dim, dark line was becoming visible in front. Then specks tumultuously moving like a herd of wild animals. Then unmistakable horses with naked riders, walling the horizon.

Westbrook sent word to Vera to go below, and then coolly descended the ladder to take charge of the forward port gun. His last words to Jackson were: "Don't fire unless you have to."

The captain was looking very pale and helpless, and he only nodded in reply. Mrs. Hitchcock, with an old bonnet tilted on one side of her head, was almost dancing with excitement, and loudly pooh-poohed the notion of seeking safety. Von Zedtwitz, with a very grim air, was examining the sights of a rifle that had been handed up to him. He had a three years' account to settle with the Piapocos, and he wore an air of somber satisfaction. Kirk was holding to the weather-rail, watching the swarming savages through his glass. He distrusted Jackson, and distrusted Haines, and was silently considering the situation. The danger steadied him, and gave him an uplifting sense of responsibility. At any moment he might become answerable for the safety and lives of all on board. He could see the men looking up at him, as men always will when their leaders are to be tested, and he tried to bear himself with resolution and confidence.

The Fortuna was coming up hand over hand, as though to drive right through the wide array before her. There were at least eight hundred horsemen wheeling across her track; and on her port bow was another mob,

compactly massed, and plunging on their wild ponies as though ready to dart on her flank. Cries, yells, and the pounding of hoofs vied with the clatter and bang of the enormous hull as she swept on with an earth-shaking rush. Kirk felt his hair rising beneath his cap; he seemed to have forgotten how to breathe; it was frightful to think of plunging through all that flesh and blood. As in all moments of excessive tension, his eye took in some pictures with an extraordinary vividness—Westbrook, with his white hair disheveled, crouching over his gun—the captain's face, withering with terror—a couple of men scrambling for cartridges that had been spilled from a canvas bucket.

The savages scattered pell-mell to open a lane for the Fortuna to pass. The ship drove through a sea of rearing horses, and naked, shrieking humanity—an avalanche of canvas and metal, bristling with death. There was a flit-flit of little arrows. Kirk, with wonder, saw some sticking in the mast. He pulled one out of his coat. He felt the whiz of others past his ears. The man beside him fell on his knees, and then rolled over, twitching convulsively.

But there was no time to think of him. On either hand the savages, in hundreds, were galloping beside the ship, and straining to keep pace with her. Patter, patter, patter came the little arrows. Then shots, fewer, but more deadly, the fellows rising in their saddles, and aiming with deliberation. Up till then the Fortuna had made no reply, but now Westbrook's gun opened with an ear-splitting crash. The others followed, belching flame. The deck shook with reverberations, and an acrid smell of powder filled the air. Fore and aft, every rifle was cracking furiously. It seemed as though nothing human could long withstand such a fusillade; and Kirk, looking back, saw their wake dotted with horses and men, lying limp and bloody on the receding ground. But yet there was no sign of the pursuit being abandoned. The torn ranks filled up. The great horde clung on like wolves to either flank, and volleyed arrows and bullets with ferocity.

Jackson stood there as though he were made of stone. He did not answer when Kirk spoke to him. He did not even turn his head. He gazed straight before him into vacancy, and nothing could rouse him from a sort of paralysis of fear. Kirk snatched the speaking-trumpet from his unresisting hand. The men were firing wildly; and, except for

Westbrook's gun, and some of the sharpshooters like von Zedtwitz and Bob St. Aubyn, were wasting a terrific amount of ammunition.

"Starboard gun, ahoy! Starboard gun, there!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Lower, lower! Aim lower! Lower, I tell you!"

"What's the matter down there, Beale? Why aren't you firing? Port gun aft, why aren't you firing?"

A man came running up to say that it was jammed.

"Then pass the word for Crawshaw. Get Crawshaw!—Hold on!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Stop that jackass in the red shirt from shooting in the air."

"Very good, sir!"

It was hard to make the speaking-trumpet heard above the din. There was a great deal of confusion—of purposeless running to and fro—of conflicting orders from those who had no right to give any. For a few minutes the ship was utterly out of hand. But Kirk rapidly brought back some degree of control. Above the pandemonium his resonant voice, magnified by the speaking-trumpet, thundered forth his orders. He sent three men to the wheel to replace those that had fallen. He eased the sheets to try to outdistance the pursuit, and, finding that of no avail, ran up the club-topsail, and a couple of other kites. He ordered the wounded and dying to be carried amidships where the doctor could best serve them. He suppressed much random firing by those who did not know one end of a rifle from the other, and whose crazy antics were a menace to every soul on board.

Crowded with every yard she could carry, the Fortuna gradually forged ahead of the foam-flecked horses and their panting riders. The few that managed to keep her pace were shot down. The rest, straggling out for a mile, were little by little dropped behind. Then, altogether losing heart, they drew rein, and sullenly watched their prey escape.

But Kirk's elation was short-lived. Amid the cheering and congratulations that celebrated their deliverance, his face alone failed to reflect the universal joy. He knew they were bound soon to lose the wind; and even by squaring away to the westward, the best that could be hoped for was a run of a dozen miles. The battle would have to be begun again in circumstances a thousandfold more disadvantageous than before. Under sail the

Fortuna was a formidable antagonist, but becalmed what was she but a rather rickety fort? The Indians had not been beaten. In spite of their losses they had hung on with desperation, and were as full of fight as ever. In a couple of hours the ship, stationary as a rock, would again be attacked. With no wind to move her she would have to bear a terrific onslaught with every point in the enemy's favor. Machine guns and all, she would be hard put to it—with less than fifty men—to withstand a horde of nigh a thousand. No, the wind was the biggest weapon they possessed, and the poorest use they could put it to was to flee.

"Stand by to go about!" shouted Kirk.

The cheering ceased. Men stared at him with open mouths, unable to believe that he could mean to renew the combat. Such apparent foolhardiness struck them dumb.

"All hands to your stations!"

His voice was so decisive that after an instant of hesitation there was a general movement to obey. The note of resolution and self-confidence was irresistible.

"Ready about!"

"Round in the weather braces. Flatten in the main-sheet there! Tend the jib-sheets!"

"Helms alee!"

The great hull swung round with a bump and a crash, and paid off on the other tack.

"Flatten in the head-sheets. Lively, boys, lively! Belay the lee-braces—haul taut the weather-braces, trim in the main-sheet!"

"All hands to quarters!"

The enemy was about half a mile distant, and it could be seen that this unexpected maneuver of the Fortuna had thrown them into confusion. A hoarse, low humming rose from their midst, and for a moment Kirk hoped that this was a signal for their flight. But, on the contrary, they stood their ground, and opposed a defiant front to the oncoming ship. Kirk aimed her at the place where they seemed thickest, at the same time ordering his men to hold their fire till every shot could be made to tell.

Tense and breathless the gun crews stood ready to open with their hail of death. A file of men were passing up ammunition from below, the supply in the chart-room having begun to run short. Here and there, the sharpshooters, braced against the rigging, were covering living targets with their rifles. Such of the wounded as had the strength to do so were standing up, holding to what they could clasp. One, too weak even for this, managed

to roll himself to the scuppers, and was seeing as much as possible through a hawsehole. Lurching and plunging, her great wheels spinning like those of a locomotive, the *Fortuna* sped forward with ponderous velocity. The savages scattered to open a way for her as they had done before, but this time Kirk did not shrink from harming them. Within fifty feet of the lane he put up his helm, and sent the *Fortuna* crashing through a mob of men and horses. With her enormous headway she ground through them with unimpaired speed, jolting violently, and reddening her wheels with blood. Even as she did so, the guns opened with murderous uproar, and from stem to stern every rifle was spitting flame.

But in the instant of her passage arrows flew thick and fast, and from a hundred guns or more repeated volleys swept over her deck. St. Aubyn fell, shot through the neck. A couple of men in the fore-rigging dropped like sacks of coal. One poor fellow ran screaming the length of the ship, holding his shattered jaw to his face.

With her guns detonating, her crew cheering, her cordage groaning and creaking, the *Fortuna* tore through the screeching, yelling throng, and raced into the comparative security of the prairie beyond. Many still clung to her flanks, but the main body, disorganized and appalled, made no attempt to follow, shrinking together in a panic-stricken crowd. When Kirk again went about and flung the *Fortuna* at their very center, they broke and fled. At first, even in flight, they kept some cohesion. But as the ship plowed through their frenzied ranks, her huge wheels striking down dozens at a time and crushing them, the survivors scattered in every direction like autumn leaves in the wind.

Thinking that the slaughter had gone far enough, Kirk gave the order to cease firing, and applied himself to breaking up the smaller parties, which in tens and twenties still kept together. Circling like some monstrous vulture, he cut off these in turn, and scattered them to the four winds, till the savanna, as far as the eye could reach, was dotted with fleeing figures. In these maneuvers, he refrained as far as he could from taking more lives, being content to harass and terrorize the fugitives till he was satisfied that they were utterly routed.

Then, setting the vessel once more on her course, he thankfully drew away from such scenes of carnage, and let them sink behind

him in the blue of the horizon. Unnerved and shaken by the terrible ordeal, it was with profound relief that he saw the battle-ground fade and disappear. Though they might now have counted themselves secure from molestation, and could have camped in security where they were, there was, in every heart on board, a consuming eagerness to escape to another region.

The captain, whose corpse-like face had never moved a muscle throughout the action, and who had stood there as speechless and inert as a wooden figure, now slowly recovered his benumbed faculties.

"Kirkpatrick," he said, with pitiful bravado, in which there was a note of entreaty, "I think we may congratulate ourselves on the way we fought the ship!"

CHAPTER XVIII

KIRK did not know, until he descended from the bridge to assure himself of Vera's safety, and to learn the extent of their losses, that in one brief hour he had become a hero. This fact was borne in on him by the tumultuous cheering that greeted his appearance. There was a rush to acclaim him, to shake his hand, to overwhelm him with vociferous admiration. Powder-blackened men, naked to the waist, with disheveled hair, and splashed with blood and dirt, surged about him in mad enthusiasm. It was all he could do to force his way amidships, struggling in the most undignified manner with those who would have raised him on their shoulders and borne him aloft in triumph.

Tasting for the first time in his life the most intoxicating pleasure the world can give, his bewilderment was equaled only by his surprise. It had not dawned on him before that he had done anything extraordinary, and he had even feared that his assumption of command might later on be resented. But here he was the hero of the ship, with great bearded fellows exalting him to the skies, and huzzahing like so many lunatics. Amidships, he was acclaimed with similar outbursts. Wounded men raised themselves to call out faintly: "Well done, Kirkpatrick!" "Good for you, old man!" Old Zeddy had one arm around him in a bear-like hug. Mrs. Hitchcock was covering his hand with kisses and crying hysterically. He was pushed and jostled and almost torn to pieces. As in a dream he looked for Vera. He was too human

not to long that she might be there to see him at this wonderful moment.

Ah, there she was, kneeling beside St. Aubyn, and gazing up at him with eyes like stars. Huddled about her on blankets and mattresses were the wounded men she had been tending, hemming her in so closely that she could not rise without disturbing them. But there was something in her glance that Kirk thought he had never seen before—something that stirred him inexpressibly, and filled him with a sudden and wild delight.

But disturbing duties crowded on him fast and robbed him of those ecstatic moments. It was extraordinary how every one deferred to him, and made him at once the arbiter of all their destinies. It was as though he had suddenly been elected king. His will was supreme, and authority was positively forced upon him. The poor, disgraced captain had hidden himself out of sight, and Haines had similarly disappeared. It seemed that the latter had lain throughout the battle on the floor of the top in a state of abject terror. The news had run round the ship, and he had been hooted and hissed as he made his appearance on deck. Fortune, as usual, had favored the brave; and in the time of stress the true leader had arisen. The cowardice of Jackson and Haines had been the means of exalting Kirk.

Their loss had been frightful. Eleven killed and wounded out of a complement of fifty-six. Bence, Farquer, and McCann killed; St. Aubyn dying; Weaver, the little jockey, hanging between life and death, his only chance a difficult operation that would have to be carried out in the most trying and unfavorable circumstances; Johnson, Wickersham, Stubbs, Forsyth, Niedringhaus, and Stanley all more or less seriously hurt.

It was hard to decide what was best to do. To expose these unfortunate men to the cruel buffeting of the ship was manifestly, for a while at least, impossible. The condition of St. Aubyn and Weaver absolutely precluded it. Yet time was precious, and the ship could not be tied up indefinitely. Westbrook and Von Zedtwitz were for going on at once at any hazard. They were sustained by the wishes of the injured men themselves, who, with magnificent courage, were unanimous in their desire not to hamper the expedition. Mrs. Hitchcock was in no state to take part in the discussion, and had locked herself in her cabin, sobbing and moaning on the floor.

Kirk was for temporizing, and with his new-found authority he had little difficulty in carrying his point. They were all tired out, he said, and neither cool nor collected enough to settle such a vital matter offhand. He wrung a reluctant consent from von Zedtwitz and Westbrook that decision should be postponed for twenty-four hours.

He himself was utterly exhausted by the strain of the battle. The reaction had left him limp as a rag. In return for their concession, he consented to seek his bunk and get a little repose. Not, however, until he had made the round of the ship; put her in trim to renew the fight, if need be; and stationed some of his trusty men on guard. Even then, it was only at the most urgent insistence of his two friends that he allowed himself to be ordered below. But they promised that he should be called at the first sign of danger, and with this he had to be satisfied.

"See here, Kirkpatrick," said Westbrook bluntly, "you've shown us that you are the best man on board, and it's only common sense to take good care of you. Now shut up and go below!"

Kirk obeyed. The old man's paternal tone touched him. Praise from Vera's father was praise indeed, however roughly it might be uttered. He threw himself on his bunk, and, turning his face to the wall, fell fast asleep. He had been up the greater part of the night before, and this had added to his fatigue. Body and brain were both weary, and he nestled his face to the pillow as a child nestles to its mother's breast.

He had no idea how long he had slept when he felt his shoulder shaken, and looked up to see his cabin crowded with men. He sprang up instantly in a sweat of apprehension, thinking that the Fortuna was again in danger.

"Good heavens, what's the matter?"

"It's all right. Don't worry— We've come to have a talk with you."

It was Westbrook who spoke, and Kirk's alarm vanished as he regarded that grave, kind face. But his surprise rose by leaps and bounds at the unexpected sight of a dozen of the crew invading his room, and peering in at him through the doorway. What did it mean?

"We've just come from a big meeting in the fore-castle," said Westbrook. "These gentlemen are a committee who have been appointed to bring you the news."

"News?"

"You have been elected captain."

Kirk was speechless. He was still half asleep. The committee solemnly regarded him, while he drowsily regarded the committee. The silence was broken by Hildebrand.

"There's been the deuce to pay," he said.

Then the situation was gradually explained.

Mrs. Hitchcock, egged on by Jackson, had flatly announced her determination to throw up the expedition. The disasters of the day had completely cowed her, and she was frantic to turn back. She and Jackson had been among the crew, promising enormous sums of money to those who would side with her. Unfortunately, there were only too many who themselves had lost heart. The pair had secured at least sixteen adherents; and had it not been for the drastic action of Westbrook and the cooler heads, the conspiracy would soon have assumed dangerous proportions. As it was, it was bad enough, though the bolder spirits had rallied, and had defied the cowardly minority. Taking the bull by the horns, they had deposed Jackson and Haines, placed stanch men in charge of the arms, and had asserted their determination to proceed at any cost. But they were now confronted by three powerful enemies—Beale, Jackson, and the old lady's money. It was said that she had offered the Australian \$50,000 and the command if he could head the ship back again to Felicidad; together with ten thousand to every recruit. This price put upon timidity threatened to undermine the resistance of those who otherwise would have remained firm. Why should they risk their skins for problematical treasures, while safety and an assured competence could be so pleasantly combined?

Kirk inquired the names of the two other officers.

"Wicks and Goltz."

He could not have asked for better. Wicks was a middle-aged merchant-service man holding a captain's papers. A bit of Devonshire granite, burly, slow of speech, with unflinching blue eyes—a fellow to be relied on to his last breath. Goltz was an ex-Uhlan, a bitter, brilliant, irascible creature, who in his palmy days had been a fop and a *bon vivant*, and whose broken fortunes had left him nothing but a daredevil courage. He held his life cheap, and loved danger for its own sake.

Kirk buckled on his pistol, and went on deck. It was nearly five o'clock, and the

breeze still held. He regretted the necessity for losing the mileage they might so easily have made had it not been for the wounded. But this was in passing; there were more peremptory things to claim his attention. Grouping himself with his two officers on the bridge, he sent for Beale. The Australian came swaggering aft, and mounted the ladder with a jaunty air.

"Hello, Kirk," he said. "What's up?"

"Don't call me that again," exclaimed Kirk. "I'm the captain of this ship, and the sooner you know it the better."

Kirk's hand was on his revolver, and he looked so ready to use it that Beale's little ironical speech died still-born at the first syllable.

"I haven't much to say to you, Beale," Kirk went on, "except to tell you that if you don't toe the line, I'll clap you in irons and keep you there. Do you understand? No tampering with the men; no dickering with Mrs. Hitchcock; no hole-and-corner politics. If I hear another word about turning back, I'll know who's at the root of it, and I'll give you short shrift. You can go forward."

Beale hesitated as though to argue the matter, but the row of resolute faces daunted him, and he turned on his heel without a word. It was no little victory for Kirk, and saved him from the disagreeable course of putting his threat into execution.

Then he sent for Jackson and Haines.

The latter appeared first. He was a sad-looking object; his features swollen with weeping, and every line of his body articulate with dejection and shame. He acquiesced humbly in his disrating, and took his lecture in a snuffing silence. When he was told he had to shift his things forward and take up his quarters in the forecabin, he broke down completely, and went away, crying like a baby.

"Well, where's Jackson?"

"Won't come, captain!"

"Won't come, eh? What did he say?"

The answer was unprintable.

"Take four hands with you and bring him."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Alas for the fall of the mighty! Was this the erstwhile magnificent being who had lorded it in the high places—his coat ripped down the back, his face purple with passion, his shapely legs kicking and struggling like a recreant schoolboy's in the grasp of the usher? A cursing, reviling maniac, fighting

every inch of his enforced progress, bellowing, biting, scratching with superhuman fury, dragged in front, boosted from behind, the late ornament of the transport service was ingloriously hoisted into view.

Kirk was alive to the fact that he owed his own promotion, in the first instance, to the liking Jackson had taken for him; and he was consequently desirous of being as easy with his former commander as he possibly could. Yet at the same time he had to assert, in no equivocal fashion, the power that had been vested in him. Swift and decisive action was needed to stem the incipient mutiny before it could gather greater headway. The ringleaders had to be taught, and taught promptly, that any attempt to turn back the ship would not be tolerated. Any paltering with the situation would assuredly result in disaster. As in every assembly of men, the mass were on the fence ready to side with the winner. It was a case of taking time by the forelock, and of striking hard.

Kirk made no effort to check Jackson's tirade. He patiently endured insults, threats, and vituperation, which grew louder and more incoherent, for the man's fury seemed to burst all bounds. Storming and raving, he was fairly beside himself, frothing at the mouth, shaking his fist in the air, defying everything and everybody with a hoarse, spluttering torrent of invective that stopped at nothing. Kirk let him roar himself out, and when at last, spent and breathless, he paused from sheer exhaustion, he himself bore in.

"You've had your turn, Mr. Jackson," he said, "and now, I guess, it's mine. All this noise won't do us any good. I've stood it once, but I don't intend to stand it again. Either you've got to make up your mind to take your medicine quietly, or, by George, I'll bundle you forward and keep you there. You're nothing now on this ship but a passenger—do you hear?—a passenger!"

Jackson was plainly working himself up for a fresh explosion.

"I—I—I—" he began in a choking voice.

"Silence!" thundered Kirk, and advancing on him, he shouted to Goltz for the handcuffs.

The jingle of steel unmanned Jackson. He gazed wildly about him, and jerked his hands to his breast as though to save them from profanation. His bold front gave way to a cringing and pitiable submission.

"Hold on, boys," he pleaded in a broken voice. "For God's sake, don't put those

things on me. I—I couldn't stand it. I'll try to do what you think best."

Kirk motioned Goltz back.

"Very well," he said. "We don't want to humiliate you if we can help it. If you will make it easy for us, we'll make it easy for you—and let bygones be bygones all round. Only remember this—you have more influence with Mrs. Hitchcock than any of us, and if I learn of any more bribes being offered to our men, I shall hold you personally responsible. That kind of thing has to stop. You must make it your duty to see that it does. We are determined to push the expedition through, and croakers and hangers-back will get no mercy. Everybody went into this with open eyes—and now that they're in, they'll have to stay in! That will do. You may go below!"

"He's whipped," said Westbrook, as they watched the ex-captain descend the ladder with forlorn deliberation.

"Hope so," assented Kirk. "But the ship's full of loose powder, and a spark may set it off."

"Well, we have two of our firebrands in list slippers—Beale and Jackson."

"And the hose ready," added Wicks with a grin.

"If poor St. Aubyn goes, it will have a very bad effect," said Kirk. "How is he?"

"Very low."

"And Weaver?"

"No better."

Kirk shuddered as his eyes swept the limitless expanse about them.

"What a place to leave your bones in!"

"Take care, my friend," said Westbrook, tapping him affectionately on the back. "If you lose heart, what will become of us?"

"I'd give half my share to be under way again," exclaimed Kirk somberly. "This inaction is killing. We are going to be tied up here for days and days. Gentlemen, the coming weeks will prove a greater strain than our fight to-day, and they will test our courage a good deal more."

Dinner that night was the gloomiest of rites. No one could eat, and McCann's empty place stared at them like a specter. The worthy, jolly fellow, with his hackneyed jokes and unending prattle, was now still forever. In life he had been an amiable bore, full of puns and quips and clumsy, good-humored chaff. It was hard to associate him with death, or to think that he lay stiff

and stark, with a sheet drawn over his livid face. Mrs. Hitchcock kept to her cabin, but Jackson took his accustomed seat, and in a crushed, stricken manner showed a sort of gratefulness at finding he was not to be sent to Coventry. They were all at some pains to ease his fall, and to treat him with consideration and respect. Vera sat beside her father, but she was downcast and silent, and soon excused herself and slipped away. Dinner was altogether a hushed, melancholy performance, and every one was relieved when it was over.

Kirk made his rounds; ordered the searchlight lit; stationed a couple of men at each of the machine guns; and then, turning over the command to Wicks, buried himself in a dark corner to smoke a cigar. So many things had happened that he wished to draw on one side, and think them over—wanted to have some time to think, alone and undisturbed. It was very hard for him to realize the topsy-turvy changes of the last twelve hours—the battle, the deposition of Jackson and Haines, his own unexpected elevation, the unforeseen and alarming stand taken by the old lady to break up the expedition. Through all the random pictures thus recalled there persisted always a vivid, girlish face, with haunting eyes, and a look so troubled and strange that he trembled at his own presumption of its meaning. Did it not reflect something of his own heart-sickness, of his own wild longing?

Ah, this love that was supposed to be so sweet, it was the cruellest thing in the world!

Voices drew near him—two shadowy figures in close and confidential talk—Vera and the tall, thin, boyish doctor.

"It will be an hour before I dare to try—perhaps two. I can do nothing until he rallies a little. It's what's called a capital operation."

"But he has a strong constitution."

"That's almost a drawback, Miss Westbrook. A vitality lowered by long illness is preferable to that of a strong, hearty fellow struck down in the full tide of health and strength. The violent arrest is equivalent to wrecking an express train with its own brakes."

"You will call me when I'm wanted?"

"Oh, yes—That is, if you think you're brave enough to—to—"

"I'm not afraid, doctor. I'd despise myself if I allowed my squeamishness to stand in the poor fellow's way. I may faint

afterward, but until the operation is over you can rely on me."

"Miss Westbrook, you are a thoroughbred."

"No—just a woman."

"And shaming the men as your sex always does. Those chaps mean well, but you can see yourself how stupid and useless they are. I'd rather have you in the sick-bay than a dozen of them."

"Thank you, doctor."

"Get a little air, then come back. I want to put Bence on the table and find that bullet. I'm sure it's in there."

"Very well. I'll stay here till I'm wanted."

Phillips turned, and left her standing there alone. Kirk called to her softly. She started, and then came toward him in the darkness. In an instant she was in his arms, her face burning under his kisses, her little hot hands clinging to his. He pressed her to him in a fever of delight and exultation. She was his. He had snatched her from all the fates, and would never let her go again. He had no thought of her distress, her shame, her panting whispers to be released. He kissed her until she forgot everything in an ecstasy of love, till her lips were as eager as his, till in that resistless torrent of emotion she was swept headlong, powerless to save herself. He told her that he loved her. Oh, how he loved her! He had loved her from the first day—loved and hated her—both. Hated her for her beauty, which had tortured him without ceasing. But she was his now. He extorted the admission from her. He put the most endearing words into her mouth, and crushed her until she repeated them—repeated them again and again, with tender, mocking variations. The primitive woman in her wanted to be coerced, to flutter in the bonds of an irresistible strength, to rouse to frenzy that most savage of all egoisms. To submit was rapture—to believe that one had no choice—to feel a delicious helplessness, and swoon in an iron grasp.

"Kirk, darling?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"You would do anything for me, wouldn't you?"

"Of course I would."

"Even if it were very disagreeable?"

"What do you mean, Vera? I don't understand."

"Kirk, Captain Jackson is right!"

"Right!"

"It's crazy for us to go on. Oh, don't

hate me for saying it. But, Kirk, please, for my sake. No, you must listen—you must, you must. It is too dangerous and terrible to go on. Think of all those poor fellows lying there. Nothing is worth such a price—no, not all the treasure in the world! It was all very well before. It was delightful then. It was inspiring and splendid. But now it would be wicked—criminal, Kirk. If it were in a better cause I'd say nothing. But what is it all for?—just money."

"But that's everything."

"No, it isn't!"

"It is to me. To lose it would mean losing you. I must have it."

"O Kirk, papa is worth ever so much. He will take care of us."

"Oh, that's impossible. You would not have me a dependent."

"I thought you wanted me so much."

"But a beggar?"

"But he'll make you something—find you something to do."

"Besides, Vera, I couldn't be so disloyal. It's more even than the money—lots more. I'd be a cur to back out now. What could be more treacherous, more ignominious! As long as your father and von Zedtwitz wish to go on, don't you see I have no other course?"

"But talk it over with them. Explain it to them. I know they will listen to you. Papa defers all the time to your judgment. You are the one person he would yield to."

"I simply couldn't."

"O Kirk, you could—you could!"

"Besides, we are more than half-way there, much more than half-way. It would be cowardly to turn tail now."

"And if we meet more savages?"

"Fight them!"

"And if I were hurt? Suppose I had to have my foot cut off like poor Stanley?"

"Next time I'll see that you're out of harm's way. We're going to armor one of the cabins for you and Mrs. Hitchcock, and make certain that you both stay there. It was frightful how you exposed yourself to-day."

"And if the ship were carried? You know the horrors that a woman is exposed to? I should have thought that that might have weighed with you. Think of my——"

"Stop—Vera, stop. I——"

"Is it not true?"

"No, I'd kill you first."

"And if you were dead?"

"They've learned their lesson. They

won't touch us again. Zedtwitz is positive of it."

"He'd be positive of anything—to go on."

"No, no."

"It's my first favor. The only thing I've ever asked of you—and you refuse it."

"I have to. Good heavens, I have no choice!"

"Even after all I've said?"

"Oh, my darling, try to put yourself in my place. The disgrace of it—the disloyalty! The decision must rest absolutely with your father."

"Nothing can shake him. He's incredibly obstinate. His whole heart's bound up with this wretched ship and his childish pride in it. You're just the same. I count for nothing with either of you."

"That isn't true. It's a question of honor."

"And what of love? Is that not more?"

"Don't put it like that!"

"But I do."

"Then I'm helpless."

"Yes or no, Kirk?"

"Oh, you know I can't."

"So that's the test of your love for me? Well, I shall plead no longer. I have some pride too, and you have trampled it under foot. It's a bitter thing to find that you have given your heart to a man who is unworthy of it. No, no, don't—that's all over!"

She gently freed herself, and left him before he could realize the full significance of their quarrel. Then he followed her, begging incoherently for her forgiveness.

"There's nothing to forgive," she said in a sad little voice. "You've disappointed me—that's all. I—I thought you cared, Kirk."

"But I do, I do!"

"I don't wish to talk about it any more. It's too heart-breaking. But if to-morrow you don't change your mind, I'll never speak to you again."

With that she was gone.

CHAPTER XIX

THE next day at dawn the mournful preparations had to be made to inter the dead. St. Aubyn had died during the night, and four graves had to be dug a little way from the ship. All hands were assembled to pay the last honors to their fallen comrades; and the four bodies, sewn in hammocks, were reverently borne to their last rest. The flag

was half-masted, and from the Fortuna's lofty deck, the little handful of the guard, grouped about her guns, looked down at the slow procession wending its way across the prairie. Westbrook read the burial service, and never had it sounded to his hearers more beautiful or impressive. The vastness and desolation of the scene, the rugged figures of the men leaning on their rifles, the stately measure of the words—all made an impression that could never be forgotten.

It was not a sight to strengthen hearts already faint; and on their return a council of war was held in the chart-room to discuss the very serious situation that now confronted them. Phillips, previously the least considered of the party—a gawky, boyish, diffident fellow, fresh from the medical schools of Edinburgh—had now become a powerful factor in their plans. He was listened to with great respect, and his proposals were attentively considered.

He expatiated on the harm to their morale that would result from remaining where they were. The constant sight of those graves, he said, would have a depressing effect on every one on board, and sickness would indubitably follow. He was for putting in another day's sail, and then forming a comfortable camp beside the ship where the wounded might have the necessary space so lacking on the Fortuna itself, and at least two weeks for recuperation. The one difficulty in the way was Weaver's extremely precarious condition.

"I cannot assume the responsibility, single-handed, of moving him," went on the young doctor. "Even a few hours of jolting and racking might cost him his life. But it seems to me that this is a case of considering the greater good of the greater number."

"When do you think he would be in a state to endure it safely?" It was Westbrook who asked.

"Gentlemen, not under two months."

This was a thunderclap.

The two months would trespass seriously on their reserves of provisions and water, not to speak of bringing them perilously near the wet season when the flooded savanna would turn to bog.

"It is a peety," said von Zedtwitz. "Weaver was a fine man, but——"

His pause spoke volumes.

"And the others, doctor?"

"Oh, I'll have them fit to travel in a fortnight."

Weaver's condition put them indeed in a dilemma.

"And he may die after all?" asked Crawshaw.

"Oh, certainly," assented Phillips. "He has hardly three chances in ten."

There followed a prolonged discussion that brought matters no nearer a climax. Kirk, who had held back and said little, was the one to resolve their perplexities.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it seems to me not a matter for us, but for the poor fellow himself. Let it be laid before him quite frankly, we pledging ourselves to abide by his wishes. We will stay here, or go on, or go back to Felicidad, just as he desires. This is the only way to evade a responsibility that I, for one, will not take on my shoulders."

"The captain's right," put in Wicks.

"Is he in any condition to consider it?" inquired Goltz.

"Oh, he is conscious," said the doctor. "This morning he dictated a letter to his mother."

"Then in that case I think we are unanimous," exclaimed Westbrook. "Has any one an objection?"

His question, though including them all, was more particularly addressed to von Zedtwitz. The German was tugging at his whiskers in a sullen, fidgety manner. The plan did not suit him at all. To put the expedition in jeopardy for the sake of one man irritated him profoundly. It struck him as a bit of silly sentimentalism. This made his answer all the more unexpected.

"I bow to the majority," he said grimly.

Phillips was sent away to submit the matter to Weaver.

A little later he returned.

"You're not to consider him at all!" he cried. "By George, I take my hat off to that fellow. If that isn't pluck for you!"

"He consents to go on?" inquired Westbrook.

"Insists on it. I had to tell him the risk. 'Hang the risk,' he said; 'a man can die only once—just keep me alive as long as you can, doctor, and when my time's come, let me go easy!'"

There were exclamations of approval, of admiration. The dilemma no longer existed. Weaver had freed them from a terrible responsibility.

"After all, it's only what any of us would have done," said Crawshaw simply.

By ten o'clock the *Fortuna* was under way again, lying up close-hauled against a stiff breeze. Cots had been slung for the wounded, alleviating in some slight measure the trying motion of the ship. The hatches were off the main hold, and tents and other paraphernalia were being hoisted out in readiness for the camp. All was bustle and animation, and it was apparent that the men's spirits rose with every mile that separated them from those four lonely mounds behind them. Kirk, alone, showed none of the buoyancy that was everywhere else so manifest. He was in a bitter and dejected humor. Vera had been true to her word, and had cut him to the quick by her coldness and disdain. He had tried to reinstate himself, hoping that on second thoughts she would relent. But she had listened to him in silence, and then had turned away. He was no match for her in such a contest. He could not affect a similar cold attitude. His face could not hide how cruelly he had been hurt. For him it was the end of the world, the end of everything, and he went about his duties with a benumbing sense of despair.

But there was too much on his shoulders to allow him for long to dwell on his misery. Orders had to be given, a hundred things seen to, and the ship vigilantly watched to coax every yard out of her. He pressed her as hard as he dared, finding a somber pleasure in scaring his command out of their seven wits. Never before had the *Fortuna* been so audaciously handled. Again and again her weather-wheels lifted, and the whole enormous fabric careened over with a sickening lurch that brought the heart to the mouth. Every stitch drawing—a mountain of humming, bellying, straining yellow silk—he kept her racing at a breakneck pace, with a rush and thunder in consonance with his own harsh thoughts. He had learned every trick of her now. He knew to a hair what she could stand. He could feel and trust her as he could his own body. But to the others, who had no such assurance, it was as though they had given themselves over to a madman.

Toward noon the declining wind left them becalmed. There was the usual long, sultry interval, to be borne with what patience they might. The good news was passed around the ship that Weaver was better—positively better. He had suddenly become a very important personage; and the desperate fight he was making to keep death at bay,

as well as the courage and good humor with which he bore his frightful sufferings, stirred his companions with a limitless compassion. The new camp was to be named Weaver—Camp Weaver—and the poor, stricken little jockey derived much satisfaction from the honor.

"How good you boys are," he whispered. "Camp Weaver! I say, that's the sort of thing to make a chap feel proud!"

Mrs. Hitchcock appeared at table that day for the first time since Jackson's deposition. She was very subdued, though there was a gleam in her sunken black eyes that betokened mischief. But she was civil to everybody; inquired the day's run; and comported herself with a sort of stiff dignity that became her very well. Westbrook thought to patch up peace with her, mistaking her carefully calculated manner for an overture of friendship. But he was quickly undeceived.

"You fail to appreciate my position," she said coolly. "You have everything your own way just now, and I am powerless. But I'll find a means to assert my rights long before you reach Cassiquiare."

"My dear Mrs. Hitchcock," cried Westbrook, "it is most painful to hear you speak like that! May I not appeal to your good sense, your generosity—to do away with this miserable misunderstanding? This is a time for us all to stand together, shoulder to shoulder, and drop all our differences for the general good."

He rose, and came over to her, holding out his hand.

"For heaven's sake, let us be friends!" he exclaimed.

Her sallow face hardened, and two little spots of red showed in her cheeks.

"We are not friends," she said, "and we never can be again. This vessel is my property; the food you are eating was bought with my money; I have the legal right to demand our return to Felicidad. You choose to defy me—well, I will make no threats, but I warn you. I am submitting to compulsion, and will seize the first opportunity to turn the tables on you."

Westbrook went back to his place, and sat down again.

It was an unfortunate moment for Jackson to remark that he himself intended to sue him for a quarter of a million damages. "For abduction," he said, "not to speak of barratry, piracy, and wrongful dismissal."

At this Westbrook's temper leaped all bounds.

"Then sue away!" he roared. "Sue, sue, sue! And I'll show you up in court for the coward you are! Yesterday we took your measure, Jackson, and if you ever say sue again, or as much as raise your little finger against us, we'll give you the swiftest trial a man ever got, and a frog-march forward! Sue, indeed! By heavens, we'll give you something to sue for——!"

Jackson bent his head before the storm; his cheeks, his ears, the back of his head slowly turned to crimson. Mrs. Hitchcock took up the challenge he dared not accept, and, trembling with passion, let fly the lash of her tongue.

The party broke up in disorder. The old woman's onslaught could be evaded only by flight. There ensued a general *sauve qui peut*, her strident voice pursuing them as they hurried up the companion. All compromises had become impossible. It was to be war—war to the knife.

Later in the day the wind sprang up as brisk as before. Sail was again made, and the Fortuna resumed her course. It seemed too bad, when the weather conditions were so favorable, that they should be condemned to the tedious period of inaction that they had agreed should begin at sundown. By that time the dead reckoning showed them to be within 110 miles of Cassiquiare, or hardly more than three days distant.

The camp was begun at once beside the ship, and though it was not completed before dark, a comfortable shelter was soon raised for the wounded, and the men were lowered under the supervision of the doctor. There was some disagreement as to whether the camp should be fortified or not. One idea was to entrench it, and dismount the machine guns from the Fortuna. But after much consideration it was decided that the mobility of the ship was too precious to lose; and that in case of emergency it would be wiser to get on board of her, and repeat, if they could, the tactics of the previous battle. Under sail she was a terrible antagonist, and offered them, besides, the advantage of flight. Even standing she was a better fort than any they could build, and provided them an incomparably securer refuge.

A strict routine was outlined, and the petty officers, after being assembled, were cautioned

to use the greatest vigilance, and to see to it that discipline was not slackened. In idleness there is always a disintegrating leaven to contend with; and a considerable body of men is more apt to suffer from doing nothing than from doubled tasks. Little injustices assume the proportions of mountains; grumblers get together and contaminate the rest; the food, the commonest cause of all discontent, becomes the subject of furious criticism. Kirk was so well aware of this that he proposed that they should all fare and fare alike, fore and aft, and evenly divide such little delicacies as jam and butter and canned fruit. A rigorous and impartial allowance, without favoritism to any but the sick, would go far toward keeping the malcontents in order.

They all foresaw, Westbrook, von Zedtwitz, Crawshaw, Wicks, Goltz, and Kirk himself, that Camp Weaver was likely to become a hotbed of treachery and disloyalty. With every safeguard it would be impossible to prevent Jackson and Mrs. Hitchcock from carrying on a propaganda for retreat. With the dazzling inducements the latter could offer—so tangible and sure, in comparison with a treasure that was conceivably a myth—this period of delay was fraught with extreme danger. To many of these needy adventurers a sum of five or ten thousand dollars was a veritable fortune in itself, and the bait was likely to be greedily taken. The situation had to be faced with all the coolness and resolution the leaders could muster; and it was determined to keep a close watch on the pair, and nip anything of the nature of a conspiracy in the bud. Beale especially was to be under surveillance, though Wicks told them that the fellow had lost much of his authority among the crew, and that they were overrating his capacity for evil.

For Kirk the trying and deadly monotony of the days that followed had the added bitterness of his estrangement from Vera. He had apparently affronted her too deeply for forgiveness. She steadfastly refused his advances, kept out of his way all she could, and did not even pay him the compliment of betraying either anger or chagrin. In public—and he never saw her alone—her manner toward him was undistinguishable from that she showed the others. She did not pointedly avoid him; she addressed him just enough to give the rest no chance for remark; and yet her girlish armor was impenetrable.

The seventh instalment of "*The Adventurer*" will appear in the September number.



The Probationer and the Pennant

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Author of "Tiberius Smith," etc.

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

SHE met her husband at the porch door in sour anxiety and, with thin lips pursed, waited for him to speak. He surveyed her harsh face and gaunt figure with twinkling eyes for a few seconds, and then nodded his white head delightedly and, catching her about the waist with one brawny arm, lightly swung her to the window. Exultantly he pointed to three men receding down the road, one of them with flowing whiskers streaming sideways, which gave him a fluffy and one-sided appearance.

"Yas, Sarah," cried he, "it's Brother Sedgwick and several of the class members."

"Drat the man!" she exclaimed, disengaging his arm and returning to add vinegar to her steaming pickles. "I seen 'em call at the barn, didn't I? But as I've seen 'em call on you many times before, when their errand brought sorer to my heart, I want to know what they've decided."

He straightened complacently and was preparing to give her a leisurely account of the interview, when she noisily dropped a stick of wood into the stove and fixed on him a look of impatience that was accentuated by the veil of sparks, and he hurried to add, "It's all

right this time. I'm to be taken into full membership this coming Sunday."

"Thank the Lawd!" she cried, counterfeiting a sob. "Then, Emory Annit, your long probation is ended at last and you'll quit worrying me and can now have the blessed privilege of worshiping in my church."

His face drew down and he plucked at his clean-shaven chin dubiously. "Why, Sarah, I thought it had been my church all along, seeing how I've been on probation all the time——"

"For a mighty long time," she interrupted.

"Wal, my dear, it's been over long, I'll admit," he sighed. Then, brightening, "But it shows I was set on breaking in some time. Now be fair; ain't I tried my dangdest to join the church?"

"No, Emory," she denied with artificial evenness. "You've always allowed something to crop out to hinder."

He coughed apologetically and hung his head, while the fine old face struggled between a whimsical smile and a contrite expression. "Wal, we'll waive that p'int," he said, eying her furtively. "I'll only say I've been on the ragged edge of being taken in a dozen times."

"Gambling is a sin and taking part in trivial things is onreligious," she reminded him sententiously. "Of course ye remember why ye wa'n't taken in last year."

"Not in particular," he returned, knitting his brows as if endeavoring to recollect.

"Is'pose not," she said in her best sarcastic vein. "Nor anything about winning a hoss race by waving your hat in the face of Lem Tibbetts's hoss and making him bolt when ye was at the back of the track."

He stifled a frightened grin and frowned heavily. "I was protecting myself," he protested earnestly. "We was going it neck and neck and Lem's hired man was hiding in the bushes to throw a rock at me so's I'd lose. I waved my hat like this," and he fluttered a hand lightly, pantomimic of a falling leaf, or the lazy drifting of rifle smoke, "jest to distract his attention."

"Then why did the poor brute try to climb over the fence?" she inquired skeptically. "And why did ye offer to bet Lem a doller ye could best him again?"

"I knew he wouldn't bet, my dear," he said in mild deprecation, now seeking to retreat.

"And it all happened on a Saturday," she continued in a dry monotone, "and on the next day ye wa'n't taken into the church."

"That's so," he groaned, his mouth describing a downward curve. Then he pleaded, "But, Sarah, jest because a man loves a hoss trot and a baseball game and to see the cattle pull, and is foolish enough to wager—once in a very great while—a measly five-cent seegar on a result, he ain't so awful wicked. Ye really don't believe the Lawd loves me any the less for that, do ye?"

"I was brought up to believe He frowns on such rinktums," she returned.

He met her steady, convincing gaze for some seconds as she stood with spoon poised above the kettle. Then as the spoon fell he bowed his head ruefully, and declared, "Wal, it's all over now. I'm through. As such carrying-ons is foolish and have kept me out

of the church, I've quit 'em. I wouldn't bet a seegar on the best race ever pulled off—no, not if I was driving. I wouldn't go across the road to see the best ball ever pitched—that is, I don't think I would."

"And knowing your weakness, and remembering how many times you've backslid at the last minute, you'll keep away from temptation, such as the ball game to-morrer," she

suggested almost pleasantly, but very firmly.

He winced slightly and drummed several tattoos on the window-pane before replying faintly, "I s'pose I'll have to. I really don't care much about going; only, I don't want to seem to doubt my moral strength. Of course there's no harm in my standing in the background and quietly looking on. A church-member who has to scuttle to cover every time a high-stepper sweeps by, or when a man steals second base, can't be of much value to the Lawd. I might as well be in a convent if I can't walk abroad like other men."

She straightened her pessimistic lips in a determined line and removed the vinegar quietly, as if fearing to disturb a sleeper. "Ye think it ain't safe for me to go?" he persisted anxiously. "Ye think I really care about going and will hoot and cut up and disgrace myself and be refused membership on the Sabbath?"

In a low discord she began humming a hymn, and proceeded to fill little bags with spice. He gazed long and vacantly on the hearth, all enthusiasm blotted from his face.



A NUTMEG-GRATER DROPPED WITH A CLATTER.

Gradually, however, his eyes snapped as he happened upon some pleasing retrospect, and half fearfully he asked, "S'pose young Whitten's going to pitch for our boys to-morrer?"

A nutmeg-grater dropped with a clatter and she turned a gaze of grim suspicion on his averted face. He scowled at the stove and, still avoiding her accusing eyes, sought refuge in the observation, "Of course I don't care; only, I was thinking, in a dreamy sort of a way, that with the Whitten boy pitching, we—er, Peevy's Mills oughter win."

Still no comment from her, rigid and distrustful. "Not that I care much about it, as my thoughts are elsewhere," he confidentially explained to the stove.

"Your thoughts," she suggested bitterly, "are probably on the time ye was put on further probation for threatening to lick the empire."

"Never intended to harm a hair of his head," he began earnestly. "He robbed——"

"Wal, yewon't be robbed this time," she broke in, now confronting him in ultimate assurance. "To-morrer ye keep away from that game and be ready Sunday with a clear conscience and a new shirt to go with me to church. We don't want no church-members who act like circus. To-morrer ye can fuss with the garden fence."

And the morrow found him fetching his tools from the barn; but despite the glory of the day and the anticipation of the Sabbath's reward, there was the shadow of a cloud upon his face. Temptation whispered that he could view the game in placid, dignified quiet; but his honest old heart warned him that he would be in the thickest of any argument, yelling

himself hoarse and disporting his sixty-odd years in a manner sure to arouse the class-leader's condemnation. So he bowed to his fate and a broken gate by the roadside.

"O Mr. Annit"—a youthful voice caused him to look up—"Jim Whitten's arm is gone lame and we ain't no one to take his place this afternoon."

Emory dropped his hammer and raised himself on his knees with sympathetic dismay creasing his face. "Arm gone back on him, Wilbur?" he cried.

The youth, seeing in the old man only another of his kind, approached nearer. "It has," he almost sniveled; "but we mustn't let on, Mr. Annit."

"Sh-h-h, not a word," agreed Emory, tapping his nose knowingly. "Who pitches for the others?"

"Watkins."

"Huh!" groaned Emory, his mouth sinking another notch. "Wal, I'm glad I'm not going to see it."

"Mr. Annit!" gasped the boy, dropping in despair on the bank. "Not going to see it?"

"No, Wilbur," replied Emory gently, resuming his work and whistling mechanically. "No, Wilbur, I have more serious things to think of."

"Not going to be there?" choked the boy, tearing up the grass.

Emory felt a sharp twinge of pain as he stole a glance at the half-crying face, and in a tremulous voice he said

soothingly: "Of course my sympathies will be with ye, and I shall hope, as I think of it whenever I hear the cheering, that our boys win."

"The game is lost already," said Wilbur bitterly, rising. "I never could have believed,



"NO, WILBUR, I HAVE MORE SERIOUS THINGS TO THINK OF."

Mr. Annit, that you'd ever forsake us. But there, we've got a losing team, which makes some difference."

"Wilbur!" cried Emory, staggering to his feet and shaking a finger before the upturned



A DEEP VOICE BOOMED ACROSS THE PASTURE.

freckled face, "if ye ever say anything like that again I'll larrup ye, jest to prove I still have ye and them other younkens in mind. Why, what d'ye mean, ye ungrateful young—Forsake the boys! Why, God bless my soul! when did I ever forsake 'em?"

"Never till now," whimpered Wilbur.

"Wal, I ain't doing it now," defended Emory weakly. "I'm preparing for weighty things and a more serious life. I'm gitting too old to be chasing after such rinktums." Then, with pride, "Ye see, I'm to be taken into the church to-morrer, and I can't go there fresh from howling myself hoarse and sassing the empire at a ball game. I'm composing my mind to-day, for to-morrer will be a proud day for me." And the hint of a tear glistened in his boyish blue eyes. "And, Wilbur, I want ye to tell the others I ain't forgot 'em, and that this strong right arm," and he bunched corded muscles that time had only increased, "and this old voice is always at their sarvice when it don't interfere with Christian grace and dignity. And, Wilbur, tell 'em all to be at church to-morrer to enjoy my victory over the flesh, as well as to

stay to Sunday-school. I'll be there to teach the class, ye know."

"I'll tell them and I'll be there for one," sighed the boy, his face softening.

"That's right," cried the old man heartily. "It's a bully lesson, Wilbur. All about the Saviour and the children. He never forgot the younkens."

"I guess that's so," muttered the boy, half abashed.

"No, sirree!" continued Emory joyously. "And I guess I love Him best when he had the children around Him. He never sent 'em away, ye see, and He never kept away from 'em, either."

"I know," mumbled the boy bashfully.

Emory stroked his chin in silence for a few seconds and looked up into the blue. "Never kept away from 'em," he repeated only half aloud. Then abruptly, "What time does the game begin?"

"Two o'clock," was the listless response.

"Umph. Never quit 'em when He could be with 'em, in their study or in their play, did He? No, sirree! Of course not. Two o'clock, eh? All right, Wilbur. Have a brave heart and tell Jim Whitten to daub on a little more liniment. Good-by."

The rough pasture lot was fringed with spectators as the two nines opened the last game of the season. The year before, the visitors had won the series. Now the teams were tied and with young Whitten in poor form, it looked as if a second defeat would be scored for Peevy's Mills. The men lounged quietly about on knolls and rocks and whittled thoughtfully. The women frowned at the deft practise of the visitors and openly exchanged expressions of condolence, careless that supporters of the visitors might overhear.

Now it was a curious thing that though Mrs. Annit had prohibited her husband from attending the game, she herself had yielded to the pleadings of Mr. Sedgwick's wife and had joined the outer ring of bystanders. She had not deemed it necessary to inform her spouse of her destination when she left the house, and was now calm and complacent in the knowledge that she was ever immune from unseemly enthusiasm. It was also comforting to realize that though she had denied him the spectacle, she could make it possible for him to enjoy an eye-witness's report of the game. Only, he must not be thus delectated until safely within the church.

At the outset, young Whitten pitched with

all his old-time vigor, but the knowing ones detected a disposition to hurry through the game, as if he had just so much energy to be used within a given period of time. For two innings not a man on either side passed first base, and Peevy's Mills began to wax confident and to discredit all rumors of a lame arm. But in the third, one of the visitors made a two-base hit and was advanced to third on a single, with none out.

"I can't see how folks with mature minds can enjoy a thing like this," Mrs. Annit was yawning as the spectators gloomily awaited the first score, apparently inevitable, when a deep voice boomed across the pasture, "Remember the play, Wilbur."

Mrs. Annit, with an ejaculation of angry surprise, craned her neck to scan the outskirts of the crowd across the diamond. "D'ye hear that voice?" she muttered grimly to her companion. "D'ye hear that pesky man of mine? And him expecting to be admitted to-morrer."

But Mrs. Sedgwick, with mouth agape and with eyes only for the sport, was eagerly noting the swift change now apparent in the home team's demeanor, and heard nothing. Every man had stiffened at the first word and the infield was grinning with new courage. Young Whitten almost made a balk as he followed the crowd's example and swiftly turned his head. His arm was completing a final circle as the real significance of the shouted words filtered home, and Wilbur, behind the bat, gave a sharp yelp of ecstasy and changed his signal.

And the arm, entering upon another circle, made a pretense of cutting the plate, but in reality threw wide and swift, and the man on first, confident in a goodly lead and the man on third as a deterrent, scuttled for second. But Wilbur, heeding the old man's call, shot the ball not to second, but to the short-stop; and the man on third, deceived by the short throw, started to score. Before the spectators could remember to cheer, the ball was returned home and smacked on Wilbur's mitt—the runner was out. The next two batters went down quickly.

The shouting of the happy crowd at first drowned Mrs. Annit's remarks, but when the clamor had subsided she repeated, "I see him now. And I left him at home, reading his Bible." And in sour derision she pointed at her husband's sturdy form, now approaching the side lines.

She could hear him, too, as throwing aside all caution he edged his way to the front

ranks and assumed control of the home team. So could all the others hear him. Some said his voice carried a mile that day. Anyway, not a word was lost to the joyous players, as his shrewd old mind engineered a triumph out of difficult and dangerous situations for several innings.

Then it became obvious that young Whitten was failing fast. Instead of snapping the ball in hurriedly he paused after each delivery, as if collecting his strength, and in the eighth inning it was only the loud-voiced advice of Emory that kept the score down to five to four in favor of the enemy.

"I can't pitch another ball," sobbed the exhausted youth, throwing himself on his face as the home team was about to take the field for the last inning.

"Jest once more," coaxed Wilbur.

"I'd do it if it killed me, if I could. But I can't," choked the boy.

"Hurry along with another pitcher," advised the umpire.

"We ain't got another one," bitterly admitted Wilbur, his face grimacing as he



"AND I LEFT HIM AT HOME, READING HIS BIBLE."

fought back tears of chagrin. "This is a small village and poor Jim was our only man. That's what's done him. He's pitched his arm off."

"We've got this game," cried Emory, kneeling beside the disconsolate youth, "if we can only make a shift. There must be some one."

"There ain't no one," said Wilbur in despair. "Even if we could play with eight men, there isn't a man on the team who would amount to shucks—not against these fellers."

"Can't stay here all day. If you don't want to play it out, we'll take the game," drawled the captain of the visitors. "If I had a extra man, I'd lend him to you. Either put in another pitcher—we don't care who—or else quit."

"Play ball, or lose the game," agreed the umpire. "I'll give you two minutes."

"We must git some one," whispered Emory in a shaky voice.

"Talking is all right, but who?" said Wilbur, jeering, for very bitterness of spirit. "Who is there in all Peevy's Mills that can throw even a swift, straight ball? This is the dodrotted-est, dangdest——"

"Here! Quit that, young man," ordered Emory sternly. "I played ball before your father was old enough to play marbles. So there's one. Only we threw nothing but those straight, underhand balls. I don't know anything about these curves you're all learning nowadays."

"Play ball!" cried the umpire, snapping his watch cover. And Mrs. Annit gave one low cry of horror as she beheld her husband pulling off his coat as he walked awkwardly toward the box.

"And he was going to be took in to-morrer," exclaimed Mrs. Sedgwick, while her husband, who had joined them, removed his spectacles and examined the lenses before he believed that his eyes were reporting truly. Then he grew red of face and ejaculated, "Huh!"

The monosyllable pierced Mrs. Annit like a knife and she bowed her head in shame as the grinning umpire generously offered, "I'll give you a few seconds to limber up in."

The old man winced a trifle as his eyes

found the glooming face of his class-leader, but the work before him must now be done, and swinging and doubling his arm a few times he cautiously tossed a rainbow that Wilbur in complete dejection caught with one hand. "Try them a little harder," begged the boy.

"Can ye hold me?" beamed the old man, now evidencing a degree of elasticity with his right leg that caused his wife to gasp in astonishment as she peeped through her fingers.

"I could hold a cannon-ball if there was only some one to shoot it," lamented the catcher.

Emory clumsily pivoted on one heel, stabbed his toe forward, and delivered one that cut the edge of the plate and sharply snapped Wilbur's feet and head forward. "That's better," stuttered the youth; "those are the kind!"

"Batter up!" cried the umpire, and young Watkins, shaking with laughter, selected a stick and carelessly took his position.

Then did the old man's eyes bulge and before the bat could be lifted the ball slapped in Wilbur's mitt and the umpire in a hushed voice was saying, "Strike one!"

Young Watkins braced himself and gazed with new interest on the pitcher. The next ball went high and was ignored. Then, smack! it was shot back almost as soon as it touched the old man's pawing, calloused palms, and the striker realized that he had swung a second too late.

"Wal, I never!" grunted Mr. Sedgwick, adjusting his glasses more firmly and frowning heavily as he advanced a few paces.

"Oh, the burning disgrace of it!" moaned Mrs. Annit, as the jeers and cheers swept over her.

"Look!" shrieked Mrs. Sedgwick, brushing her husband aside. "He's got two strikes on the young varmint. And, mercy! ain't he going to send in a hot one now!"

"Bet ye a good five-cent seegar ye don't strike him out, Emory," challenged some one.



"TRY THEM A LITTLE HARDER."

"Take ye!" cried the old man excitedly, working both arms in a bewildering manner as he crouched over the ball, and then spinning about like a gigantic teetotum as he held it on high.

"What!" gasped Brother Sedgwick, dragging yet a step nearer.

"That settles all," said Mrs. Annit dully.

"Mister Smarty loses his seegar," jeered Mrs. Sedgwick, dancing wildly. For Emory, after apparently collecting every atom of strength in his tall frame, compressed it into his strong right arm, and with a final, spasmodic show of fierceness, delivered the ball, but released it so easily and slowly that young Watkins swung viciously when it was three feet from the plate.

"Abigail!" ejaculated the horrified class-leader.

"Nothing matters now," said Mrs. Annit, sadly, but with quickening eye as the crowd hoarsely applauded her husband's prowess.

"He struck him out," repeated Mrs. Sedgwick joyously, as one imparting an exclusive news item.

It was several seconds before Wilbur could control himself sufficiently to attend to his duties, and even as the ball was being delivered he stretched forth his arms in an ecstatic desire to embrace the perspiring old man. But the first ball to the next batter was only moderately swift and was promptly knocked to short with the runner retiring at first.

"Well pitched!" cheered Mrs. Sedgwick as the next man dodged.

"I'm surprised at ye," grieved her husband, pushing a small boy aside. Then decisively, "He ain't gitting 'em high enough."

As he spoke, a two-bagger was pounded out and he sniffed heavily and frowned on the staring Mrs. Annit. "Sister, I'm sorry," he began in his official voice, when a shout

caused him to wheel just in time to see a long fly captured in center field. And no scores.

"I know," she whimpered; "he's lost his chance. He's lost his chance. And him a old man."

"It's too bad," condoled Mrs. Sedgwick piously, relaxing in rigidity as the teams crossed on the diamond. "Of course the church must frown on such actions, especially in the old——"

"And especially gambling," reminded her husband gloomily, as he scanned the preliminary maneuvers of young Watkins.

"He's lost his last chance," sobbed Mrs. Annit.

"Mebbe," sighed Mrs. Sedgwick, nodding her head. Then starting forward, "But I really believe he's going to win the game."

For now that Peevy's Mills was at bat, Emory, oblivious to all but the task before him, was limping painfully along

the base-line, coaching and kicking up dust as if it had been his daily work from childhood, while young Watkins scowled in nervous uncertainty. But the first man up hit short and was beaten by the ball to first.

"Don't try to strike 'em so hard. Take it easy," begged Emory of the next youth.

This advice resulted in a leisurely effort and the ball just cleared the short-stop's head.

"Oh, what has he sacrificed!" moaned Mrs. Annit, wiping her eyes and leaning forward.

"He shouldn't sacrifice," snarled the class-leader. "He should bang— But, anyhow, that's one man on base."

A pop-fly retired the next batter and sent the spectators back from the pasture into the shadows of the fringing trees.

"Pretty didoes for a would-be church-member to be cutting up," growled a townsman standing near.

"It's all over. We might as well go home,"



"LOOK! HE'S GOT TWO STRIKES ON THE YOUNG VARMINT!"



"I AM HERE ON A SAD ERRAND, BROTHER ANNIT."

said Mr. Sedgwick testily, clutching his wife's arm. Then to the sad-faced Mrs. Annit, "Try and bear up, sister. I'm sorry my duty called me here to witness his lack of grace, of—ah—moral fiber. Ahem. But some one must act the spy—ah—in order that gossip shall not—ahem—wrong a man. Now that we know of our own knowledge——"

"Hooray for Emory!" broke in the frenzied crowd, and in the middle of a word Sedgwick stopped and stared as one fascinated at the old man approaching the plate.

"It'll soon be over. It is over——" began Mr. Sedgwick, wetting his dry lips and unconsciously crowding forward to the base-line, closely attended by his wife and Mrs. Annit.

"Naturally a good man, too," he continued in his wife's ear, and then added, "But the sun's in his eyes and he's a goner."

Mrs. Annit, catching only the last word, changed in demeanor and countenance most wonderfully. With flashing eyes she confronted the astounded class-leader and shouted, "Ye think so, do ye? Ye think so, eh? Wal, let me tell ye, church or no church, my man ain't lost yet——"

"Why, he may make first," spluttered Sedgwick.

"Go it, Emory!" encouraged Mrs. Annit shrilly, now ignoring the Sedgwicks. "Go it! Whang that contraption out of sight."

He caught her words even above the uproar and in pleased wonder glanced up the third base-line where three figures, apart from the others, were prancing stiffly and madly waving handkerchiefs.

With a broad smile of renewed confidence he turned to his work, but the second of inattention cost him dear, as already the umpire was reluctantly calling a strike.

"Robber!" cried a voice, which some said resembled Sedgwick's.

"Keep watch of it, Emory," shrieked a woman.

"Hooray! hooray!" clamored the crowd.

And Emory, catching the fever, stepped up and down as if treading on live coals, and pounded the plate hungrily.

"One ball!" cried the umpire.

"Wait for a nice one, husband."

"Two strikes!" continued the umpire.

"Hit it! Swat it, brother!"

"Two balls!" barked the umpire.

"Hooray! hooray!"

And Emory, setting his jaws, allowed no more to pass him, but met the next with a mighty crash, and the man on first began cantering home.

"One will tie! two will win!" sobbed Mrs. Sedgwick, and the crowd, realizing that a home run meant victory for Peevy's Mills, ran imploringly along the base-line and

pleaded for the slow-footed runner to accelerate his gait.

"Oh, faster, faster, Emory!" cried his wife, as she stood wringing her hands at third and in agony watched him slowly turn second base, while the center-fielder was speeding swiftly after the ball.

"Faster. Jest a mite faster, Em," she sobbed, as with a strained, exultant face he staggered toward her, while his class-leader, with body rocking, extended his arms and gave an excellent pantomime of a man rescuing a fellow creature by pulling in a rope.

"He's got the ball!" bawled the crowd in warning as Emory turned the last corner and pounded heavily along for home.

"Slide!" bellowed the class-leader, as the fielder shot the ball to second, whence it was hurtled home. A cloud of dust answered the warning.

"He never teched him," choked Mrs. Annit, who had tottered along beside her spouse until he plunged headlong for the plate.

"Not by a foot," agreed the red-faced umpire.

"Wife, come home," commanded Mr. Sedgwick sourly as he straightened her bonnet.

An hour later Mrs. Annit stood by the kitchen sink anxiously studying her husband's bowed and dusty form. "Emory," she said softly, "it was a nice game and ye played beautifully."

"Thanks," he returned dully.

"But I want ye to promise ye'll never play it again."

"I've quit," he sighed, not lifting his head. "Quit when it's too late."

"And—and, I want to say," she faltered, "I rather liked the dashing way ye played."

"I used to be a hummer," he confided in sad complacency.

"And—but Lawd! Here's Brother Sedgwick and some o' the other brethren."

"I'll meet 'em in the yard," he announced ruefully, as he rose.

"No," she begged, her face softened. "I'm to blame, too; I cheered ye on a bit. Let's meet it together—here."

He turned to her in wonder and rubbed his head dubiously. "I thought ye'd have it in for me— Come in."

Brother Sedgwick headed the delegation and without accepting a chair said, after coughing dryly, "I am here on a sad errand, Brother Annit. Ye was at a ball game to-day."

The accused bowed his head meekly.

"And we also hear ye *played* in a ball game to-day and displayed a lack of dignity that ain't becoming to a church-member," Brother Durgin harshly took up the charge.

"He won the game," wailed Mrs. Annit, taking her husband's hand.

"And we hear ye wagered a seegar," completed Brother Weevy sternly.

Emory sighed deeply and made an affirmative noise.

"All of which is very bad," said Brother Sedgwick sorrowfully. "The game might be overlooked, but the seegar is bad, very bad."

"He said a good five-cent—" began Emory, who had been lost in introspection.

"It's all very bad," repeated Brother Sedgwick, with a slight touch of temper.

"I know what ye mean," groaned Emory. "But it's the hardest on my wife, here. My intentions was good——"

"Ahem!" broke in the class-leader, studying the floor thoughtfully. "The ball playing could be overlooked, if ye'd promise never to play it again, or football, without the church's consent. But of course—I'm sorry to say it—the gambling——"

"I suppose it would help some if he refused to take the seegar," suggested Durgin softly.

"Refuse to take it!" cried Emory. "Why, I bet with Bill Hussey an' he'll never pay it. Wild hosses couldn't drag it from him. I know, because once——"

"Tut, tut," broke in Brother Sedgwick.

"Why, then," declared Brother Weevy, "there really wa'n't no wager made. I believe, Brother Sedgwick, we—eh?"

"Why, I'm inclined to say—ahem! Mr. Annit, are ye using any liniment on that arm?" inquired the class-leader anxiously.

"No," sighed Emory.

"Wal, ye'd better. Anyhow, if it's lame to-morrer, don't let that keep ye from church."

"I'm—I'm—ye don't mean—" stuttered the old man wistfully.

"He's to be took in?" gasped Mrs. Annit.

"Yaas," drawled Brother Sedgwick, grinning lamely. "All the boys will be there. Good day." And the delegation departed.

But before the astounded couple could find words, the door creaked open a few inches and Brother Sedgwick's face, radiant with admiration, was thrust in to observe, "Great game, Em. Simply g-r-e-a-t."



A Good Shot

By Charlotte Wilson

WOW! look at the cow-lady!" Mr. Dial, riding at the girl's right, turned fiercely upon the speaker. The wag was a well-dressed young man, with his hat on one side, leaning against a post. He laughed, but made no further comment. Sis herself turned her unbetraying gaze upon him for an unmoved instant, then she glanced at the rider on her left. He was looking back over his shoulder at a girl who had paused in a shop door to gaze after the passing trio.

It was small wonder that she looked at Bill. In spite of his buckskin shirt and breeches, his spurs, his sombrero—above all, the long, black, artificial curls falling crisply about his splendid shoulders—not a man on the street would have mistaken him for a real cowboy. He was too realistic to be convincing, too spectacular, too complete. Of his remarkable good looks, however, there could hardly be two opinions. A fine smile lurked in his lazy eyes; his huge body fell naturally into lines of shiftless grace.

Sis was thin and young, with a sort of weather-beaten hardihood and reserve. She had a trick of smiling with her blue eyes out of a face half contemptuous, half indulgent, that was strangely winning. Her usual attitude, however, was one of businesslike severity.

When the three reached the improvised exhibition-grounds, their destination, Bill flung his huge body dramatically from the saddle, and Sis dismounted with the exaggerated sprightliness that her uncle and manager, Mr. Dial, had been at such pains to teach her. They tied their ponies to a straggling fence and made their way through the scattering crowd to the open place whither Mr. Dial had impatiently preceded them.

"Whew! reg'lar bronco-buster!" said a good-natured jeerer at the girl's elbow.

"Plumb woolly, ain't she?" responded his companion heartily.

"Good leg," contributed a third, clinching the matter laconically.

The girl's imperturbable face showed no change of expression, but for the fraction of a second, it wavered upward toward the face of her big companion. Bill wore his usual easy-going smile.

Mr. Dial was already clearing his throat, in preparation for his congenial duties. He was a wiry, smooth-shaven man of about fifty, with a sort of grudging agility in his movements. Nature had designed him for a showman; never was his small, stiff figure so effective, his shrewd blue eyes were never so alert, as when he stood in the center of a circle of incredulous, smiling faces. First, he introduced Bill, giving a lively sketch of his early life which that desperado—had he been listening—would have been the last to recognize. Next, he reached the place in his stream of picturesque hyperbole where the girl, knowing her cue, stepped forward.

"This here," proceeded Mr. Dial, "is my little girl. Me an' her usually assists more or less at the Great Wild Bill's performances. For a lady ropist and rider, she is as remarkable as her famous prototype." Mr. Dial was evidently under the impression that that substantive indicated Bill very neatly and euphoniously. "But her main accomplishments is in the shootin' line. I'll guarantee that she'll show you gentlemen some shootin' to-day that'll raise your hair!"

Finally, Mr. Dial outlined his unique plan of proceeding. Denuded of verbal ornament, it was simply this: First, Bill was to give "a few specimens of his shootin'." Next, he and Sis were to pass among the crowd and pin a pink ticket, such as Mr. Dial held aloft as he talked, on every man's coat. "Ladies," con-

ceded Mr. Dial with a gallant flourish, "is free." After the performance, the decorative pink tickets were to be collected, together with "two bits" from every honest spectator they had adorned. Well aware of the weak point in his scheme, Mr. Dial artfully insinuated his unshakable faith in the crowd's incorruptible honesty, and his contempt for "them as would take somethin' fer nothin'." As a special reward for fair dealing, he added that any one who felt so inclined would have the golden opportunity to "shake the hand of the Celebrity."

"One word more, gentlemen," he concluded. "This here little girl," he said slowly, "'s I said before, is my little girl. It ain't necessary to say more'n that to gentlemen." His keen blue eyes glittered meaningly over the crowd. Then he called out briskly, "Wild Bill, the Great Texas Cowboy, will now begin on the First Act: out from under, gentlemen!"

The exhibition went off with a flourish. The two men shot between legs and over shoulders; shot marbles tossed into the air into little whiffs of dust; and performed other impossible feats with studied ease. Sis stood quietly by, handing her uncle the small accessories of the performance, and surveying the crowd. They were arranged in a pretty compact semicircle about the little grassy depression. There were not many women among them. On the extreme left tip of the crescent, however, a smart little equipage had just drawn up, containing one feminine figure that Sis instantly recognized. The rough wind blew long, graceful wisps of the girl's dark hair across her face. She had a pretty, irritated way of putting it back as she talked to the young men who had gathered about her. Sis did not miss a detail of her dress, the victorious poise of her little head, the soft, musical rush of her chattering voice. It was the girl who had paused in the shop and smiled at Bill as he passed. Again and again her soft, gay laugh was blown across to the girl in the arena.

During the interval Mr. Dial had allowed for the distribution of the pink tickets, it caused her to look up involuntarily from her businesslike attention to her task. She glanced across at the group, just in time to see Bill replacing his sombrero. The young men were still laughing hilariously. It seemed that one person in the crowd had seized the opportunity to shake the hand of the Celebrity.

At last the time came for the collection of the tickets. Bill and Mr. Dial had shot from every possible point of disadvantage. Bill had even given his great exhibition of horsetaming, which consisted in dashing elaborately around the ring a few times upon a perfectly moral and conservative animal hired from the livery-stable, whose only claim to viciousness rested upon the possession of a mane and tail of Stygian black. The girl, in her collecting, had reached a point not far from the laughing group, when she was startled by an angry oath. The man challenged promptly retorted in kind. Suddenly the altercation dropped as abruptly as it had

begun, and Sis followed the general movement of heads and craning of necks to see Bill passing quietly on, and to hear his soft drawl, this time with a peculiar edge to its good humor, saying contemptuously, "Didn't you see that lady yonder, you fool?"

The last great act was about to begin. Bill lay stretched on the grass, reclining on one elbow, in an attitude of the most approved picturesqueness. His head was thrown back, his splendid chest displayed to the best advantage, his eyes

were traveling recklessly across the intervening stretch of grass to the girl on the edge of the crowd. Sis stood a few yards away, alert, waiting. Her face, unrelieved by that surprising blue-eyed light of her smile, was weather-worn and unenchanted. Yet it was very young; its very hardness rendered the fact of its youth more apparent. Her hair was sunburnt to the lusterless straw color of her face, and straggled into her eyes in straight wisps. She



THE PASSING TRIO.

wore a short corduroy skirt, with the unlovely hitch in the front and despondent droop in the back that is the unpardonable sin in such a garment. Yet there was something in the slight, rough figure and unsmiling face that inspired respect.

"We are now ready, ladies and gentlemen," announced Mr. Dial impressively, "for the last great act. I must request you to be quiet fer a few minutes, as this here's a ticklish performance. I call yer attention to the fact that the Great Texas Cowboy is smoking a cigar. This here little girl will, in a minute, shoot the ashes off'n that there cigar slick as a whistle, without disturbin' his enjoyment of its superior flavor in the leastwise." Then, under cover of the ripple of amusement that followed, he muttered kindly, "Dang it, Sis, watch out fer the wind!"

The girl answered with a curt nod, and took her station in silence. The crowd became very still. Bill lay motionless, ostensibly gazing across at the hazy trees of the distant, encircling woods. Sis took aim steadily, her trained eye upon the cap of ashes on the tip of the half-finished cigar. Suddenly, across the wind-whipped silence, rippled the soft rush of that laughing voice, "Oh, *please* tell her not to kill him! Isn't he splendid?"

Her eye wavered involuntarily. At the same instant came Mr. Dial's familiar "Ready—go!" and the next, the crowd heard the sharp report, and began rushing toward the center of the arena. In an instant Mr. Dial was upon the spot, waving the crowd away with an authoritative arm, while he slipped the other with swift skill under the fallen head of the man on the grass. The girl stood unnoticed, watching the scene with wide eyes, motionless, until she heard Mr. Dial's voice sing out cheerily:

"Clear the way now, please, gentlemen! He's comin' to—it's nothin' but the shoulder. My little girl here, she fergot to 'low fer the wind!"

Sis sat at the window of the Oak Leat Hotel. Sometimes she cast a quick glance across the room, to where, by the low-turned light of the kerosene lamp, the huge figure outlined under the bedclothes could be seen lying perfectly still. At the restaurant across the way they were chopping chilli-meat. In the house there was the savory, pervasive smell of cooking; and the cheerful clatter of

dishes came intermittently from somewhere in the rear.

Without stirring, Bill opened his eyes. He turned them idly to the window, where they rested upon the small profile, with its short nose and drooping mouth. It was a young girl's face, a very young girl's face; but it had all the repression, the uncomforted patience, of a woman's. Something like this passed through Bill's mind as he lay staring at it; it roused a strange, slow interest there. He felt strange, anyhow; curiously clean and comfortable, detached from everything he had ever seen or known, even from his accustomed self.

"Sis!" he called softly.

The girl turned. After a moment's hesitation she rose from her place and crossed the room to the bed. Her heels struck sharply on the bare floor. As she came within the circle of light from the lamp, the man saw that her eyes were red. Again he was conscious of a strange stir of feeling.

"Sit down, Sis," he commanded gently.

The girl sat down upon the side of the bed, near the foot.

"Bone-tinkers gone?" asked the man. His voice, always slow and gentle, had that additional quality that pain so soon puts into a man's voice—a helpless note that goes swiftly home to the hearts of women folk.

The girl nodded without raising her eyes.

A gleam of Bill's old fun shone in his eyes. "Say you'd kil't me, Sis?"

"No," she answered shortly.

Bill laughed sympathetically. "Well, that's all right, Sis," he said kindly. "Told Hep he'd ought to do that there Cigar Act hisself, to-day. Best shot can't always 'low jest right fer the wind."

There was no answer. It was part of Bill's strange state that he began to feel embarrassed. Sis sat staring down at her hands, twisting them together in her lap.

Suddenly he felt the bed shake. There was the strange sound of a sob in the room.

"Why—Si-is!" said the man, stupefaction in his voice. He tried to raise himself on his elbow, but the pain in his shoulder caught him, and he dropped back, white through his tan.

"Come here, Sis," he said weakly.

The girl obeyed. He laid his free arm about her heaving shoulders.

"Why, Si-is!" he repeated helplessly.

She only shook convulsively, while the sound of her sobbing filled the room. He

took his arm from her shoulders and patted the rough head clumsily.

"Why, Sis!" he expostulated at last, in his soft, slow voice. "I never seen you take on like this—never did, sure! I thought you wasn't the cryin' kind, Sis—sure I did! An' here you go, takin' on 'cause you give old Bill a scratch—he ain't no good no-how—all on account of a pesky wind that nobody——"

At last she broke in wildly. "It wa'n't the wind!" she said.

Bill's eyes widened in the dim light. "What you mean, Sis?" he asked gently.

"O Bill, don't you *know*?" she burst out despairingly. Then, with a fierce change of attitude, "There—there ain't nothin' to tell! Only—" She stopped short, strangling her sobs.

The man's face had taken on a curious change. His big hand shook a little as he patted her shoulder. "Go on, Sis," he said soothingly. "Tell old Bill all about it."

She spoke at last, in a strange voice, shaken now and then by a hard, recurrent sob. "It was that girl," she said, her face turned away. "She had black eyes. When we was collectin' an' men joshed about me in the crowd, you never paid no attention; you never do. Hep, he always jumps on to 'em when he hears 'em, but you never care whut they say. But when that guy kicked up that row near where *she* was, you jumped on to him, quick enough! She's a 'lady.' I wasn't three yards away, but I've heard cussin' before, and I ain't got black eyes ner fine clothes—" She checked herself with a hard sob.

"Go on, Sis," said the man.

The girl was silent. Then, at last: "There ain't nothin' else. But—it wa'n't the wind!"

The man's sick body was trembling. "Come up here, Sis—come closer," he said.

With a broken sob she obeyed; and for a long time he held her as she crouched beside him, her face hidden, while he stared up into the dim-lit room with eyes that mirrored many

slow, strange thoughts. The smells and sounds of cheerful preparation in the house assailed his senses, and gradually made their way into his thoughts, connecting them in a new way with good, wholesome, homely things.

"Sis," he said softly.

She crept a little closer, but made no answer.

"I've knowed you ever since you was a baby, Sis," said Bill, in a slow, husky voice. Then an odd note of bashfulness crept into it. "I reckon I've been a considerable fool, Sis," he said.

The girl made a little, violent movement. It gave Bill a twinge, but in his eyes there dawned the wan forerunner of a grin. "I'm darned sure I have,

Sis," he amended gently.

She suffered him to draw her back to him, and Bill grew grave again, as if he were looking into the future, and his slow vision saw new pictures there. He patted the girl gently, from time to time, as he followed his thoughts.

After a while he spoke again. "Look at me, Sis," he said.

She lifted her head—the small, fierce face and the telltale eyes. He looked at her for a long moment.

"Sis," he said presently, and though he spoke jocularly, his voice shook, "that was a good shot o' yourn. Far's I can see, it blew up the whole bloomin' rejeem." Then the old odd note of embarrassment crept in. "Look here, Sis," he blurted at last, "what d'you say to us gettin' married right off—soon's we can patch up this here offendin' member—an' quittin' this here fake-show business fer good, an' livin' sort o' genteel an' respectable? Think that'd suit you any better—eh, Sissy?"

For once she acted without repression or restraint. She took his face between her hands with a fierce movement of possession and kissed him. Then she rose unsteadily to her feet.

Bill held fast to her hand. "Where you goin' now, Sis?" he asked reproachfully.



John W. Carroll

"THIS HERE IS MY LITTLE GIRL."

A strange smile of woman-wisdom looked down at him out of the girl's blue eyes.

"I'm goin' to see to yer supper," she answered huskily.

The Parrot

By Gouverneur Morris

HE had been so buffeted by fortune, through various climates and various applications of his many-sidedness, that when I first met Leslie it was difficult to believe him a fellow countryman. His speech had been welded by the influence of alien languages to a choice cosmopolitanism. His skin, thick and brown from blazing sunshines, puckered monkey-like about his blue, blinking eyes. He never hurried. He was going to Hongkong to build part of a dry dock for the English Government, he said, but his ambitions had dwindled to owning a farm somewhere in New York State and having a regular menagerie of birds and animals.

His most enthusiastic moments of conversation were in arguing and anecdotalizing the virtues and ratiocinations of animals and birds. The monkey, he said, was next to man the most clever, but was inferior to the elephant in that he had no sense of right or wrong. Furthermore, monkeys were immodest. Next came certain breeds of dogs. Very low in the scale he placed horses; very high, parrots.

"Concerning parrots," he said, "people are under erroneous impressions, but copying and imitation are not unreasonable processes. Your parrot under his bright cynical feathers is a modest fowl that grasps at every opportunity of education from the best source—man. In a native state his intelligence remains closed: the desire to be like a woodpecker or a humming-bird does not pick at the cover. Just as a boy born in an Indiana village and observing the houses of his neigh-

bors might not wish to become an architect, but if he were transported to Paris or Vienna to a confrontation of what is excellent in proportion, it might be that art would stir in his spirit and, after years of imitation, would come forth in a stately and exquisite procession of buildings. So in his native woods the parrot recognizes nothing but color that is worthy of his imitation. But in the habitations of man, surrounded by taste, which is the most precious of all gifts, his ambition begins to grow, his ignorance becomes a shame. He places his foot on the first rung of the educational ladder. His bright colors fade, perhaps; the eyes of his mind are turned toward brighter and more ornamental things. What creature but a parrot devotes such long hours to the acquirement of perfection in each trivial stage of progress? What creature remembers so faithfully and so well? We know not what we are, you and I and the rest of us; but if we had had the application, patience, and ambition of the average parrot, we should be greater men. But some people say that parrots are mean, self-centered, and malignant. They have, I admit, a crust of cynicism which

might lead to that impression, and not unjustly, but underneath the parrot's crotchets there beats a great and benevolent heart. Let me give you an instance.

"In '88 my luck was down, and as a first step to raising it I shipped before the mast in an English bottom outward bound from Hongkong to Java. Jaffray was the cook, a big negro who owned a savage gray parrot—a mighty clever bird but to all intents and purposes of a most unscrupulous and cruel nature. Many a time her cleverness at provoking a laugh was all that saved her from sudden death. She bit whom she could; she

stole what she could. She treated us like dogs. Only Jaffray could handle her without a weapon. Him she loved and made love to with a sheepish and resolute abandon. From him she endured the rapid alternations of



John W. Collier

"I WAS FIERCELY ATTACKED."

whippings and caressings with the most stoical fortitude and self-restraint. When he whipped her she would close her eyes and say: 'I could bite him, but I won't. Polly's a bad girl. Hit her again.' When the whipping was over she would say: 'Polly's sore. Poor Polly! How I pity that poor girl!' Love-making usually succeeded a whipping in short order, and then she was at her best. She would turn her head to one side, cast the most laughably provoking glances, hold one claw before her face, perhaps, like a skeleton fan, and say: 'Don't come fooling round me. Go away, you bad man.'

"I tried my best to be friends with her. But only to prove that the knack that I am supposed to have with birds and beasts has its limitations. With one long day following another and opportunity constantly at hand, I failed utterly in obtaining her friendship. Indeed, she was so lacking in breeding as to make public mockings of my efforts. There was no man before the mast but stood higher in her graces than I. My only success was in keeping my temper. But it was fated that we should be friends and comrades, drawn together by the bonds of a common suffering.

"I will tell you the story of the wreck another time. In some ways it was peculiar. I will only tell you now that I swam for a long time (there was an opaque fog) and bumped my head against one of the ship's boats. I seized the gunnel and said, 'Steady her, please, while I climb in,' but had no answer. The boat, apparently, had torn loose from her davits and gone voyaging alone. But as I made to climb in I was fiercely attacked in the face by the wings, beak, and claws of Jaffray's graceless parrot. In the first surprise and discomfiture I let go and sank. Coming up, choking with brine and fury, I overcame resistance with a back-handed blow, and tumbled over the gunnel into the boat. And presently I was aware that violence had succeeded where patience had

failed. Polly sat in the stern sheet timidly cooing and offering to shake hands. At another time I should have burst laughing at her—she was so coy, so anxious to please. But I had just arrived from seeing my cap-

tain's head broken to pieces by a falling spar and a good friend of mine stabbed by another good friend of mine, and I was nearer to tears.

"It was cold for that part of the world, and rain fell heavily from time to time. Polly complained bitterly all night and said that she would take her death o' cold, but in the morning (I had fallen asleep) she waked me in her pleasantest and most satisfied voice, saying, 'Tumble up for breakfast.' I pulled myself out of the rain-water

into which I had slipped, and sat up. The sky and sea were clear from one horizon to the other and the sun was beginning to scorch.

"'Bully and warm, ain't it?' said Polly.

"'Right you are, old girl,' said I.

"She perched on my shoulder and began to oil and arrange her draggled feathers.

"'What a hell of a wreck that was,' she said suddenly, and, after a pause: 'Where's my nigger?'

"'He's forsaken you, old girl,' said I, 'for Mother Carey's chickens.'

"'Poor Polly,' said she; 'how I pity that poor girl.'

"Now I don't advance for a moment the theory that she understood all that she said, nor even a part of what I said. But her statements and answers were often wonderfully apt. Have you ever known one of those tremendously clever deaf people whom you may talk with for a long time before discovering that they are deaf? Talking with poor Jaffray's parrot was like that. It was only occasionally—not often, mind—that her phrases argued an utter lack of reasoning power. She had been educated to what I suppose to be a point very close to the limit of a parrot's powers. At a fair count she had



JOHN WILSON'S CREATIONS
"POOR POLLY," SAID SHE.

memorized a hundred and fifty sentences, a dozen songs, and twenty or thirty tunes to whistle. Many savages have not larger vocabularies; many high-born ladies have a less gentle and cultivated enunciation. Let me tell you that had I been alone in that boat, a young man, as I then was, who saw his ambitions and energies doomed to a watery and abrupt finish, with a brief interval of starvation to face, I might easily have gone mad. But I was saved from that because I had somebody to talk to. And to receive confidence and complaint the parrot was better fitted than a human being, better fitted than a woman, for she placed no bar of reticence, and I could despair as I pleased and on my own terms.

"My clothes dried during the first day, and at night she would creep under my coat to sleep. At first I was afraid that during unconsciousness I should roll on her. But she was too wary for that. If I showed a tendency to sprawl or turn over, she would wake and pierce my ears with a sharp 'Take your time! take your time!'"

"At sunrise every day she would wake me with a hearty 'Tumble up for breakfast.'

"Unfortunately there was never any breakfast to be had, but the rain-water in the bottom of the boat, warm as it was and tasting of rotting wood, saved us from a more frightful trial.

"Here is a curious fact. After the second night I realized and counted every hour in all its misery of hunger and duration, yet I cannot, to save my soul, remember how many days and nights passed between the wreck and that singular argument for a parrot's power of reasoning that was to be advanced to me. It suffices to know that many days and nights went by before we began to die of hunger.

"In what remained of the rain-water (with the slow oscillations of the boat it swashed about and left deposits of slime on her boards) I caught from time to time glimpses of my face as affected by starvation. And it may interest you to know that it was not the leanness of my face that appalled me but

the wickedness of it. All the sins I had ever sinned, all the lies I had told, all the meanesses I had done, the drunks I had been on, the lusts I had sated, came back to me from the bilge-water. And I knew that if I died then and there I should go straight to hell if there was one. I made divers trials at repentance but was not able to concentrate my mind upon them. I could see but one hope of salvation—to die as I had not lived—like a gentleman. It was not a voluminous duty, owing to the limits set upon conduct by the situation, but it was obvious. Whatever pangs I should experience in the stages of dissolution, I must spare Polly.

"In view of what occurred it is sufficiently obvious that I read my duty wrongly. For, when I was encouraging myself to spare the bird I should rather have been planning to save her. She, too, must have been suffering frightfully from the long-continued lack of her customary diet, but it seems that while enduring it she was scheming to save me.

"She had been sitting disconsolately on the gunnel when the means struck suddenly into her tortuously working mind and acted upon her demeanor like a sight of sunflower seeds, of which she was prodigiously fond. If I follow her reasoning correctly it was this: The man who has been so nice to me needs food. He can't find it for himself; therefore I must find it for him. Thus far she reasoned. And then, unfortunately, trusting too much to a generous instinct, and disregarding the most obvious and simple calculation, she omitted the act of turning around, and instead of laying the egg that was to save me in the boat, she laid it in the ocean. It sank."

Long voyages make for dulness. I had listened to the above narrative with so much interest as to lose for a moment my sense of what was patent. In the same absurd way that one man says to another whom he knows perfectly well, "What—is this you?" I said to Leslie very eagerly, "Were you saved?" And he answered, "No; we were both drowned."





A Row of Books

By JOHAN BARRETT

Mr. George Ade's humor is, I think, very generally regarded as a wine that needs no bush. But the truth is that much of it has been diverted to uses for which it was neither fitted nor intended. Mr. Ade's fables, like Mr. Dooley's dissertations, do not bear transportation in bulk. They are *vins du pays*, refreshingly welcome in the open at harvest-time, or at the inn as one rests in passing; but it is a mistake to lay them down in bottle. In fact neither Mr. Ade's fables, nor Mr. Dooley's commentaries, nor, for that matter, any racy humor intended for singular and intermittent enjoyment, should be done into books. They cannot be read *seriatim* without cloying, and it is almost beyond ordinary continence to pick up a book of such things and not sicken oneself of them before laying it down. But Mr. Ade has just published a story which, since it is written to be read as a whole, and since it has all the point and flavor of his most spontaneous moods, may be enjoyed without fear of surfeit. It is called "The Slim Princess" (Bobbs-Merrill) and sketches the career of the ugly duckling of a Turkish harem, a young lady whom, to her family's despair, no treatment could bring to a marriageable fatness. The book is most alluringly illustrated and is altogether a witty and laughable bit of nonsense.

I remember once, in the long ago when the Fifth Avenue Hotel still stood for the ultimate attainment in the possibilities of the "American plan," seeing a sturdy individual who was seated at my table wade confusedly through the all-embracing bill of fare and then ask for corned beef and cabbage with the relief of one who plays a safety in an unfamiliar game. The incident seems to emphasize the wisdom of including a homely and wholesome dish or two even in a literary menu, and, while "The Sowing of Alderson Cree" (Baker & Taylor) cannot, with-

out the grossest in justice, be likened to any portion of a "boiled dinner," it may stand for an excellent and creamy rice pudding. The basis of the story, which is written by Margaret P. Montague, is a mission of vengeance laid upon a young boy in the mountains of West Virginia by his dying father. The tale is full of variety, of action, and of a distinctly individual if somewhat idyllic responsiveness to nature. Its characters and its descriptions both show the author to be moving on fondly familiar ground. Yet one never—and here is the novel's determining flavor by which, according to one's taste, one may safely take it or leave it—one never doubts that one is being guided under the good old considerate rules of fiction and not under the ruthless laws of life.

An unsmiling and sober proposal to incorporate the Brotherhood of Man under the laws of the State of New Jersey is not, on its face, an announcement one is apt to regard overseriously. Yet this, as far as one can judge from the brief prospectus at the end of a bulky introductory volume just published, is to be the approximate *modus operandi* of "Gillette's Social Redemption" (Turner). The temptation to dub the affair "The Millennium, Limited," and pass it up with a laugh or a shrug is obvious. But in spite of its openness to ridicule, in spite of its unfortunate failure to give any adequate explanation of the promised "redemption," the volume is neither valueless nor negligible. Civilization as we practise it is in need of a redeemer; and, God-sent or Devil-sent, it is sooner or later going to find one. It is not that conditions to-day are more heinous in their unjustness than they have been in times past, but that a more intelligent, a more organized, and a more wide-spread conviction of the necessity of doing something about it is taking hold upon the popular conscience. The more people that are in-

duced to realize this, the smoother will be the conversion of the world when the day of revelation dawns. Mr. Melvin L. Severy, the author of the book in question, has undertaken to compile for his readers what one might call a gazetteer of contemporary injustice. It is not entertaining. It is not literature. It is not sensationalism. It is simply a stupendous recapitulation of more or less familiar facts and conditions, quoted from more or less authoritative sources, and connected by the author's running comment. Without, therefore, passing any anticipatory judgment upon Gillette's redemption Trust, we venture to call the body of Mr. Severy's book to the attention of those who are willing to look the facts and the future in the face.



Two volumes descriptive of widely differing but equally successful achievements of individual daring and resourcefulness are found among the recent publications and make, each in its own way, interesting or absorbing reading. One of these is Dillon Wallace's "The Long Labrador Trail" (Outing), a modest and unassuming record that will thrill the most intrepid lover of the portage, the rapid, and the open sky. Mr. Wallace was Leonidas Hubbard's companion in his tragic attempt upon this same wilderness in 1903. The present volume describes how, with four others, he returned to the attack, followed a lost Indian trail to Lake Michikamau, and thence, with a single companion, penetrated the unknown wilderness, found the upper waters of the George River, and followed that tumbling torrent to its mouth on the north coast. The other is called "The Events Man" (Moffat, Yard), and is written by Richard Barry. It contains an account of Stanley Washburn's three months' cruise in the tugboat Fawan while acting as news-scout and despatch-bearer during Japan's war with Russia. The story is set down much as Washburn told it to the author later on, in Manchuria. It is decidedly more picturesque than literary, but in its spicy and idiomatic vocabulary, a conglomerate of colloquialism, pidgin-English, and journalese, it both expresses the daredevil spirit of newspaper enterprise and presents a panorama of the human riffraff that watched for plunder on the coasts of the Yellow Sea.



We Americans have had many chances lately of seeing ourselves as others choose to see us. Mr. James has used us as a reagent to test the freshness of his own acumen. Mr. Howells has poured over our achievements and our ideals the almost emollient lotion of his gentle satire. Mr. Wells has looked us over and sized us up

with professional accuracy. Charles Wagner has flattered us. And many less distinguishable voices have said their less audible say about us. But no one of them has quite managed to catch us unawares, to eliminate from our portrait the stern frown or the conscious smirk of him who is sitting for his photograph. It has remained for Albert Kinross, in a delightful volume of informally connected sketches called "Davenant" (Dodd, Mead), to contrive with a wholly disarming courtesy, and with all the convincingness of the unexpected, to hold up a mirror for us to look into. The scheme of the book is as ingenuous as are most successful ambushes. Davenant was an English writer, a scholar, and an idealist, wholly unsuccessful and unrecognized at home, but supported, not only physically, but in his ambitions and self-respect, by a scattered and occasional recognition across the Atlantic. America and the Americans had thus come to stand to him for the land of his desires and the blood-brothers of his dreams. Now and again one of these distant admirers, or one of their emissaries, came to him in his retreat, and it is by elaborating these encounters that Mr. Kinross fills out his estimate of America by one who had never seen it. The whole thing is so charmingly done; is so complete in its apparent fragmentariness and so direct in its seeming obliquity, that one commends it with assurance to all who appreciate the delicacy of a flank attack.



Katherine Cecil Thurston's truncated novel, "The Mystics" (Harper), is even more disappointing than "The Gambler," which itself failed to keep the promise of "The Masquerader." The Mystics are a small sect of religious fanatics whose stock in trade consists of a book of revelations, a hidden temple in Scotland, a headquarters in London the fittings of which smack of black paper cambric and phosphorus, and a firm belief in the present appearance of an inspired prophet. The hero of Mrs. Thurston's tale is the nephew of one of the inner council who, when his uncle disinherits him in favor of the hierarchy, impersonates the prophet in order to regain his patrimony. The elaborate stage setting for the presumably coming drama has just been set up and the actors have but made their several entrances and indicated their rôles, when the final curtain is suddenly rung down upon a tableau hurriedly contrived and strongly suggestive of an accident behind the scenes. There is, however, no use in advising us not to read "The Mystics." We may have every confidence in the alertness of the literary lookout who sounds the warning. We may, and probably will, confirm his judgment after the event. But the piquancy of "The Masquerader" is still fresh enough in our recollections to make most of us

want to find out for ourselves, not only whether, but why, the author's latest story is a blank. In other words we are in like case with the setter pup which, having once unearthed a woodchuck from a hillside, can never pass the hole without a hopeful investigation.

Guy Thorne and Dolf Wyllarde, whoever and whatever these names may connote off the literary stage, are, in their public and articulate capacities, essentially two of a kind. St. Louis used to tell the story of a Chicago girl and a Chinese girl who met, looked at each other's feet, and fainted. This is probably the way Guy Thorne and Dolf Wyllarde would regard each other's most salient characteristics. But they are none the less comparable because, like the deuce of clubs and the deuce of diamonds, one of them is black and the other red. The author of "When It Was Dark" and "The Lost Cause," and the author of "Captain Amyas" and "The Rat Trap," are each possessed of ability and each lacking in balance. Each, if one may judge from the internal evidence of their writings, is sincere and imagines himself (or is one of them herself?) to be inspired and to have a mission. Yet each has gained a hearing, not because of his message but on account of the fortuitous sensationalism of its delivery; and each, without conscious charlatanism, is enjoying a charlatan's short-lived success. Guy Thorne's mission is to bring forgotten or neglected religious truths home to the reading public by a sort of dramatic *reductio ad absurdum*; stating, that is to say, in terms of realistic fiction, and as an accomplished fact, some popular or anti-Christian assumption and then attempting to prove its dire and cataclysmic consequences. Dolf Wyllarde's aim is less obvious, but appears to be the shaming of the lusts of the flesh by pillorying them in the market-place. Both writers are enjoyed chiefly by those whom they attack.

Guy Thorne's latest work, "Made in His Image" (Jacobs), describes the introduction into England, by a socialistic Minister of Industrial Affairs, of a law condemning to slavery and segregation, in a penal colony established in Cornwall, all irreclaimable criminals, degenerates, and incapables. The object of the legislation is to solve the problem of the unemployed, and the whole situation is developed with the author's convincing plausibility. But when the iniquity of the proceeding is supposedly demonstrated,

and the atheist minister converted to orthodoxy by a successful prison revolt, one finishes the book convinced that the experiment ought to be tried again and the guards doubled. Dolf Wyllarde is also out with a new novel called "As Ye Have Sown" (John Lane), which is the story of a young lady of wealth and position in London society, who, not being a wise child, does not know her own father. The book contains a great number of characters, and as the author seldom draws a character without making it something of a living soul, it is enjoyable on account of their life-likeness. The story, however, as regards its evident intention of being hortatory and improving, is void of effect. The hands are the hands of Esau, but the voice is Jacob's voice.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Siamese Cat" (McClure, Phillips)—A lively tale of the East by Henry M. Rideout. An entertaining and amusing bit of light literature.

"John Glynn" (Henry Holt)—A story of charity committee work in the London slums. A good cotton-wool fabric of the near-Dickens variety.

"The Mayor's Wife" (Bobbs-Merrill)—A new detective story by Anna Katharine Green. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

"The Stolen Throne" (Moffat, Yard)—By Herbert Kaufman and May Isabel Fisk. Zenda's latest grandchild. Strong family resemblance, but a fine boy, with a way of his own.

"The Smiths" (McClure, Phillips)—A commonplace story of two commonplace Londoners, by Keble Howard. A misdirected attempt to practise the simple literature.

"The Prado" (John Lane)—An interesting critique of the paintings in Madrid's famous gallery, by A. F. Calvert and C. G. Hartley, with over two hundred illustrations.

"The Castle of Doubt" (Little, Brown)—By John H. Whitson. A novel with a well-concealed mystery. Good enough reading at a pinch, but do not read the end first.

"The Truth About the Case" (Lippincott)—Some curious incidents from the experiences of M. Goron, ex-chief of the Paris detective force. Edited by Albert Keyzer.





Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

The editor of a little Western paper was in the habit of cheering up his subscribers daily with a column of short pertinent comments on their town, their habits, and themselves. The department on account of its intimate personal flavor was the most popular thing in the paper.

The editor, as he saw it growing in favor, gradually allowed himself a wider and wider latitude in his remarks, until the town passed much of its time conjecturing "what he'd das't to say next."

On a hot day, when a simoom whistled gaily up the streets of the town, depositing everywhere its burden of sand, the editor brought forth this gem of thought:

"All the windows along Main Street need washing badly."

The next morning he was waited on by a platoon of indignant citizens who confronted him with the paragraph in question fresh from the hands of the compositor and informed him fiercely that he had gone too far. After a hasty and horrified glance he admitted that he had.

It now read:

"All the widows along Main Street need washing badly."

The late James McNeil Whistler was standing bareheaded in a hat shop, the clerk having taken his hat to another part of the shop for comparison. A man rushed in with his hat in his

hand, and, supposing Whistler to be a clerk, angrily confronted him.

"See here," he said, "this hat doesn't fit."

Whistler eyed the stranger critically from head to foot, and then drawled out:

"Well, neither does your coat. What's more, if you'll pardon my saying so, I'll be hanged if I care much for the color of your trousers."

One dark, gloomy day a well-known literary light (right name, Sydney Porter; write name, O. Henry) brightened up our office with this little ray of sunshine:

An effeminate young man daintily placed two cents on a drug-store counter and asked the clerk for a stamp. The clerk tore one off and slid it over to him. The young man drew an envelope from his pocket.

"Would you mind licking it for me and placing it on here?" he lisped.

"Sure," said the clerk, as he started to stamp the letter.

"Oh, stay!" cautioned the young man in great alarm. "Not that way, I beg of you. Kindly place the stamp with the top toward the outer edge of the envelope."

"Sure," said the obliging clerk. "But what in thunder's that for?"

"Why, you see," confided the youth blushing,

"I'm a student in the Cosmopolitan Correspondence School and that's our college yell."

This pleased us so that we printed it in "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," for June, giving Mr. Porter due credit for it under his write name. To show our appreciation further, we mailed him a check for \$1.98, having deducted two cents, the price of the stamp referred to above, from our regular rate for such material.

The rest of the story is best told in the following letter to Mr. Ridgway from Mr. Robert H. Davis, who does ground-and-lofty thinking for an esteemed contemporary:

May 16, 1907.

MR. E. J. RIDGWAY,
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE,
Manhattan.

My dear Ridgway: The enclosed check for \$1.98, drawn to the order of Sydney Porter and issued from your counting-room in payment of one joke ostensibly emanating from the said Porter, is herewith returned to you uncollected.

You will observe that this check contains seven indorsements, all of which is bound to fill you with wonderment—stupefaction, perhaps—that the check is not yet cashed.

The situation is this: Porter permitted the joke to escape in EVERYBODY'S office. It was printed in "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," and payment was promptly made. Porter, having received the joke originally from Richard Duffy, sent the check on to Duffy. Duffy, affected by the unprecedented Porterism, indorsed it over to the writer, through whom it came to Duffy. The writer, greatly affected by the tidal wave of punctiliousness that seemed to have submerged Porter and Duffy, reluctantly passed it along to Bannister Merwin. And then the torrent of conscientiousness backed up, seeking its true source. From Merwin it went to Troy Kinney, from Troy Kinney to Alice Duer Miller, from Alice Duer Miller to Hamilton King. King affixed his signature and burst into tears. At this juncture all efforts to find the missing link failed.

The problem has become an issue. Perhaps governments may be drawn into it. Who can tell?

Somewhere the all-unconscious author of this classic may be in absolute want. It is not improbable that the \$1.98 will save him from going to work. The sires of some of our very best jokes are in need of money most of the time. The waif must be brought back to its parent. It is your duty to set the wheels of your vast machine in motion to stir the pulse of the people and straighten this thing out.

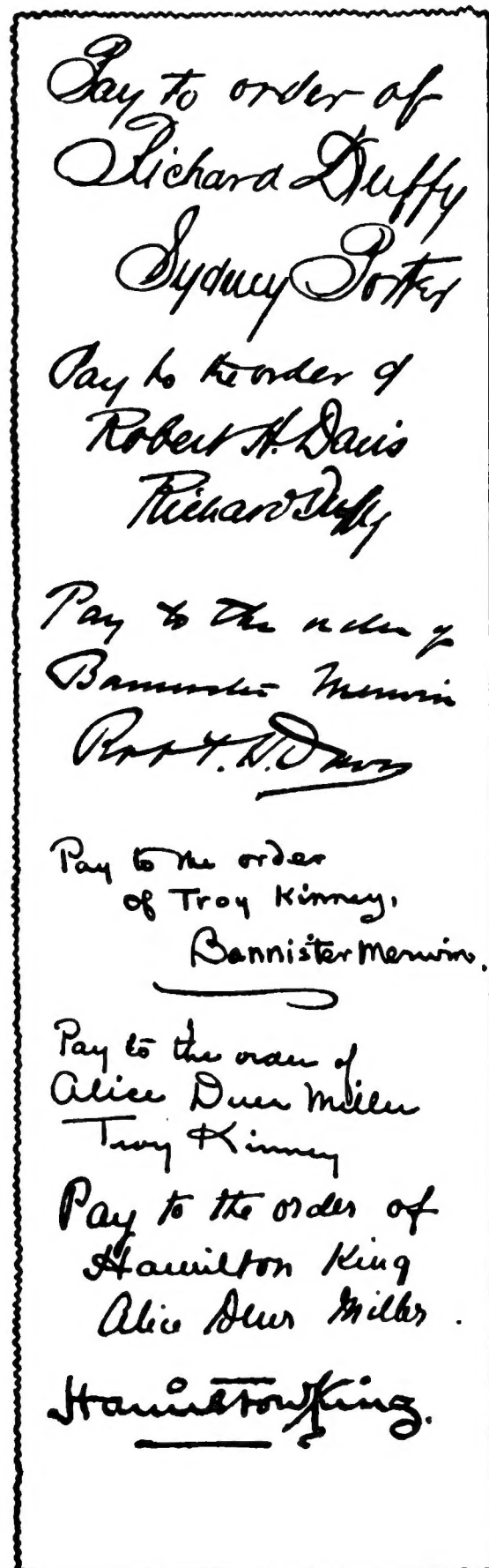
No man has ever yet got on the trail of a joke and brought up anywhere in particular. Perhaps a corporation would succeed.

I speak for the six gentlemen and the one lady of record, who will be obliged if you will exhaust all honorable means to put the blame where it belongs, and to balm some willing hand with \$1.98, which each and every one of us has possessed with momentary joy and reluctantly released.

Very truly yours,

R. H. DAVIS.

Here is a faithful reproduction of the back of the check with its seven indorsements:



Let Diogenes anchor his tub in literary circles and behold—not one honest man, but six honest men and one honest woman! We take this occasion publicly to place on record

our firm belief that even had the check called for the full \$2, the result would have been the same.

But the great question still remains to be answered. Who is the man who told the joke to the man who told it to the man who told it to Mr. King? And who told it to that man? Wanted: information leading to the discovery of that man or his heirs. In the mean time we are holding \$1.98 in trust.

A jolly old steamboat captain with more girth than height was asked if he had ever had any very narrow escapes.

"Yes," he replied, his eyes twinkling; "once I fell off my boat at the mouth of Bear Creek, and, although I'm an expert swimmer, I guess I'd be there now if it hadn't been for my crew. You see the water was just deep enough so's to be over my head when I tried to wade out, and just shallow enough"—he gave his body an explanatory pat—"so that whenever I tried to swim out I dragged bottom."

"My boy," admonished the minister, "don't you know that it is wicked to fish on Sunday?"

"Fish on Sunday?" repeated the boy in injured tones. "Why, mister, I'm only teachin' this 'ere poor little worm how to swim."

Dorothy was visiting her grandparents in the country for the first time. Seeing a quantity of feathers scattered about the henyard she shook her head in disapproval.

"Grandpa," she told him gravely, "you really ought to do something to keep your chickens from wearing out so."

Speaking of the policy of the Government of the United States with respect to its troublesome neighbors in Central and South America, "Uncle Joe" Cannon recently told of a Missouri congressman who is decidedly opposed to any interference in this regard by our country. It seems that this spring the Missourian met at Washington an Englishman with whom he conversed touching affairs in the localities mentioned. The Westerner asserted his usual views with considerable forcefulness, winding up with this observation:

"The whole trouble is that we Americans need a — good licking!"

"You do, indeed!" promptly assented the Britisher, as if pleased by the admission. But his exultation was of brief duration, for the Missouri man immediately concluded with:

"But there ain't nobody can do it!"

A prominent railroad man hurried down the lobby of a Binghamton hotel and up to the desk. He had just ten minutes in which to pay his bill, and reach the station. Suddenly it occurred to him that he had forgotten something.

"Here, boy," he called to a negro bellboy, "run up to 48 and see if I left a box on the bureau. And be quick about it, will you?"

The boy rushed up the stairs. The ten minutes dwindled to seven and the railroad man paced the office. At length the boy appeared.

"Yas, suh," he panted breathlessly. "Yas, suh, yo' left it, suh."

"My rubber," said Nat Goodwin, describing a Turkish bath that he once had in Mexico, "was a very strong man. He laid me on a slab and kneaded me and punched me and banged me in a most emphatic way. When it was over and I had gotten up, he came up behind me before my sheet was adjusted, and gave me three resounding slaps on the bare back with the palm of his enormous hand.

"What in blazes are you doing?" I gasped, staggering.

"No offense, sir," said the man. "It was only to let the office know that I was ready for the next bather. You see, sir, the bell's out of order in this room."

"Tommy," said his mother reprovingly, "what did I say I'd do to you if I ever caught you stealing jam again?"

Tommy thoughtfully scratched his head with his sticky fingers.

"Why, that's funny, ma, that you should forget it, too. Hanged if I can remember."

Two country women, mother and daughter, were at the circus for the first time. They were greatly taken with the menagerie. At last they came to the hippopotamus, and stood for several minutes transfixed in silent wonder. Then the mother turned to her daughter and said slowly and solemnly, "My! Ain't—he—plain?"

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director*

JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE
Editor

WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

With "Everybody's" Publishers

ARE you at all interested in the subject of advertising? Interested to know how some firms make barrels of money every year by spending a barrel of it in advertising? We are often asked—"What do you get for your advertising?" The answer is—"500 a page." Almost invariably the questioner says—"That's a lot of money for one page for a year." "Yes, but it isn't for a year. It's 500 for one page one month." The questioner is either so flabbergasted that he can't say anything, or he asks more questions. "How many pages do you run?" "Oh, some months we get as many as 180 pages!" Then his mental arithmetic gets to work. "That's 9,000 a month!" "No, that's 90,000." "What, you mean that you are carrying 90,000 in one number of your magazine?" We blush. His tone indicates doubt of our word and of the advertisers' sanity. When he finally decides that we are not playing "cross-questions and silly answers," but answering his questions truthfully, his thought naturally turns to the poor, deluded advertisers who pay us all that money, and the inevitable question follows—the question that is probably on your mind this minute: How, in Heaven's name, or the other place (according to the creed of the church to which you belong, or don't)—how can the advertisers afford to pay such prices? We object to having the question poked at us in that tone of voice, and we ought not to have to answer it, anyhow. The big advertiser is a clever business

man. Do you think he would go on spending his good money if he didn't know it paid? Of course not. There, now; that's a better tone. Now, if you'll ask the question real polite-like, we'll turn you over to Robert Frothingham, our advertising manager, who thinks he knows the answer. He ought to. If Frothingham, with his staff, can argue 90,000 into EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE in one month, he ought to be able to give you a line on how he does it, and not charge you for it either; although it's proper to warn you that he'll have you all advertising, if he gets his finger in your buttonhole.

Let's hear what he has to say.

The other day a plot of ground on Fifth Avenue, New York, changed hands at a record price. The record price was \$277 per square foot. Now you undoubtedly know of places where you can buy for \$277 a lot large enough to build a house upon. Therefore, it may seem to you an enormous price to pay for a plot of ground so small that you could cover it with your pocket handkerchief. The reason that this particular piece of ground is worth so much is not its intrinsic value as earth, but the fact that it happens to be on Fifth Avenue—the most distinguished street of the greatest metropolis in the world. The man who bought this lot at such a high price intends to erect a building upon it that will be occupied by the stores and offices of people who wish to do business with the throng that

The names at the head of this page are placed there not solely to gratify vanity, but to comply with the new law of the New York Legislature, that requires publication, on the editorial page of every newspaper and periodical, of the names of the chief officers of the publishing corporation. We have gone farther here than the letter of the law prescribes, and have set forth the names of the men who are the actual publishers of "Everybody's Magazine."

passes up and down Fifth Avenue. These tenants will know that they can get more customers and get a higher price for their goods on Fifth Avenue than anywhere else in the world, because the people who go to Fifth Avenue to buy are discriminating in taste and supplied with money.

Now the variation in the price of building-lots is paralleled by the variation in prices of advertising. If you inquire into the price of advertising space you will find that values are determined on about the same principle.

A page of advertising space is worth more in one publication than in another only in proportion to the number of people who are bound to see that page, in proportion to the character of those people, and in proportion to their attitude toward the magazine of which that page is a part. Let us see how this applies to EVERYBODY'S \$500 rate.

The successful advertiser does not buy space at random. He knows what he wants, and before he puts out a large sum for a page in a periodical, he has calculated just what return he should have for his investment. Nowadays all the great advertisers in the magazine field have some fixed method of tracing results, both direct and indirect. To meet their expectations, a large circulation is not enough; it must be a large circulation among people who can afford to spend money on things that they see advertised.

EVERYBODY'S circulation averages about 550,000 a month, and that means about five readers for every copy. Its price of fifteen cents per copy and \$1.50 per year, which has been maintained for two years, indicates that it is purchased by a class of people who don't mind an extra five cents for their magazine, and who may therefore be supposed to have sufficient money to spend on the comfortable equipment of their homes. Here then is Quantity combined with Quality to a degree unequaled by any of the contemporaries of EVERYBODY'S. And the advertiser has learned by actual experience that in the majority of instances he secures a greater volume of patronage from EVERYBODY'S readers at a lower proportionate expense than from the readers of any other monthly magazine in the field.

But why should EVERYBODY'S readers prove more responsive than those of other magazines?

They are selected readers—selected by the kind of matter we put into the magazine. Selected by our treatment of the big questions

of the day, by our obvious fairness and earnestness and high standards. Indeed, is it not reasonable that our interest in the great, vital, timely subjects that the world is talking about should attract a class of readers that are alert, progressive, and keen, and consequently winners at what they are doing? However obtained—and I know of no publication that is more carefully “made” from the editor's point of view than EVERYBODY'S—that is the type of people who read the magazine. This the advertiser has discovered for himself.

Furthermore, the successful advertiser is mighty particular about the company he keeps. He appreciates our policy of excluding from the advertising pages patent medicines, whisky, cigarettes, and catchpenny investments. We really go farther than this. We do not permit any advertiser who is willing to pay \$500 to use our pages unless his goods are the right kind and his promises are reasonable. When an advertiser gets permission to use one of our pages at \$500, it means that we think that his goods are right, his prices honest, and that his promises will be redeemed. A pretty large order, you will say. Well, we realize our responsibility to our odd three millions of readers, and as best we may, we live up to it. That is—so far as it is in our power, we exclude the trickster and the false pretender.

The successful advertiser knows this—the appearance of his advertisement in one of our pages is practically a guarantee to the readers of the magazine that we have reason to believe that the statements he sets forth are true.

Here you have the relationship in a nutshell, a relationship that we have been at great pains and cost to bring about: Our readers are “selected”; our advertisers are “selected”; and the result is that whatever of speculation there is in an advertising campaign is reduced to a minimum in our pages. It has therefore come about that the advertiser in EVERYBODY'S is enabled to purchase his space with something of a certainty that he will get back his costs, together with a large profit of publicity on the investment.

And finally, when you realize that \$500 per page means only eighty-four cents for every thousand pages circulated, and compare this with the cost of printing and mailing 550,000 leaflets to a selected list—if the advertiser knew where to find such a list—you'll appreciate that in proportion to the vast publicity gained, the cost is almost a negligible quantity.